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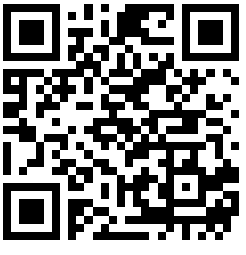

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Train errant : being the experiences of
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A·TRAIN·ERRANT.

BEING
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UNIT · IN · FRANCE
AND
AN · ANTHOLOGY · FROM
THEIR · MAGAZINE

1915 1919

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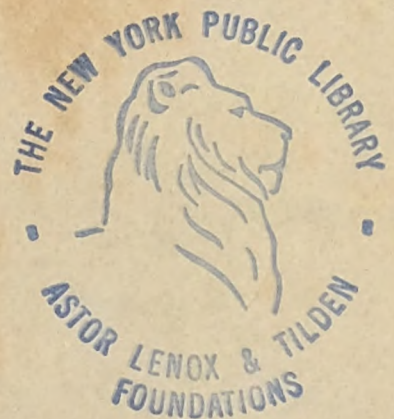

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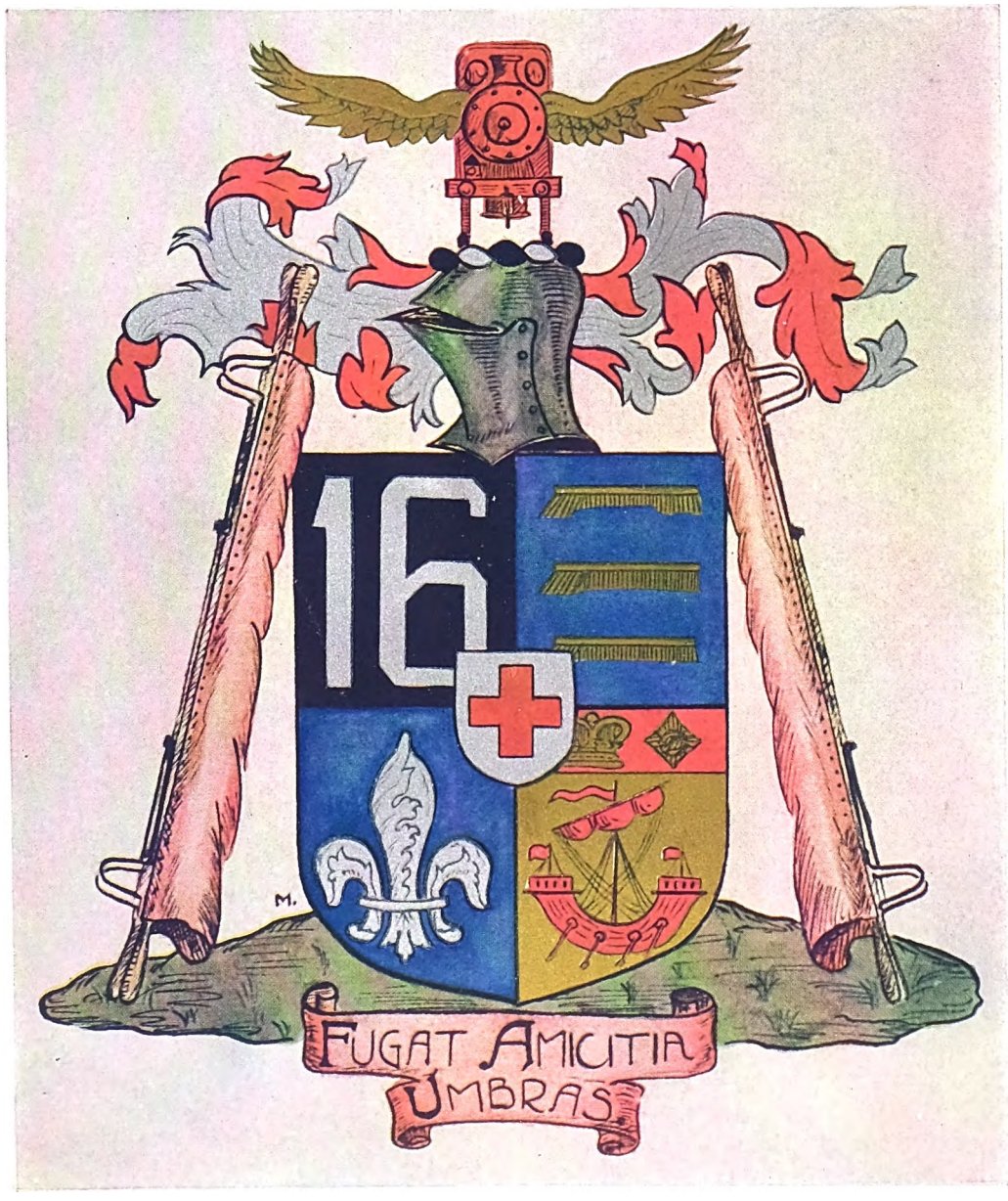
A.T. 16 ARMORY.

No. 16 AMBULANCE TRAIN.



Quarterly: 1, sable the figures "16" argent; 2, azure, three scrubbing brushes fesswise in pale or; 3, azure a fleur-de-lis argent; 4, or, a galley gules on a chief of the second, a crown and star of the first. On an inescutcheon argent, a Geneva cross gules. Mantlings: gules and argent. Crest: on a wreath sable and argent, a locomotive gules winged or. Supporters: two stretchers proper. Motto: "Fugat Amicitia Umbras."

Frontispiece.

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A TRAIN ERRANT

THE EXPERIENCES OF A VOLUNTARY UNIT IN FRANCE

AND AN ANTHOLOGY FROM THEIR MAGAZINE

"But that one man should make work for so many; or rather keep them from work, to make up a Train; has a Levity or Luxury in it very reprovable, both in Religion and Government."—WILLIAM PENN.

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Frontispiece.

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A TRAIN ERRANT

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BEING

THE EXPERIENCES OF A VOLUNTARY UNIT IN FRANCE, AND AN ANTHOLOGY FROM THEIR MAGAZINE

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HERTFORD:

PRINTED BY SIMSON AND CO., LIMITED

1919

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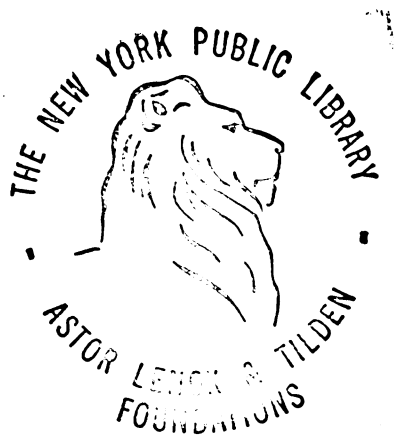

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Dedication.

DEAR COLONEL GALLIE,

It is now nearly four years since we first met you as Assistant Director of Medical Services, Ambulance Trains, at Abbeville and listened to the speech you made us ere entering on our duties in No. 16 Ambulance Train.

We were told, amongst other things, that many people thought that you were ill-advised "to have some of the trains staffed by Quakers," and that it was up to us to prove that you were right and they were wrong. Whether we have succeeded in this you can say better than we; but at least we have done our best.

This volume consists mainly of articles from our Train Magazine, and reflects for the most part the lighter side of our life—the other side was all too present in our minds. Some of the more serious articles reflect views with which we know you are in disagreement, while some incidents are treated with a levity which you may consider undue.

Nevertheless, we ask you to accept the dedication of this book, with all its shortcomings, as a mark of our esteem, and in recognition of the consideration and many kindnesses we have received at your hands.

We remember that it was you who stood our sponsor in the Ambulance Train Service, and that, if we have been able to do any good work on the trains, it is largely to you that we owe the privilege.

Since we no longer exist as a Unit, we take this opportunity of expressing to you the thanks of

THE PERSONNEL OF A.T. 16.

Col. J. STUART GALLIE, C.M.G., D.S.O.,
D.D.M.S., L. of C.,
late A.D.M.S. (A.T.)

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FROM COL. J. STUART GALLIE'S LETTER ACCEPTING THE DEDICATION.

". . . During the three and a half years the F.A.U. Detachment worked in 16 Ambulance Train their work was thoroughly well done, and no words of mine are required, at this juncture, to say more. One and all thoroughly entered into the task, worked with zeal and enthusiasm, and the consequent efficiency of the train was outstanding. Under difficult conditions you all thoroughly entered into the requirements of the service which you had voluntarily undertaken, and took cheerfully the rough times with the smooth.

Of the development of the Ambulance Train Service one could write much, but as regards any success it achieved one cannot but say that the efficiency was due to the personnel who worked for it, and I can sincerely state that no personnel worked better, more conscientiously, or with more success, than did that of No. 16 Train.

I am sorry I had no opportunity of seeing the detachment before demobilisation, but it would have been a real pleasure to have been able to tell the staff of 16 A.T. that, as I had said in 1915 that it was up to them to prove the wisdom of our confidence in them, I could in 1919 truthfully say they had proved it. I would have wished them all good luck, and told them that we were grateful for their help, and fully appreciative of their good work in the cause of the sick and wounded in the war."

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CONTENTS

PERIOD I

Before the Somme

14th August, 1915—30th June, 1916

Pages 1—102

PERIOD II

The Battles for Position

1st July, 1916—20th March, 1918

Pages 103—206

PERIOD III

The War of Movement

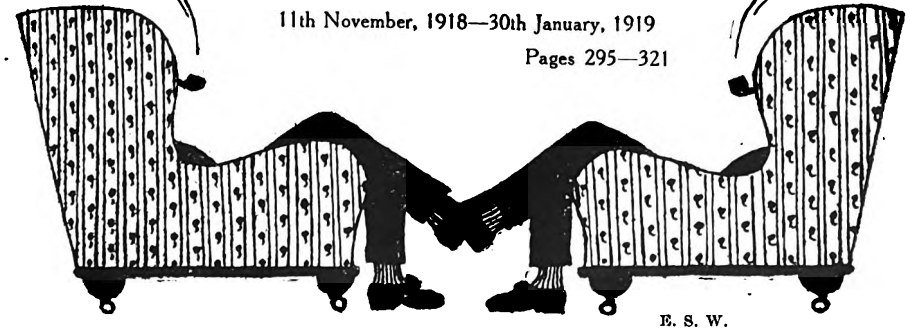
21st March, 1918—11th November, 1918

Pages 209—294

After the Armistice

11th November, 1918—30th January, 1919

Pages 295—321



E. S. W.

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List of Illustrations.

	PAGE
Our Shield (*coloured plate*) R. C. Moore	*Frontispiece*
Blendecques A. Chandler after E. C.	3
Guillaucourt .. R. C. Moore	6
An Experiment in Eye-Wash: The First Dress Parade (*coloured plate*) A. Chandler	12, 13
Face-fins .. .. .. A. Chandler	17
Facsimile Title Page J. E. Miles	19
Types to be Avoided, No. 1 A. Chandler	20
Lapugnoy (*coloured plate*) A. Chandler,	*to face* 22
Calais, Hôtel de Guise A. Chandler	24
Calais, Notre Dame A. Chandler	26
"The Carpenter said . . . ." (*coloured plate*) .. A. Chandler,	*to face* 28
Bergues, I .. .. E. S. Williams	29
Bub Pastry .. E. Wallis	31
The Sergeant's Boots A. Chandler	35
The Spirit of Christmas A. Chandler	38
Bergues, II .. E. S. Williams	41
Sir Gibbie le Gros (*coloured plate*) A. Chandler,	*to face* 42
Boulogne: The Citadel Towers E. Cooper	50
From Chemin Vert R. C. Moore	53
Etaples: The Dunes E. Cooper	71
Le Portel: The Cliffs E. Cooper	78
Red Caps .. .. E. Cooper	82
St. Holman (*coloured plate*) A. Chandler,	*to face* 88
Editorial (*coloured plate*) R. C. Moore	93, 280
Calais: The Harbour (*coloured plate*) A. Chandler,	*to face* 103
Ytres: A Water Fatigue E. Cooper	104
Grévillers Church (*coloured plate*) E. Cooper,	*to face* 117

	PAGE
How I hooked him R. C. Moore	120
Loading time .. A. M. White	133
A.T. Architecture .. R. C. Moore	138
Advertisements! .. E. Cooper	145
Wall of Ye Citie (*coloured plate*) J. W. Major,	*to face* 154
Problem Picture .. R. C. Moore	155
The Modern Raleigh (*coloured plate*) V. S. Bayliss,	*to face* 170
La Tour de Saint Bertin R. C. Moore	177
His Day .. .. J. W. Major	184
Bombed .. A. Chandler after A.M.W.	208
Cover Design: March, 1918 R. C. Moore	222
Wind Up! .. R. C. Moore	236
Arques (*coloured plate*) H. A. Armitage	*to face* 265
Train Advertisements R. C. Moore	279
Cover Design: Anniversary Number (*coloured plate*) R. C. Moore,	*to face* 289
Cover Design: Christmas, 1918 (*coloured plate*) .. .. J. W. Major,	*to face* 295
Cover Design: Peace Supplement R. C. Moore	302
Children's Supplement (*coloured plate*) H. A. Armitage,	*to face* 305
Children's Supplement (*coloured plates*)	305, 307, 309
Coats of Arms (*coloured plate*) R. C. Moore	
I.—His Grace the Duke of Carpentaria	*to face* 246
II.—W. H. Kitching, Esq.	
III.—C. Pearson, Esq. (Ireland) ..	
IV.—V. S. Bayliss, Esq.	
Graphs. R. T. Garwood, after R.E.W. and C.A.H.	320, 322, 323
Railway Map. A Chandler, after E.S.W.	*end of book*

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Acknowledgment.

———◇✱◇———

December, 1919.

To those whose original contributions to *The Orderly Review* laid the foundation of this undertaking, and to those who have completed the design with specially-written articles and summaries . . . . . .

To those whose illustrations adorn and illuminate the pages of this book, and to those who have prepared the handiwork of others for reproduction . . . . . .

To members of the Anthology Committee who planned this volume and selected its material, and to Old Sixteeners who, in whatever capacity, lent their aid in the compilation and preparation . . . . . .

To the Printers for their never-failing courtesy, generous consideration and valuable counsel . . . . . .

To all these, and others whose interest, encouragement and co-operation have made possible the production of *A Train Errant* . . . . . .

We tender grateful thanks.

CYRIL A. HARRISON.
CYRIL YOUNG.

172 MARY VALE ROAD,
BOURNVILLE,
BIRMINGHAM.

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An Introduction to the General Reader.

TO the General Reader of this book a few words of explanation are due. At the present time there are being published innumerable volumes redolent of khaki and trench mud, and their khaki-coloured thread of narrative and the mud clinging to the feet of those who go on great adventure are held sufficient excuse for the existence of these books.

But this book of ours is quite different. It deals with khaki only inasmuch as it is the book of those who have lived on a khaki-painted Ambulance Train, and in place of great adventure there is the humble, monotonous duty behind the lines of conveying sick and wounded from Casualty Clearing Station to Base Hospital.

Primarily the book was not intended for the General Reader, but to any such who ventures to read it we offer our thanks for his interest and attention.

In August, 1915, a party of some forty young Quakers came on to No. 16 Ambulance Train as the working crew, and with sundry changes in the personnel remained there until they were disbanded in January, 1919.

In the first week of their sojourn on the train a magazine named *The Orderly Review* was started, and its existence continued as long as the crew remained on board the train.

Why was this magazine started? Because it amused some to scrawl with the pen, others to read what was scrawled; because it came as a relief to some, after the strain of tending patients and the toil of scrubbing floors, to transport themselves from the world of grim fact to the sphere of ideas, and there to linger awhile with their friends; again, because often they were thus enabled to laugh at things and at themselves.

It is of selections from the pages of this Train Magazine that the present volume is composed, and like its original, the book has been primarily compiled for those who have served on No. 16 Ambulance Train. It is a book of remembrance, reflecting the common life of a little band of comrades who had much in common with one another.

The General Reader is therefore warned not to expect too much, for he will be reading what was not in the first instance intended for publication. But the book may at least give him a glimpse of the life of a peculiar microcosm, tossed to and fro on the outer vortex of the Great War.

J. L. H.

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The Train.

NO. 16 Ambulance Train was, like No. 17, a gift to the B.R.C.S. from the United Kingdom Flour Millers; and if there is any truth in the old saying, the ears of the donors must have tingled many a time at the expressions of gratitude, heartfelt if profane, uttered by the thousands of patients who benefited by their generosity.

When we joined the train in August, 1915, the officers and sisters were accommodated in the first-class Etat coach, while an extra *fourgon* (French brake and luggage van) was used as an emergency ward or an isolation coach as required. In the following November, however, a new staff coach and isolation coach arrived, and took the place of these. This isolation coach was a small four-wheeled vehicle containing ten beds and divided into two wards. After nearly two years of service, it was replaced in October, 1917, by the standard pattern "S" coach. At this time also, "H" kitchen was placed at the end of the train between "P" and "R" instead of in the middle between "F" and "L". The following description is of the train in its final form.

The first thing to strike a visitor is the great length of the train—some 330 yards from end to end. It consists of 15 double bogie G.W.R. coaches fitted with electric light and steam heat, and one French brake van. The net weight of the empty coaches is about 460 tons. The outside of the British stock is painted khaki with a red cross on the side of each coach. The distinctive feature of the train is that the white background of these crosses is round, whereas on every other Khaki Train they are square. For the credit of the personnel it may be assumed that the train has been without a load for a day or two, and that it is looking its best, its varnish sleek and glossy, and its long rows of brasses shining in the sun like gold.

Suppose that you are a member of the F.A.U. Committee, a General, or some other high official desirous of inspecting the train. You start at "S" coach on the end of which is the number of the train in 6 ft. figures "16" which (though you don't realise it) are kept clean and white only by hard and frequent scrubbing. Passing by the little brake compartment in which the guard lives when we are travelling, you come to the stores, and gaze with admiration upon the racks full of loaves of bread, and the neat piles of cases containing bully, M. and V., margarine and jam. You may even penetrate as far as the meat safe where a great side of beef and several pieces of bacon are hanging. This is not all that the place contains, but it is all you will have time to see, except for two huge cheeses near the door.

The rest of the coach is designed to carry infectious cases. Entering from the outside you find yourself in a fairly spacious central compartment opening on either side into the wards. There are three of these, each containing six beds and shut off by a sliding door. Thus three different

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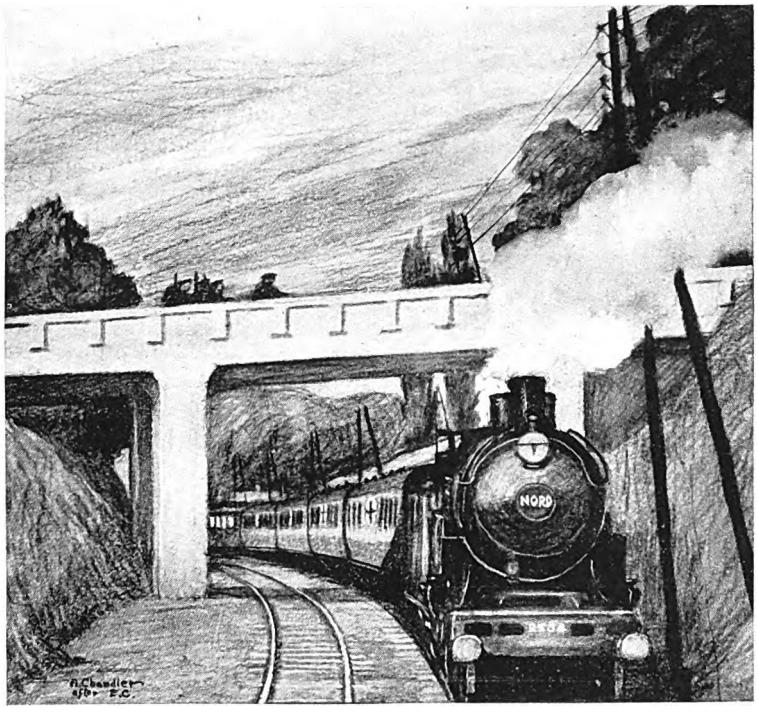
kinds of infection can be carried in this coach, say, measles, diphtheria and mumps, while if necessary a couple of cases of dysentery could be accommodated on the floor of the central compartment. When not required for infectious cases this coach receives eighteen ordinary patients, or, as a crisis load, another five stretchers on the floor.

Passing on, you find yourself in the staff coach (G) with three small compartments in which three nursing sisters lead a somewhat confined life; three bunks for the medical officers and an officers' mess. This coach is heated by a separate hot water apparatus, whereas the rest of the



BLENDECQUES.

train is not warmed, except when loaded, and then only if the engine can manage it.

Adjoining "G" is "A" kitchen, fitted with an excellent range which gives a good supply of hot water, lead-lined sinks, a dresser, side tables, etc., etc. Next door is the cooks' bunk, containing three beds one above the other, a little further down the coach is the inside store with a bewildering variety of tinned and bottled food and drink, most neatly and attractively displayed. Here, beside the jam, bully, etc., are bottled fruits, sardines, mixed herbs, curry powder, tomatoes, pea soup, and a hundred other things. The chocolate and tobacco at one end belong to the train canteen, without which we should find life much more difficult, for sometimes weeks elapse without an opportunity of doing any shopping.

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The last compartment in "A" coach is labelled "Pack Store," but is always known as "B" pantry. Here it is that meals for the officer patients are prepared and the washing up done. To set out twenty or thirty trays, share out the food, provide each tray with its appropriate drink and to see that a "light diet" does not get a "full diet's" dinner is no trifling task, and this little compartment less than six feet square has known some horrid moments.

Passing on you come to the four lying wards, "B," "C," "D," and "E." Each contains 36 comfortable spring beds arranged in six tiers of three on each side, and has a lavatory and separate water supply. Each bed can easily be removed for cleaning or other purposes, and by a simple re-adjustment, the two lower beds of each tier can be made to form a seat. Two double doors allow the coach to be loaded from either side. When necessary each ward can take an additional twelve patients—a tier of three in each doorway and six stretchers along the floor. "B" ward is the officers' coach, but as there are seldom sufficient officers to fill it the number is made up with "other ranks," a movable curtain separating the two portions.

By this time you will have remarked upon the dazzling beauty of the white paint. Beautiful it is, but how much cleaning it needs to keep it at its best!

Next comes "F" coach with the Office, Treatment Room and Dispensary. The Office looks very business-like with its solid table and shelves of books. In one corner is a small safe and the walls are adorned with railway maps and complicated graphs showing the journeys and loads of the past few months. These will be explained to you, but unless you are of a mathematical turn of mind you will not make much of them.

The treatment room with its zinc-lined walls and lead-covered floor, its operating table and shining copper boiler will make a more direct appeal. It is used chiefly for dressings; but you may be told, in reply to your questions, that on one occasion the train was halted for two hours while an important operation was performed. What you will not be told about is the correspondence that ensued with Traffics.

In the dispensary is a good supply of every usual drug, bottles of serum—typhoid, tetanus, diphtheria—cases of instruments, oxygen cylinders, etc.

Passing on you come to the five sitting coaches, "L," "M," "N," "O" and "P." They are ordinary corridor coaches of eight compartments, with a pantry at one end and lavatory at the other. Each compartment accommodates eight sitting patients. Early in 1916 a stretcher was fixed over each seat for light cases, increasing the accommodation of every coach to eighty. If required, a stretcher case can be put on each seat, and, when necessary, one on the floor. Unfortunately the doors are too narrow to admit an open stretcher, so that if the patient cannot help himself up, the traverses have to be broken, and the stretcher has to be passed in half shut. The necessity of sorting out light cases for these wards complicates loading very considerably and is the only drawback to our train.

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By the time you have passed through " P " coach you will begin to wonder if you will ever reach the end of the train. Another kitchen, (" H " coach) greets you, similar in arrangement to the first. In place of the stores compartment is the messroom to accommodate twenty people with some difficulty. The tables and forms are white as snow, and on the shelves is the train library containing books to suit every taste, by authors ranging from Edward Grubb and Evelyn Underhill to Charles Garvice and Gertrude Page. In place of " B " pantry is the officers' kit store, used also as bunk for two of the personnel.

The last of the British coaches is " R," the personnel coach. It contains eight compartments, each with two beds aside. Our kit is crowded upon a small shelf, or crammed under the bottom bed. Several ingenious people have devised little shelves round their beds which are constantly collapsing with sad results. There is little air space, but with window and door open one can sleep. At each end is a lavatory, the water supply to which needs constant replenishing. This is not a show coach, and is kept tidy only by constant endeavour, which will not surprise you when you consider how many people live in it. When the train is not loaded, one orderly sleeps in each ward.

Last of all comes the French stores *fourgon* in which are carried stretchers and blankets to be handed over on demand to C.C.S.'s, paraffin rags and cleaning material of all description. Every inch of it is filled, while even the guard's compartment contains a carpenter's bench and box of tools.

That is a description of our home. To know it thoroughly you must have lived in it for some weeks, preferably when we are busy. You would then be better able to understand this book.

Suppose we have received orders to load. Should the train be alongside a C.C.S., lying-cases are carried on stretchers by bearers; should they have some distance to come they arrive in motor ambulances. In any case they are rapidly detailed to various wards by the train N.C.O.'s, and the Evacuating Officer (E.M.O.) is responsible for having them brought to the door of the right ward. Once in the ward they are swiftly transferred to a suitable bed and the empty stretchers are passed out. During the trip, which may take anything from four hours to three days, they have to be fed and attended, and this keeps the orderlies fully occupied during the day. At night, one man remains on duty in each ward, the time being divided into two or three watches according to circumstances.

As soon as the base is reached the patients are handed over to the E.M.O. for the base hospitals, and whatever the hour of the day or night the wards are cleaned up. Blankets are shaken, beds made and floors swept up. These operations may be extended, the floors scrubbed, windows, brasses and " the worst of the white paint " cleaned, unless off-loading finishes at night, when these items are postponed till the following morning. Latterly extreme pressure of work curtailed this programme somewhat, owing to the necessity of getting in as much sleep as possible before the next load.

On non-trip days the morning between nine and twelve is spent in

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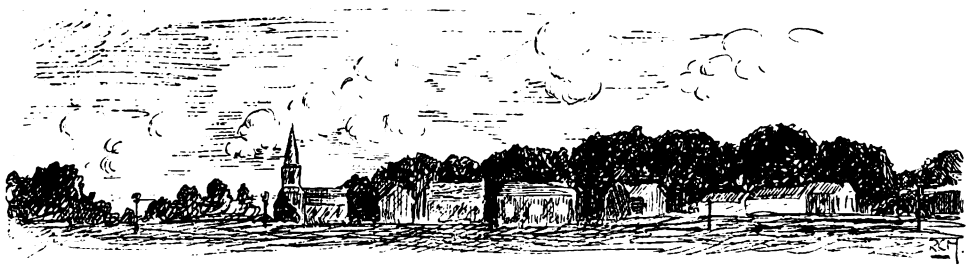
cleaning either the inside or the outside of the train. Silver, cutlery, bread trays, buckets, bowls, jugs, etc., all need attention, while the white paint is a kind of residuary legatee of our energies.

Some figures as to this may be of interest. It has been estimated that the white paint to be cleaned if extended in a wall six feet high would reach well over a mile. There are 708 windows to be cleaned and 800 blankets to be shaken.

Our regular work ceases at twelve o'clock, but frequently "stores" or "water fatigues" have to be done during the afternoon. Normally our kitchen tanks are filled at the Base, but as a rule it is necessary to refill them every day or two. Sometimes this can be done from the ward tanks, but frequently resort must be had to an independent supply, and the water carried in cans or buckets a distance varying from 100 yards to three-quarters of a mile. Should no fatigues be required leave is granted if we can be reasonably certain that the train will not move out. As time has gone on, however, our movements have become more and more erratic, and the intervals between loads shorter and shorter, so that we have had little opportunity for exercise and have had to content ourselves with reading and writing or sleep, varied by an occasional game of cards.

H. R. G.



GUILLAUCOURT.

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Period I.

BEFORE THE SOMME.

14th AUGUST, 1915—1st JULY, 1916.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE TO THE FIRST PERIOD.

THROUGHOUT the whole of this period, the Western Front was comparatively quiet. With the exception of the Battle of Loos there was no considerable action in which the British were involved, and our life upon the train was correspondingly regular. At this time the British Ambulance Train Service was divided into two distinct portions. Trains loading between Poperinghe and Berguettes were on the Northern Route and evacuated to Boulogne and Etaples; while those loading further South took their patients to Rouen, Le Tréport, Etretat, and occasionally Le Havre. Trains were definitely attached to one route or the other, usually for a month at a time.

Suppose our train to have off-loaded at Boulogne. After a day or two in the Gare Centrale, orders were received for Calais (Fontinettes) where a similar halt was made. In due course we left for St. Omer, finally garaging at Blendecques or Arques. Usually on the third morning after our arrival we moved out about nine o'clock. The round was unvarying: Hazebrouck, Bailleul (load), Hazebrouck (load), Remy (load), Hazebrouck, St. Omer (load), through Calais to Boulogne or Etaples. That was the Northern Route, the monotony broken only by an occasional convalescent load from Etaples.

The Southern Route was a little more varied. After off-loading at Rouen (R.G.) we moved out to Sotteville, where we spent any time from a few hours to as many days, according to the number of trains in garage. Our orders were invariably for Abbeville, where we waited once more until sent to Doullens, Corbie or Lapugnoy. At the first two places we loaded at once, but Lapugnoy gave us a chance of refreshing ourselves with walks through the woods or with omelettes and coffee before setting out once more upon our travels.

In the Spring of 1916 the British Front was extended to include the sector from Hulluch to Hébuterne, adding Barlin, Bruay and Aubigny as loading places and St. Pol as a garage.

The chief features of the period were its regularity, its comparatively few trips, and its times of garage at the various bases.

H. R. G.

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AMBULANCE TRAIN No. 16, 14th AUGUST, 1915—14th AUGUST, 1916.

A Medley.

READ AT THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY DINNER CELEBRATIONS.

FEW words of explanation and apology. This does not purport to be a strictly veracious and comprehensive history of the train for the past year—it is rather a medley, a series of impressions, and perhaps here and there advantage is taken of poetic licence, while huge gaps will be discerned where things which should have been inserted have been omitted.

"To cut the cackle and get to the 'osses," we may regard our history as commencing with the camp at Oxhey, Hertfordshire, in July, 1915. Here about seventy of us found ourselves tumbled together under the charge of "Simpy" as Quarter-Master, and S. Smith as O.C. "Simpy" is now too well known for me to attempt to describe him, but a word or two about S.

His was a kind of triple personality, combining the qualities of Field Marshal Viscount French, Eugene Sandow, and the Headmaster of Eton; though occasionally the Headmaster of Eton gave way to the Headmaster of a quite *comme il faut* preparatory school.

S. saw ahead into the future and prepared us all for the rôle of motor ambulance drivers, as well as orderlies on an ambulance train, by organizing a series of lectures on the internal structure of a motor engine. It is thanks to these illuminating deliveries that I am now perfectly familiar with such technical terms as "back-fire," "differential," "carburetter," though I haven't the foggiest notion of what the terms stand for. Again, we had some lectures at camp as to the real causes that led to the outbreak of hostilities in August, 1914. Apart from general illumination, I have not found these lectures particularly useful—to my regret, I have never been requested by any patient on the train to explain to him why the war started.

But, of course, the *pièces de résistance* of our lectures were those on First Aid.

These were delivered to us by a fine old Scottish medical practitioner residing in Harley Street.

Now, between the F.A.U. authorities and the fine old Scottish medical practitioner, a secret treaty had been drawn up.

The F.A.U. authorities wanted about 50 men for the Ambulance Train by a certain date, and accordingly pointed out how inconvenient it would be if any of the men were unable to come out at the last minute through failure to pass the First Aid Examination.

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The F.O.S.M.P. was sympathetic, and gave his word of honour that no one should fail—they should all pass.

The last week of camp came and with it the First Aid Examination.

Owing to the somewhat stringent rules of the British Red Cross Society, the F.O.S.M.P. was not allowed to examine in person, and so an outside doctor was called in for the purpose. However, our lecturer communicated with the examiner to the effect that he would take it as a personal favour if all the men passed the First Aid Examination.

Now, the examiner was not a bad fellow: he was broad-minded, and did not see the point of making an enemy of the F.O.S.M.P. if he could possibly keep him as a friend, albeit he was somewhat jealous of the dignity of his profession.

Well, the examination proceeded with great *verve* and *élan*, and all the men passed brilliantly, except one.

Provisionally, let us say, he did not pass.

This man is now one of the most respected on the train—so much respected in fact, that the truth I propose shortly to tell about him could not possibly sully his reputation, if I ventured to tell his name—which I won't.

The first question our esteemed comrade was asked was: "Where is the Aorta?"

Orderly X. (*pointing*) said: "The Aorta is here."

Doctor Y. replied: "Certainly not."

Orderly X. reiterated: "No! it is here, where I say."

Now Doctor Y. was a little ruffled and began to think of what Æsculapius, Galen, Hippocrates, and other medical worthies would have done in the circumstances: but none the less he resolved to give the man another chance.

Doctor Y. (*pointing*) spoke firmly: "The Aorta is here; now come, you'll admit that it is so?"

A struggle went on within Orderly X.; he longed to make friends with the Mammon of Unrighteousness and make himself safe for the examination, but the influence of Puritan forefathers prevailed—*magna est veritas.*

"No," replied Orderly X., "the Aorta is here, where my finger is—I read it was so in the First Aid text-book."

'Nough said—the doctor passed on without asking any more questions, crediting Orderly X. in his note-book with ·50 marks out of a possible hundred.

Poor Orderly X.! It was found as soon as the examination finished that he was the only man to fail out of the entire camp.

Nil desperandum est with S.S. as leader. He communicated by telephone with the F.O.S.M.P., and he, it is presumed, entered into diplomatic relations with the examiner; for, later on, a telephone message was received at camp to the effect that Doctor Y. was sorry, but that in

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the hurry of the moment he had inadvertently moved a decimal point two paces to the left, and so—Orderly X. had really passed after all.

* * * * * * * *

And now, let us, like Shakespeare's hero Henry V, after the first act, cross the sea to the Fields of France.

I trust that the memory of our first day at Boulogne will ever be a fragrant one with us—we had two good meals there.

We crossed to Boulogne on Saturday, August 14th, and left by the now familiar 8.55 p.m. train for Abbeville. We arrived at Abbeville in the neighbourhood of one o'clock on Sunday morning, and, laden with huge valises, entered on the seemingly hazardous journey over lines and sidings to the Ambulance Train garage, where we boarded A.T. 16, and promptly slept.

In the morning we were ruthlessly awakened by Sergeant Wares, who had spent the previous three days on the train learning how an A.T. should be worked. But of this amiable and accomplished scoundrel more anon.

In the afternoon we were paraded by Captain Walker, and afterwards addressed by the D.A.D.M.S.

This address in after days we came to look back upon as memorable.

A few fragments of the address remain with me. We were told we could supplement our army rations by buying food for ourselves, that we should call officers "Sir," that our life would be a gipsy one, that drunkenness would be unknown and, he hoped, that very few would be left behind and lose the train on occasions.

In this last respect, the gallant officer's hopes have been remarkably realized—though our fine record was recently marred by Corporal Hoyles's late escapade at Etaples.

As for crime, let each man consider for himself if he has erred; and if he find he has, bury the skeleton securely in his own family cupboard; for this belief in our criminal immunity, though psychologically shaky, is a generous and touching one. Let Fleshy Gill (see page 81) blush for shame!

After a few days at Abbeville we moved up to Lapugnoy and there made the acquaintance of that fascinating young lady, Susie; and then, a day or two later, took on our first patients at Chocques; and after this, "the daily round and common task" followed in great abundance.

Admirably as we thought we performed our duties at the time, every now and again some woeful lack of experience would be painfully manifested.

A striking example of this was furnished by the late departed Sergeant Collier, when carrying out in "B" ward the duties now so admirably discharged by Mr. Jack Fry. There was a Chaplain in "B" ward, suffering from neuritis or nephritis—I cannot remember which, and find these technical terms very confusing—who requested a whisky and soda.

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The whisky was put in the tumbler, the soda water followed; and the tumbler was then handed to the reverend gentleman. But in handing the tumbler, Collier had either grasped it by the top when he should have grasped it by the bottom, or grasped it by the bottom when he ought to have taken hold of the top. I don't know which he did—anyhow, he flagrantly violated the established canonical law as regards the serving of a tumbler of whisky and soda. Deeply immersed in pain as he was, the reverend gentleman's zeal for the triumph of right over wrong would not allow him to overlook the Hunnish practices of Orderly Collier, and he there and then made clear the theory and practice of serving a tumbler of whisky and soda.

We can all picture the scene to ourselves, and realise the single-minded and intense purposiveness of the Chaplain. How he would have risen to the occasion if he had been on board when Orderly Stanley made his gruesome discovery in the "sitting-up" wards of a patient with "Sceptic Legs." He would doubtless have quoted the passage from the Scriptures:—"If thy foot offend thee, cut it off, it is better for thee . . ."

On September 15th we reached Boulogne, and we garaged here for ten days without a single trip. Here is a brief record of the ten days.

On the afternoon of the 15th, Sergeant Wares attempted to elope with a female in the Paris express, but had not the strength of mind to carry through his purpose to the end (see page 34).

On September 17th the D.A.D.M.S. visited Boulogne station. He visited our Sister Train first, and afterwards came to A.T. 16 and did not use a single non-dictionary word, singling out for special attention and favour "Gibby," whose rosy and cherubic countenance had clearly attracted him.

On the 18th we attended a concert in the "Petite Vitesse."

On the 19th "Tebby," a kitten, was added to our strength and allocated to "H" kitchen.

On the 20th we were visited by Arnold Rowntree, M.P., and J. W. Wilson, M.P., two members of the F.A.U. committee.

On the 21st Ex-Queen Amélie of Portugal visited the train.

Skipping a day or two we get to the time of the Loos attack; we left Calais on the night of September 25th and got to Lapugnoy soon after 4 a.m. next morning, and loaded up right away with the first wounded from the attack. On the night of September 28th we were back again at Lapugnoy, and were loading from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m., with the weather at its very worst. We loaded 308 lying patients, and at that time we regarded it as a phenomenally large number. I think most of us who were there will remember this night well, as it was the slowest time of loading we have had; during this time of loading we received much encouragement from a drunken Scottish stretcher-bearer, who every time he brought a stretcher to the train had a cheery "Never mind, boys, Harry Maxwell will see you through!" Corp. Young, as he then was, was at the top of his form, and directed with great gusto from outside the loading of the "Sitting-ups" with stretcher cases. While the work was going

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on at its highest tension he espied a figure in the corridor of "N" coach looking on but taking no part in the work of lifting stretchers. Filled with righteous indignation Corp. Young burst forth with "What the —— do you think you're doing? This isn't a sanguinary picture show for your benefit; lend a hand, will you!" and Captain Walker's voice meekly replied, "All right, Corporal."

The Loos rush was soon over, and some time in October found us back in garage at Boulogne what time Georgius Rex was over in France to visit his troops. A.T. 16 was alongside the royal train with only a few yards between the two trains. Verily this was a time for our brasses to be polished and our loins girded, for we wist not at what hour His Majesty might inspect us. Captain Walker at once issued an order that sleeping or awake, each man should be girt with his tunic for he knew not at what hour the Royal Presence might descend on the train. A subsidiary order in connection with the royal proximity was that all brasses should be polished and footboards cleaned on one side of the train only. Captain Walker reasoned—doubtless correctly—that the King, if he came to inspect, would only walk down on one side of the train. We all appreciated Captain Walker's reasoning and admired his contempt for the supererogatory. But though the King failed to come and inspect us, some of us sitting in "O" coach beheld his Majesty at lunch and were pleased to note that he seemed to be making a good meal.

On October 25th to our great regret we lost "Tebby" from our train —her anarchic disregard of the laws of sanitation rendering it necessary that she should be given away. Since then there have been no pets on the train till the advent of the jackdaw and the two rabbits, and now all these are gone too—*sic transit gloria mundi.* October 31st marked the anniversary of the first landing of the F.A.U. in France and that evening "Wary," who was one of the originals, gave us a lecture on "Aspirations and Realisations of the F.A.U." I remember that prominent among the aspirations was a "Field Ambulance" run by the F.A.U., and that this has not yet been realised is a source of great regret to us.

A revolutionary order affecting domestic arrangements was received on November 2nd, to the effect that coal must be economised, and that consequently, except on trip days, there should only be one fire going. This caused much consternation and searching of hearts when it was realised that if the only fire on the train were in "A" kitchen, many of the personnel meals must perforce get cold before they could be served. Several single-minded gentlemen volunteered to purchase one sack of coal for "H" kitchen, and engaged to keep this ever full like the widow's cruse by regarding coal in French coal trucks as manna dropped down from heaven and acting accordingly. But this offer so well meant was not accepted.

The abolition of the "H" kitchen fire marked the decline and fall of coal lifting on the train. Now the origin of coal lifting on our train had been in this wise.

In the course of a conversation with "Wary," Captain Walker had remarked, quite casually, that quite a number of A.T.'s never indented for coal from one month's end to another. Whether this was a seed

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DRESS · PARADE
Dec. 1st. 1915
① The day before Dress Parade I go for a walk with M—
② I fall into a stream
③ I fall in the mud over the switch point of a lonely tram line
④ I lose a belt buck (I have already lost my belt for over a month)
⑤ Rather than drink it I spill 3 sous worth of vin rouge on my tunic
⑥ In the dark I fall over the same switch point.

THE FIRST DRESS PARADE.

Between pp. 12 & 13

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(7) Running to catch a tram I lose the most conspicuous button on my tunic.
(8) At Mrs Brilliant's suggestion, on my return I replace this button with one from my overcoat which having been little used shines with resplendent lustre.
(9) In consequence of the above and with quaking heart I attend parade
(10) But the effect of the button is so dazzling that all the other defects are overlooked and I emerge triumphant

AN EXPERIMENT IN EYE-WASH.

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fallen by the wayside and picked by "Wary" in the rôle of a "fowl of the air," who shall say— but at all events from that day onwards there existed no more ruthless and coolly calculating a despoiler of French colliery trucks than Harold, Sergeant Wares. From an art he transformed coal lifting into a science. He chose his nights well, pickets were always posted. Wary himself used to mount on top of the trucks and to his satellites equipped with sacks on the ground the coal was transferred with the utmost dispatch. Never once did he violate that great commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out."

On one occasion, at Le Tréport, in broad daylight it was discovered that the "H" kitchen bunker was absolutely without coal. Many a lesser man than Wary would have been daunted at this emergency. However, he promptly detailed Orderly Stanley to take a sack and at once go and make a requisition from a French truck—adding that these steps were to be taken by kind permission of the R.T.O. Orderly Stanley set off at once cheerfully on his errand, and was soon descried on top of a truck filling his sack, all the while singing to himself "Where my caravan has rested." It is true that while thus engaged a Frenchman called out "Voleur vous no bon," but Orderly Stanley, undeterred, kept on with his work. A few minutes later, with a full sack of coal on his back, he was staggering along to "H" kitchen when he met an English officer.

"Where did you get that coal?" said the officer.

"From that truck, sir."

"Well, you'd better put it back."

An annoyed and sullen silence was now visible on Orderly Stanley's countenance, and the officer repeated the order.

"Well, I don't know about putting the coal back, sir. The R.T.O. said we could have it, and he ought to know what he's doing."

"So he ought, my boy," said the officer; "but you'd better put it back—I happen to be the R.T.O."

So the coal was put back, to Orderly Stanley's disgust, which was not lessened when on his return to the train he encountered a group consisting of Captain Walker, the R.T.O., and Sergeant Wares in a state of considerable hilarity.

But the coal did not exclusively claim Sergeant Wares's attention. When the apple season was on he provided a plentiful supply of apples for the second courses. It is in connection with this that there is a sad manifestation of degeneracy after his departure.

A.T. No. 11 were short of stores, and, encountering us at Sotteville, they asked Dixon if they could exchange Quaker Oats for nice, ripe, juicy succulent apples. Dixon agreed and the exchange was effected. When the apples were emptied from the sack they were found to be those which we could have got for ourselves from French trucks. Our confidence in Sergeant Dixon was sadly shaken.

The same date which witnessed the doom of "H" kitchen fire was that which marked the rise of "Cabinets." Now the French word "cabinet" to a certain extent is a blank cheque which can be filled up with

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various values, yet still the term may be legitimately applied to the dining apartments of the "sitting-ups." However, the word "cabinet" among its various meanings has a sinister one, and owing to the perversity of human nature, it is usually this meaning that is suggested by the word. Dr. Tebbs, I know, was puzzled when Corporal Hoyles told him that dinner had started in the cabinets but not yet in the mess-room.

On November 11th we suffered two big losses in the departure of Corporal Lambert and Sergeant Watts.

Following on this Simpson became Sergeant and Tregenza and Pearson were both elevated to Corporeal rank.

Soon after this we had two new arrivals on the train in the persons of Messrs. H. & G., and in different ways their personalities both rendered themselves conspicuous. Orderly H. had a decided bias towards righteousness, and on one occasion when he discovered after playing in a football match that the day was a Sunday, he swore "somethin' 'orrid."

On November 28th, the train put in at Boulogne for repairs at the "Petite Vitesse," and here it remained for at least a fortnight, and it was during this time that a piano was imported on to the train. The piano remained with us two months, a source of gratification and joy, and then one day Colonel G. came round the train and close by the office he espied the piano. He at once launched an attack against the piano, saying that if the Headquarters Staff were to inspect the train they would laugh him to perdition, and also adding, "You'll be wanting a —— brass band on the train next."

Soon after we got the piano we had a concert with A.T. 22 in the "Petite Vitesse," and it was here that Johnson sang "Roamin' in the gloamin'" to an appreciative audience.

We left the "Petite Vitesse" in the second week in December and returned to the Northern Route, where, shortly before Christmas, we had one memorable load of 500 "gassed" patients from Remy.

Christmas Day found us at Blendecques, where we celebrated the day by feeding on turkeys and plum puddings and having a dramatic performance in the evening.

On January 28th, half of our Australian contingent—Corporal Clemes, to wit—departed to undertake the office of Sergeant on A.T. 11, and on February 2nd, Dr. Tebbs, the originator of the now famous Tebbular Hypothesis, left the train. Newcomers on the train will find that the famous Tebbular Hypothesis will well repay a little application on their part, and if after a considerable amount of study they fail to understand it, I would refer them to Corporal Harrison, who was one of the few men on the train to grasp it in its entirety.

On February 11th at Rouen, to our regret, Captain Walker left the train. A few incidents out of his life will perhaps not be unfitting at this time.

At Corbie, I think, shortly before the train started, an officer came along, and spoke after this manner—"My men say that your men have been stealing our blankets." Captain Walker replied at once, "Oh, that's

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absurd; the men on this train are Quakers, do you see, and it's against their principles to steal anything at all." The enquiry into the missing blankets stopped there and then as far as we were concerned.

With regard to the incinerator buckets in the kitchens, Captain Walker laid down strict rules that they were to be emptied into incinerators. However, he added a rider. "If," he said, "the door happens to be open, and the contents of the incinerator bucket fall outside without the incinerator bucket necessarily following it, well then, boys, that's not your fault, you're not to blame, do you see, d'ye see?"

On the same day as this departure at Rouen was the arrival of our new O.C., Captain Rees, to whose kindness and consideration and interest in us and our doings, I am sure, we owe a great deal.

On February 14th—but let me start again. Just as July 14th, 1789, saw the fall of the Bastille, so on February 14th, 1916, the hated institution of night guard was abolished. Speaking for the kitchen, we are very grateful for the change; condensed milk tins, grape-nuts, nutmeg—nothing was really safe from these hungry prowling marauders of the night.

March 2nd was our busy day. Early in the morning most of the personnel were taken out for a route march by Simpson, and getting lost on the way, did not turn up for dinner till 1.30. During their absence a Cup Tie match with No. 21, who were then at Arques, had to be arranged. After a hasty dinner the football team and its supporters set out for Arques. In the match we led up to half-time, and then the strenuous morning under Simpy began to tell on the team—and so 21 won. Walking leisurely back along the road from Arques, the M.T., A.S.C. men kindly called our attention to A.T. 16 which was moving away along the line on our left. There was a wild stampede across ploughed fields, and eventually everyone got on board the train. Doubtless some would not have reached it but for the presence of mind of Officers' Orderly Johnson, who pulled "a d——d cord"—but why linger on the subject, seeing that it has already been so brilliantly described in the sayings of Uran-othur the Scribe (see page 79).

Soon after this we had an addition to the train in the shape of two R.E.'s who came for the purpose of fitting the "sitting-ups" with stretchers. The two men might be said to be happy in their work; they clung to it tenaciously as a thing not to be wantonly rushed through and wasted.

However, during their absence from the train, after having completed about a ward and a half in ten days, Captain Rees put Dukie on the job, who, with his American hustling methods, soon finished it. On our next arrival at Boulogne the two R.E.'s were very disgusted to find the work had been rushed through by mere amateurs. As a result of this Dukie was awarded a V.C.—C. stands for commendation.

At the beginning of April we had a lengthy sojourn at Sotteville and enjoyed much bathing in the gravel pit; but now we are coming to more recent times, and it is a very indiscreet historian who uncovers aught which is not decently covered by time.

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One of the most catastrophic incidents of late has been the departure of twelve men on to No. 5, and the arrival on our train of Peter Pan and the eleven grown-up boys whom we are all very glad to have with us.

And now, when I have come to the end of my tether, I think of other losses: the four Americans—the cheery Rice, the impulsive and journalistic Morley, the silent Fowler and Carey-boy, and then there is Treggie. They and others made us richer by their presence, and it is one consolation to know that wherever they are, they are enriching others in the same way.

To repeat, this is a medley. So, kind gentlemen, treat indulgently what is inserted, and forgive the omissions.

J. L. H.

The Superman.

HE is one of those so-called public figures whose name is on every man's lips, but who is known to none. To his country his importance is not a whit less than that of Kitchener or of Grey, but his features are as unfamiliar to the nation as his personality. Never does HE emerge from the obscurity wherein his mighty work is conducted into the limelight which plays upon all other great men of to-day; never is his voice raised in public speech to vast, expectant audiences; never do his thoughts fill the columns of our newspapers.

But somewhere—I know not exactly where—he is working, day in, day out, week after week, month after month, unceasingly, untiringly working. To his mighty task there can be no end: the demand for his services knows no limits.

How his work is accomplished, and where, and when, few men know. Fewer still would care to enquire. His materials and his methods are as mysterious as his identity. They are a great national secret, as closely guarded as any of Whitehall or St. Omer.

He is the real supporter of the British forces in the field. He gives them strength and hope and courage: with his name on their lips they go into battle; some murmur it as they die in the heat of the fight; with joy the survivors greet the magic word as they return to their bivouac.

He is the Backbone of England, the Mainstay of the Empire, the Power behind the Throne.

His name is Maconochie.

J. E. M.

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EXTRACT FROM ROUTINE ORDERS.

The Inspector-General of Communications notices with regret that a number of N.C.O.'s and men upon the Lines of Communication, particularly upon Ambulance Trains, are in the habit of shaving the upper lip. This practice being contrary to G.R.O., must cease forthwith. All ranks are warned that severe disciplinary action will be taken in the event of further disregard of this order.

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Editorial Introduction.

FOR the Republics of Rome and Venice triumvirates sufficed. A twelve-month ago it was the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente which held Europe in their hands. But the day of triplarchies is gone, and to-day we see in Europe the ascendancy of the Quadruple Alliance. It is therefore a sign of good omen that *The Orderly Review* should make its first appearance under the ægis of a fourfold directorate. And what were the feelings of satisfaction that filled the hearts of the Editors this very morning as we noticed on the march a village estaminet with the auspicious sign "Les Quatre Couronnés!"

A few remarks, briefer than the importance of their matter would justify, as to the aim and methods of *The Orderly Review* may perhaps be of interest to our Public. To encourage them to contribute, to lull their preconceived suspicions, and to attract them to the perusal of these pages, we venture to make a few random observations. . . .

Much misunderstanding of our intentions having arisen, through the after-dinner babblings of the mess-room and the post-prandial chatter of the personnel-car, the Editors feel it is their duty (as much to themselves as to their readers) to state that the *Review* will NOT be the instrument whereon any organisation, party, or sect will play undisturbed its own particular tune. Its columns are open freely to the communiqués of any body, whatever its shade of opinion. Provided that public decency be not outraged, articles from the Purity League will be accepted; unless their prudery be excessive those from the Hot Stuff Brigade will be no less welcome. Neither the false gods of athleticism nor the whited sepulchres of intellectualism will be exclusively venerated by *The Orderly Review*.

We have determined to make it our constant endeavour to produce in the *Review* a journal which will satisfy, in part at least, the widely varying tastes of the public before whom it is respectfully laid. Cut off by the exigencies of war and an erratic postal service from the usual plenteous flood of English periodicals, each of our readers will find in these pages some of the features of that bounteous stream which most delighted them at home: the personal gossip of the *Tatler*, the austere wisdom of the *Spectator*, the sensational crudities of the Northcliffe Press, the severity of the *Economist*, the profound philosophy of Mr. Bottomley, the prophetic acumen of Mr. Belloc, the refinements of the *London Mail*, or the terrifying headlines of the *New York Journal*—all these joys and many others will be chosen and represented in the *Review*. Never before in literary history has such a task been attempted. But the effort must be made now: the gods willing and weather permitting, it will be successful. And then we shall have something for which European

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THE

ORDERLY REVIEW:

A NON-PARTY and NON-SECTARIAN

JOURNAL,

ILLUSTRATIVE, CRITICAL, and LITERARY,

OF

MEN, EVENTS, and IDEAS,

APPERTAINING TO

A.T. IG,

AND APPEARING AS

HEBDOMADALLY AS POSSIBLE,

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.

VOL. I : Nº 1.

Blendecques

August 26th, 1915.

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and American journalism can show no rival, something vast and stupendous. . . The horrors of war must be bravely faced . . .

And so, *lectores carissimi*, we make our editorial bow, and stand aside for the curtain to rise. We stand together; our reputations are linked to rise or fall together. We have little to offer you, so all we can ask in return is your indulgence. . .

J. E. M.
H. R. G.
F. M. M.
C. A. H.

(A facsimile of the Original Title Page appears on previous page).

TYPES TO BE AVOIDED. No. 1.

(Published at the request of the Train Branch of the National Vigilance Society).

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Ballade of France.

OWHERE does grain more golden grow,
Nowhere there beats a sea more blue
Than girts the land that legends know,—
The land of rosemary and rue.
Here lapping wavelets ripple through
The reeds, to join in merry dance,
Whilst morning glints the flashing dew
Amid the sunny fields of France.

'Twas here once swaggered Cyrano,
And Villon, prince of comrades true;
From hence rode Huon of Bordeaux
To teach the paynim how to woo,
And Pantagruel a giant slew
Beneath that very elm, perchance;—
With other deeds of derring do
Amid the sunny fields of France.

Softly, from flowered casement low,
Floats sadly sweet the word 'adieu'
To knights who forth to combat go,
So proudly riding, two by two.
Ah, did not chivalry imbue
With all the virtues of Romance
Her children, blithe yet doughty too,
Amid the sunny fields of France.

ENVOI.

Gone are the days that knighthood knew;
Stilled is the crash of shield and lance;
Yet ever burns their soul anew
Amid the sunny fields of France.

F. M. M.

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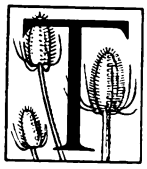
Loos.



HE first novelty of all we did and saw in France had hardly begun to wear off when, some six weeks after our landing, we had our first experience of "Battle Casualties." On September 25th, 1915, the battle of Loos, of which so much was hoped, began. We were at Calais that afternoon and heard the news, so oft repeated in the next three years, that we had landed troops at Ostend and that Lille had fallen. The night was spent in confused journeyings backwards and forwards, and at 5 a.m. we awoke to our amazement at Lapugnoy.

There, the sight of a full C.C.S. showed us something of the meaning of War, and we took on an all lying load of patients flushed with victory. "B" ward and part of "C" were filled with officers, and we left about midday, reaching Abbeville at 10 p.m., and Rouen (our first visit) at breakfast time.

On September 28th we started loading at Lapugnoy at 8 p.m. in pouring rain. The first stretchers were carried through the deep mud of the siding by cavalry and the A.S.C. officers. The patients were mostly very bad cases and the wards reeked of ether, muddy clothing, and gas gangrene. We shall never forget that loading, the bearers reeling with fatigue and unable to lift the stretchers to the door without help. The pouring rain and the raucous voice of one Harry Maxwell "What life could be more glorious than that of a British soldier under the Union Jack! Harry Maxwell will see you through." Nor can we forget the trip that followed. The D.A.D.M.S., A.T. had complained that we carried too few patients, so this time we had the floors covered, the dispensary, mess room, and kit store filled, and a patient on the floor of each sitting-up compartment.

Loos showed what was meant by a bad load, and five trips in eight days taught us to clean up in less than 48 hours.

Our sympathy for our charges was unmeasured and their freely expressed gratitude inexpressibly cheering. The whole was a foretaste of the work which was to occupy so much of our time in the days to come.

H. R. G.

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LAPUGNOY.

To face p. 22

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The O.R. Topographical Series.

CALAIS.

CALAIS, as we know it to-day, is really formed by the union of two older towns, Calais Nord and St. Pierre (or Calais Sud). The former is the Calais famous in history, but St. Pierre, known formerly as Petresse, was in existence before its better known partner. On the banks of the estuary of the river about the tenth century a little hamlet of fishermen's cottages sprang up together with a chapel dependent on the curé of Pétresse. The geographical position of this hamlet was one of extreme advantage, its nearness to the shores of England ensuring the rapid growth of the little village. So we are not surprised to find that in a comparatively short time the village had grown into a town of considerable importance. It was under the jurisdiction of the Counts of Boulogne, and the count of that time gave it a charter in the twelfth century. It is interesting to notice that the lion-hearted Richard embarked and re-embarked here on his way to and from the crusade, incidentally granting the town several privileges. The continued increase in commerce necessitated the construction of a harbour in the year 1190. In 1213 it was made a naval base, and it was here three years later that the King of France prepared an expedition against England.

Another stage in Calais' rapid growth was marked in the year 1254, when the town was granted the privilege of autonomy. Soon after, however, the County of Boulogne passed into the hands of the Seigneurs d'Artois, who governed the town by means of bailiffs. These developed the town excellently, but were rather apt to regard its prosperity too much as a source of revenue for their masters. This brought about a riot in 1298, as a punishment for which the town was deprived of its privileges for a space of six years. These were years of considerable depression, but with the restoration of the privileges came the return of the town's prosperity.

The commerce seems to have been almost entirely with English ports, especially Yarmouth and Winchelsea. They imported wood, beer, bacon, herrings, metals and some other commodities, in exchange for which they sent our forefathers wine.

But it was not only in peaceful commerce that they had dealings. History tells that Calais was a very hotbed of piracy, the Channel being rendered quite unsafe by these lawless marauders. This gave rise to considerable ill-feeling between England and Flanders, and perhaps influenced Edward III., after he had won the battle of Crecy, to proceed against Calais. The story of that fateful siege is well-known. For eleven months the town put up a gallant but unavailing resistance. At last the besieged were starved into surrender and mercy was granted to the inhabitants only on condition that six of them gave themselves up unreservedly to their conqueror. To the lasting fame of Calais, of France, and of mankind, these six men were speedily forthcoming. With halters round their necks

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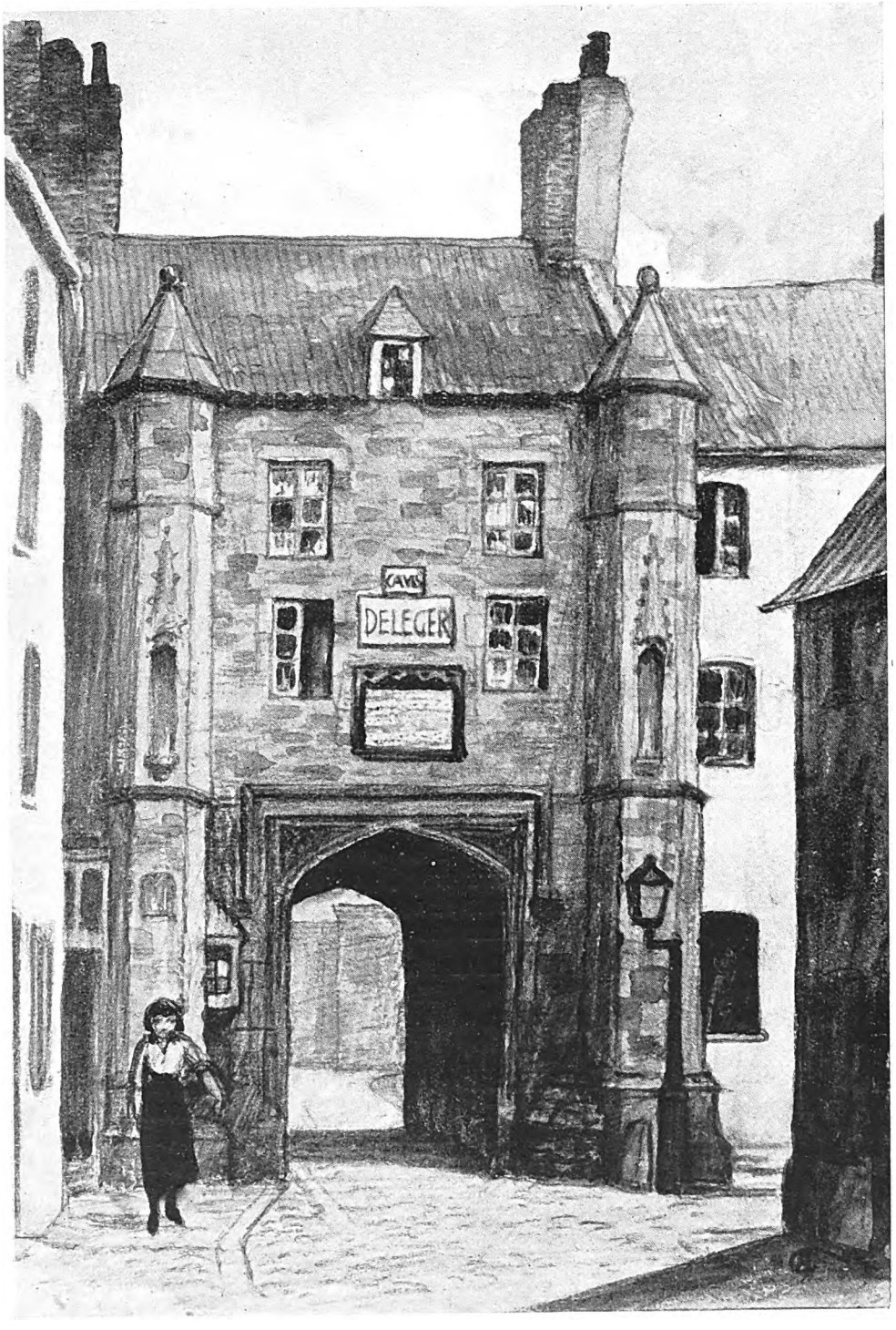

CALAIS—HÔTEL DE GUISE.

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and bearing the keys of their town and castle, they presented themselves to the unrelenting Edward for him to "do his will." We feel how noble was their shame and how shameful was the intention of England's proud king. Edward's most influential advisers endeavoured in vain to change his determination to slay these heroic men. It seemed as if nothing could save them from the doom which threatened them. But what he refused to yield to his armed warriors, Edward granted to the tearful importunity of his Queen. Thanks to her the six burgesses were not called upon to pay the sacrifice they had offered, and Edward himself was saved from an act of unworthy revenge. In recent times this great scene has found a fit memorial in Rodin's great masterpiece. This famous piece of sculpture stands in a prominent position in Calais, and should require no description in these pages. It may be remarked, however, that Rodin intended it to be placed on a level with the ground and also that the figures should be placed further apart than at present.

Calais thus, in 1347, became an English town and for more than two centuries remained in our hands. Its prosperity during this time was great, both on account of its growing commercial importance and also because of the historic events which took place there. In 1360 the Treaty of Bretigny, which concluded the French war, was ratified in the church of St. Nicholas. In 1396 the marriage of Richard II. with the daughter of Charles VI. was solemnized in the town. Warwick, the King-Maker, was himself Governor of Calais. These facts sufficiently indicate the political standing of the town during the English occupation. After the French had made an unsuccessful attempt to reconquer the place in 1436, there followed a century of great splendour. The town received many visits from great persons and its streets must have witnessed many a scene of pomp, but none perhaps quite so magnificent as that of The Field of the Cloth of Gold in the reign of Henry VIII.

Its commercial prosperity was quite on a par with the political importance of the town. A new harbour was constructed—the old one was becoming silted up with sand—and a fort built. But it was by making Calais the Staple for our continental trade that we secured its great prosperity. All our commerce to the continent had to pass through the Staple of Calais, a body governed by a mayor. Stapler of Calais was a very proud title, so great was the commercial importance of the man who held it. Calais thus became a great source of revenue to English monarchs, and we can well understand Mary's grief when in 1558 the town was retaken by the French under the leadership of the Duc de Guise. Thus ended the era of English supremacy in Calais.

A few relics of it are still to be seen and these naturally will be of great interest to all English visitors. The transept of the church of Notre Dame is a good example of Gothic Perpendicular architecture—a purely English development of the art. This church was greatly admired by Ruskin, who dedicated a chapter of "Modern Painters" to it. The Belfry standing in the Place d'Armes is another interesting building dating from the English occupation: it is built in the Tudor style of architecture. The Hotel de Guise, a little to the north of the Place d'Armes, was the old entrepôt of the Staple: the excellent gateway still standing closely resembles the college gateways of Oxford and Cambridge. There are also

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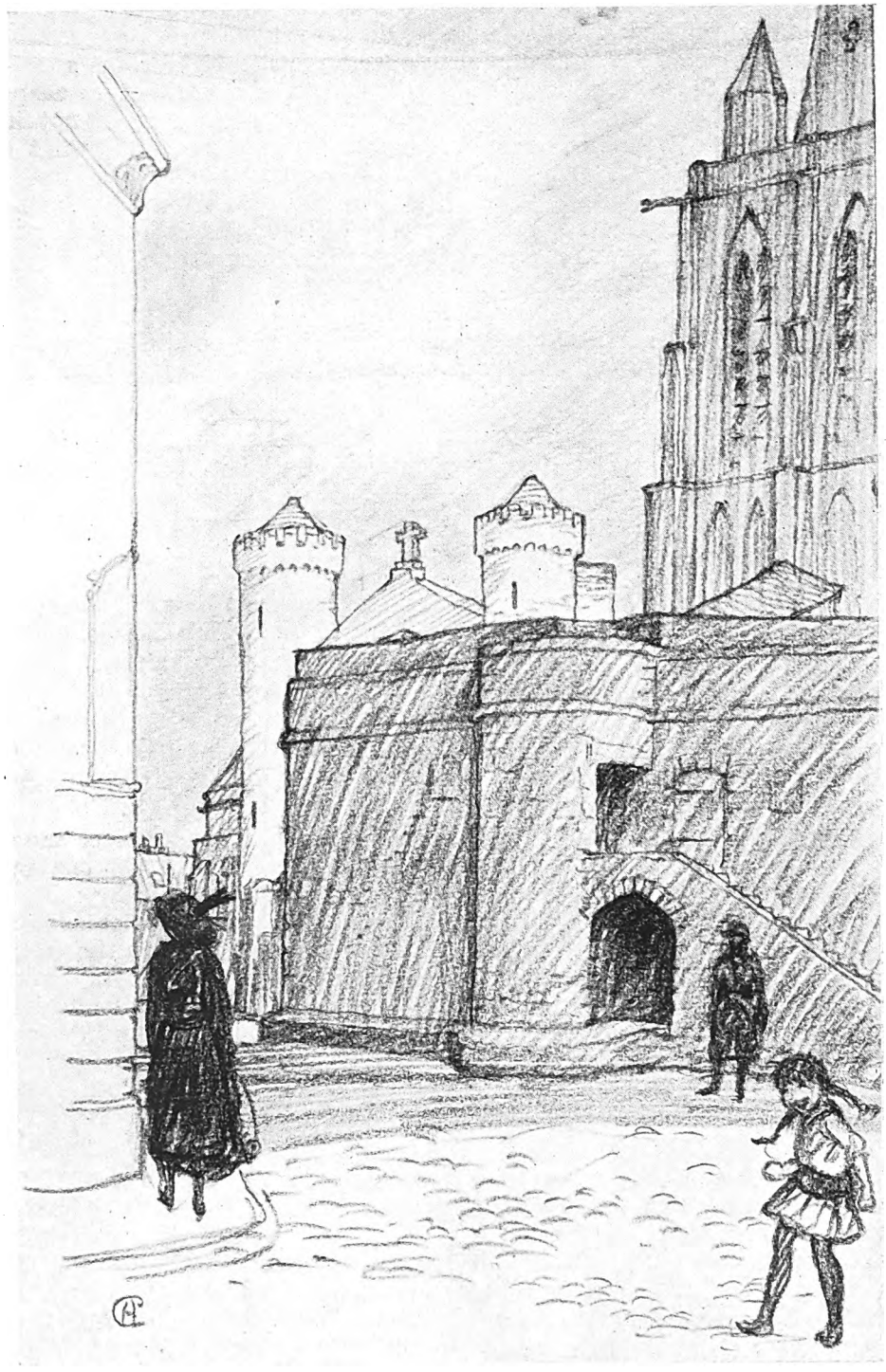

CALAIS—NOTRE DAME. THE FORTIFIED ENGLISH TRANSEPT.

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some very interesting old houses in the Rue de la Citadelle (to see them, the visitor from Fontinettes should take the road to the left on arriving at the Place d'Armes). These are almost exactly similar to some houses in Kent, notably Fordwich Town Hall and some houses at Herne Village. The correspondence is so exact as to be remarkable: it seems to show that these dwellings are of English construction although they bear the name of Maisons Espagnoles.

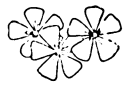
The town once more passed from French hands in 1596, when it was taken by the Spanish. This time, however, it was restored by treaty at the end of the war.

Its subsequent history may be briefly narrated. Towards the end of the seventeenth century it was bombarded several times by the Dutch, so it is not surprising that its commerce was ruined. Its degeneration continued in the eighteenth century, its harbour again being filled up with sand. It had a comparatively calm period during the Revolution, and prosperity returned under the Restoration. Among the many English visitors who have stayed there we may mention Sterne and Ruskin.

An interesting commercial event of the nineteenth century was the descent on Calais of a number of Nottingham lace makers. They smuggled over their machines in separate parts and set them up in Calais. Some obnoxious regulations about night work caused them to move to St. Pierre (the old Pétresse), and to-day there is a considerable colony of English lacemakers in the town. This industry of lacemaking has had a varied history, times of great prosperity being followed by times of great depression. Decrees of fashion as well as financial and labour difficulties have had great effect on the industry. At present, it is, I believe, in a fairly prosperous condition.

Here we must leave the story of Calais. It has had a history of great interest to all lovers of the past, a history too which should appeal strongly to all of English nationality. What must be added to its history at the end of the present gigantic war, no one can with certainty predict. Once again its streets have been thronged with English soldiers, but this time they have come, not as foes, but as friends and allies. Through many centuries France has been our national enemy and is now our friend. This fact gives us courage to hope that the bitter feelings of racial animosity so apparent in Europe to-day may soon give place to a spirit of peace and goodwill.

C. W. T.



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Life at the Front.

By Eye-Witness.

I.—MEAL-TIME.

A SHORT time ago, before a meal, a Reproducer was installed in one of the mess-room cupboards. At the end of the meal the following conversation was found to have been recorded.

C. W. T.: Is there any jam this morning? (*Sounds of satisfaction from* C. W. T. *and it is augured that he obtained the jam.*) C. W. T. (*cont.*): By the way, Gill, did you hear that tale of mine about the Wesleyan Local Preacher and the jam?

H. R. G.: No, I don't know that I have, but I know quite an excellent one about Mr. Jorrocks and some jam.

C. W. T.: Well, as I think you would be rather more interested in my tale than I should in yours, suppose I tell mine first?

P. H.: Talking about jam, my boy, the most recent scientific pronouncement on the gastronomic influence and cell-building value of all varieties of saccharine confections has indubitably been—albeit there are some exceptions to this general rule and I will talk about them later, my lad—to the effect that the long attributed predominance of jam as food is by no means universally assured.

H. G.: Well, now, suppose you tell us what all that means.

P. H.: Well, my lad——

J. K. M.: Give me the Wagstaffe, Holman, and don't lecture on it.

D. W. C.: This bowl doesn't appear particularly clean, Howson.

(*A pause—it is inferred that* HOWSON *is thinking how to reply.*)

J. L. H.: You ought to be content, Collier, with the bowls that Providence and the mess-room orderlies have set before you.

C. W. T.: I shall enjoy my breakfast much better, Howson, now that I have your assurance that Providence has had a hand in it.

(*A confused sound of noises including one somewhat metallic, inferred to be that of the porridge bucket.*)

J. B. D. (*after a pause*): There are two seconds going—who's for them?—Well, I'm taking it away.

W. K. L.: I should like some porridge if there is any.

J. B. D.: Come on, curse you! Buck up, I've got my own brekker to get.

H. R. G.: I must say, gentlemen, I view with a certain amount of dissatisfaction the increasing bad manners of the mess-room orderlies.

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The Carpenter said nothing, but . . . "Cut us another slice."

To face p. 28

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L. T. : I remember in China——

OMNES. : At Wu-hu ?

L. T. : No, not at Wu-hu, yes, I beg your pardon, it certainly was at Wu-hu ; I had a mess orderly who was wonderfully good at the table, but unfortunately I had to dismiss him.

A. J. M. : How was that, Wu ?

L. T. : Well, I had made a rule that none of my mess orderlies were to get married till they were thirteen years old, and he was unfortunately only twelve and a half.

(*Here the record began to be rather indistinct and only one more fragment is discernible.*)

F. M. M. : Is the porridge all gone ?

J. B. D. : Yes.

J. B. D. *to* J. L. H. : And I'm darned glad too, Howson—it's the only way to teach these blighters to be in time.

J. L. H. : Yes, it is sometimes necessary to be cruel in order to be kind.

(*Here the record gave out absolutely.*)

J. L. H.
J. B. D.

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The Food Scandal.

THE autocracy of the kitchen has at last become intolerable. Seldom in history have two or three private individuals raised themselves in so brief a space to a position of such untrammelled power as have Messrs. Chandler, Muschamp, Crowhurst and Wallis. And never has despotism been more shamelessly and more cruelly abused. The actual facts of this grave scandal are, alas! too well known to our readers to necessitate their recital in these columns. The subject is too painful for frequent repetition, but we have felt it our duty to take up a definite line of protest in this journal, the only organ of public opinion in which the orderlies of A.T. 16 can voice their sentiments.

The facts of the case cannot be denied. Despite the apparent fulness of the larder and the seeming industry of the kitchen staff round their 'dixies,' the quantity of nourishment served to the two score healthy, hungry orderlies has during the past week gradually diminished. Bread has been doled out in single slices, and those thin ones at best—second helpings have been coldly refused; puddings have been dropped from the menu, and cheese of a dangerously acrid flavour has been offered (and, we are proud to say, in a few cases refused) as a substitute; promises of improvement have failed to materialize, and all the talk of stores coming from Abbeville has proved to be no more than empty words.

This week we say no more on the past, but content ourselves with a warning as to the future. Let those who hold sway in the kitchen beware. Let them pause and think a moment as they sit in the genial warmth of their domain, content and sated with the dainty morsels filched from the simmering pots, chattering and laughing—let them think of the workers crowded in the cold, unfurnished chamber only two or three yards away. Let them harken to the first low mutterings of discontent; let them mark the lines of hunger and faintness on their thin, worn faces; let them remember—if they dare—the smouldering sparks of fury in their sunken eyes, sparks that will not need much fanning ere they burst out in a scorching, consuming blast of fire.

Yes, let them think awhile on all they can see so close and know that they sit laughing on the very brink of a volcano which cannot much longer remain quiescent. And then let them mend their ways: let the sounds of honest work be heard from the kitchen in place of ribald snatches of song and jest; let solid food and ample drink be brought forth in lieu of phantom promises and paltry excuses; let the voice of rejoicing make itself heard in the mess-room, where now the murmur of long pent-up complaint rises to the vaulted roof, the cruel roof that gives no answer. . .

Plain is the writing on the wall. Let them read it, mark it, and inwardly digest it, or before the month is out and the earth is golden with fallen leaves the fields of France will hear a voice they have not heard since the Maenads marched to Versailles, since the Guillotine stood looking down on the Seine—the Voice of the Outraged People.

And then, then the fields will not be golden: they will be red.

J. E. M.

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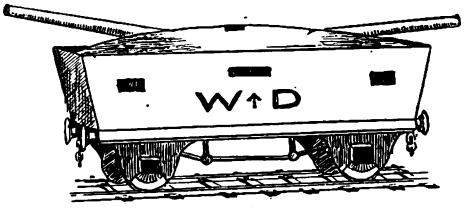
BUB



IMPENETRABLE PASTRY.

A SPECIALITY IN ARMOURED PIES AND TARTS

OUR TARTS ARE WARRANTED TO RESIST ANY 15 INCH A.P. SHELLS AT ANY RANGE ABOVE 10 YARDS

"SI L'ON AVAIT MUNI LIEGE AVEC LE 'BUB', AH! MES AMIS! QUELLE DIFFERENCE DANS CETTE GUERRE TERRIBLE."
GENERAL LEMAN.

SEE THE 'BUB' TOUCH ON EVERY PLATE

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THE INVENTOR'S OWN SIGNATURE: J. B. J.

WRITE AT ONCE TO —
BUB AND COY,
—JAM & ARMOUR PLATE MAKERS
MALVERN.

E.W.
September 1915.

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Munch

Or, The Mess-Room Very Chary.

Motto (or Slogan) for this week :—

MUNCH, Brothers, MUNCH with care
MUNCH in the presence of the Commissaire.

HOW GREAT MEN DO IT.

SERIES A. - - - CORPORAL SQUIRREL GOUNY.

A.M.	7.30— 8	.. First Breakfast.
	8 — 9	.. Second Breakfast.
	9 —10	.. Relaxation.
	10 —10.30	.. Rest and Meditation.
	10.30—10.40	.. See that my Orderlies are working.
	10.40—10.44	.. Polish a door knob in each of my coaches.
	10.44—10.45	.. Arrange Team for Football Match.
	10.45—11.30	.. Re-arrange Football Team.
	11.30—12	.. Arrange it as it was at first.
P.M.	12 —12.30	.. Obtain Corner Seat in Mess-Room.
	12.30— 2.30	.. Dinners (First, Second and Third).
	2.30— 2.35	.. Give my Orderlies more work.
	2.35— 3.29	.. Reading :—*John Bull*, *London Opinion*, *Ally Sloper*.
	3.29— 3.30	.. Pray for Victory.
	3.30— 4.30	.. Football.
	4.30— 6	.. Explain defeat to assembled Mess-Room.
	6 — 6.2	.. Reprimand Orderlies who have stopped working.
	6.2 — 9.30	.. Off duty.
	9.30—12	.. Argue with Holman.
A.M.	12. —12.20	.. Think of work for Orderlies.

SERIES B. - - - The ORDERLY OFFICER

A.M.	10	.. Arise.
P.M.	12.30	.. Inspect Food. (Positively the only appearance).
	10	.. Bed.

F. M. M.

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Nursery Rhymes.

I.

ING a song of Muschamp—
Pocket full of Lye—
Four-and-twenty parasites baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened they all began to puke* ;
Wasn't that a pretty sight to set before our Duke ?

*EDITOR : What is this word ?
POET : The word, sir, is Shakespearean. You will remember, in *As You Like It* " the infant, mewling and puking in his nurse's arms."
EDITOR : Oh ! (*crushed*).
POET : Then we will resume.

L. W. Horner
Sat in a corner
Eyeing a mess-room pie.
He put in his fist,
Broke it off at the wrist,
And said " I'm a —— of a guy."

F. M. M.

II.

SING a song of Sixteen,
A pocket full of grain,
Two and forty heroes
Cooped on a train.
When the train's in garage,
They work like busy bees ;
Isn't that a cheerful sight
For O.C. Captain Rees ?

D. was in the office
Counting out his money ;
Y. and M. were in the stores,
Eating patients' honey ;
The Matron was in " F " coach,
Changing dirty clothes ;
There came a great big Gallie bird
And poked in his nose.

Higgledy, piggledy, my white paint,
White it ought to be but ain't.
N.C.O's. come every day,
" Isn't it rotten ? " they always say.

R. S. P.

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The Wares Affair.

By our Special Criminologist.

[On 15th September, 1915, the mid-day Paris express was alongside A.T. 16 in Boulogne Station, and started off with Wares aboard. He had been talking with some English lady friends and was unable to alight in time "owing to the baggage piled in the doorway" (!)].

WHERE IS WARES?

THIS is the startling question which is on the lips of all thinking men and women this warm Autumn afternoon. And I have been asked by the Editors of *The Orderly Review* to look into the mystery in a few brief moments which are at my disposal. The whole business is dark and ugly, and bids fair to rival some of the greatest historical problems which have as yet found no solution.

Perhaps the clearest way in which to "clear the air," as it were, and to arrange the facts and the theories based on the facts, will be to set them forth in tabular form.

1. Who is Wares?
   Wares is the Sergeant of A.T. 16.
2. What is (or are) Wares?
   Wares is a tall young man of some 28 summers: wears a dark moustache: has a martial air, a taste for argument, and a khaki uniform.
3. When was he last seen?
   On Boulogne Station platform at about two o'clock this afternoon.
4. With whom?
   With three ladies.
5. Where was the train going?
   To Paris.
6. Was Wares in the train?
   Yes, with three ladies.
7. Has he been seen since?
   No.
8. Where is Wares?
   This is what we have to find out.

So far, so good. But what is the truth which we are to construct out of these simple data? . . . Ah! what indeed? . . . .

I leave my readers to evolve some explanation for themselves. If they find one which satisfies them, they should communicate with the Editors of *The Orderly Review* at once; time is very precious in such an affair.

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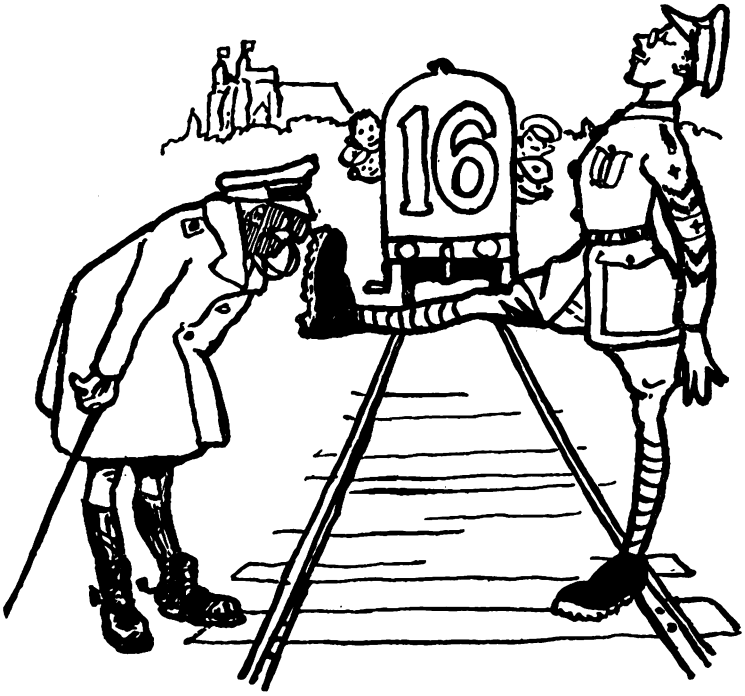
But there remain facts which they will do well to bear constantly in mind :—

1. That Wares was an open and avowed enemy of the National Vigilance Society from its birth to its sudden demise (which latter he helped to bring about).
2. That at Etaples, no sooner than yesterday, he was explaining to a few friends a sociological theory that the increase of crime in the army was to be desired.
3. That at dinner this morning (scarcely an hour before he disappeared) he made several determined efforts to avoid telling enquirers about arrangements for this afternoon, and left the mess-room hurriedly.
4. That he is a man of notoriously lax moral principles : his dabbling in the coal markets of France will be remembered by all ; and
5. That this very morning a lady was seen in his office, with whom he remained closeted for some time, and who was one of those seen with him on the fateful afternoon.

This is as far as we can go at present. We can only now be brave and await events with a strong heart. What has the future to disclose to us of this sombre mystery ? Perhaps much, perhaps nothing. For the present then, let us keep calm and try, with minds clear and unprejudiced, to find the truth.

But few will deny that to remain unprejudiced in the face of such facts as we have given will prove as hard a task as to reach the true conclusions, to answer the riddle of this twentieth century Sphinx.

F. M. M. AND J. E. M.



The Sergeant's Boots attract the Colonel.

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The Great Awakening.

TABLEAU VIVANT IN A SINGLE ACT.

Time—The Present. *Costumes—Uncertain.*

IT is early—very early—morning on the plains of Western Flanders; chill grey mists are rolling back before the rising sun, and except for the shrieks of engines, the rattle of freight cars, the tooting of horns, the clangour of bells and the limpid purity of Railway French, all is peace and quiet. (*Enter* DESTINY.) He is unwashed, unshaven, dishevelled, cross, irritable and sleepy, these serving to form a nasty combination. With ominous tread he passes down the sleeping train. The sacred portals of the Staff coach quiver and bend in trepidation, yet they have no cause to fear, for with Asgard, Destiny need seldom measure force. Amid the silent aisles and soaring arches of the lying-down coaches the ghastly echo of that sombre tramp reverberates with tenfold intensity. The ascetic Duke, sleeping the sleep of innocence amid a voluptuous welter of blood-red blankets stirs at his passage and mutters strangely suspicious syllables. The rotund Ellis, the angular Day, the convivial Moore;—in turn the dread proclamation beats upon their hapless ears and leaves them cowering beneath doomed comfort. Further and further away he passes. Chalkley hears him, removes his nightcap and soothes his sleek locks with a maternal touch; Marsh hears him and collects his scattered limbs into some resemblance of ordered decency; to Rice he comes, replacing dream fancies of the roaring forties with the grim realities of tarnished brass. On—On—On—ever forwards, heeding not the red-eyed ruin in his wake. Horner reluctantly turns from side to back, thereby revealing a pillow-slip slashed to ribbons by the nocturnal erosion of his bristly upper mandible; Gibby painfully disentangles himself from beneath a bottom bunk and unwinds the floor rug from his classic loins; Wu leaps in a minute from the rice fields of China to the bogs of Northern France; the sergeant dutifully assumes his official mantle of fussiness; Harris hies him to the mess-room, there graciously to await the advent of his patrons—each and every one electrified to characteristic phases of activity by a single searing phrase.

And what then is the edict of Destiny?

FIVE MINUTES TO SIX!

F. M. M.

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The Spirit of Christmas.

MY thoughts travelled back to another Christmas Eve, a year ago as we measure time, some thousands of miles away as we mark off distance. Again I was one of the dense crowd which packed the Plaza in Baltimore; a great concentration of humanity from every social stratum, all silent, all practically motionless, tense with the vivid strain of suppressed emotion, internally tumultuous with that rare and exquisite pain which tells us that our noblest thoughts have gained complete predominance. Before us our community Christmas tree soared as a fairy dream of opalescent light and rich green shadow against the marble background of the Court House, soft with the quiet harmony of night. Beneath this transplanted monarch, and so stationed as to be half sheltered and half revealed by the proud sweep of the lower limbs, a score or more of white-robed choir boys were singing. Their pure voices rang out distinct as a chime of bells upon the cold night air, and to me, on the edge of that great silent audience, floated crystal clear the hallowed words of the sweet, old, world-wide carol:

Stille Nacht! heilige Nacht!
Alles schlaft, Einsam wacht . . . .

It is a common axiom of practically all philosophy, whether systematic or implicit, that there burns a spark of the divine in every human heart. In every race, through all stages of development, the chief characterization of mankind has been its overwhelming faith in the existence of a higher, yet co-ordinate, power. In fear and humility, shame and penitence, sorrow and sacrifice, in joy, exultation, reverence and unbounded love,—in all these moods and emotions alike we have ever turned to God, seeking there that deep basis necessary to fulfil our own shallow sentiments, finding in Him the integration of our own petty selves.

To-day a large portion of humanity embraces the faith of Christianity in addition to the fundamental belief in God. In other words, they believe in the brotherhood of men under one eternal Father. That is our faith, and its strength and beauty lie in the identity of Jesus Christ.

To-morrow we celebrate the birth of Christ with the accumulated intensity of 1,915 years of faith. For the past sixteen months the doctrines of the Master have been put to shame in a manner truly appalling, yet in the light of centuries how momentary, how petty and trivial must even this war appear! Hume, I believe it was, who, at the time of the French Revolution, said that civilization travelled not in a vicious circle but as an ever-ascending spiral. History records that means in themselves sordid and brutal will often lead to lofty ends. Whatever our ethical view-point, we may hope and trust that this will be proved true in our own or successive generations.

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As Christians none of the suffering abroad to-night can be foreign to our sympathies, and it is the ubiquity of this suffering that tends to narrow our outlook on to-morrow as a festal day. Yet when we consider the true implication of Christmas,—the golden possibilities inconceivable to any other faith,—we feel most strongly that now more than ever the day should be celebrated as a holy day; a day of innocent social merriment; of heartfelt unselfish joy.

To-night over trench and battlefield, over beds of anguish and graves of Peace eternal, listening with the sensitive ear of thought you can almost hear the soft echo of those inspired words:—

Alles schlaft, Einsam wacht . . .

And when it seems to us that the moral sense in man is too profoundly asleep, it is most comforting to remember that there is One whose control never ceases, and whose tender watch above His myriad erring children is continuous and unbroken.

His is the birth we celebrate.

F. M. M.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

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Christmas Eve, 1915.

TAR of the East that shines to-night,
Bright as in Orient days of yore,
Soft'ning with pure and hallowed light,
The discord, lust and hate of war,

Grant to each weary strife-torn soul
Such peace as led with one accord,
Untiring to the distant goal,
Those three wise Kings who sought their Lord.

Hundreds of intervening years
Roll their dark length 'twixt now and then,
And Time that scorns all transient fears
Has 'stablished Christ the King of men.

And though to-night a shroud of sin
Casts morbid shadows that affright,
Yet are these black years close akin
To fleeting moments in Thy sight.

Thus to the student's watchful mind
The tumults of the Past appear:
Things of the moment we, and blind;
We cannot judge; we are too near.

Star that waxest; Star that wanest;
Symbol of God's eternal reign;
Father, if thus our hearts Thou trainest,
Grant the peace that comes through pain.

F. M. M.

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Christmas.

CHRISTMAS—a theme that seems alternately so easy and then impossible. It is to be a serious article, and I bargained that it need not be anything like a Christmas card. It will probably be some sort of argument then. I suppose one of the hardest things in the world is to see the familiar things in their true and glorious perspective; and thus we are apt to become merely sentimental in matters where a genuine sentiment is within our reach. Christmas, with its message of peace and love, I am sure, is one of these.

Peace! Who of us can say off-hand what that is, except by saying what it is not? And it is this unappetising picture, this mere blank negative, that has been the cause, I am persuaded, of many of us becoming unfaithful to peace, losing interest in her insipid face; and lapsing into war, which is alive, leaps to the imagination, inspires to heroic effort.

Goodwill and love! What are they? We hear someone say of another, "He meant well, but—" Was that also goodwill? And as to love, we hear the most amazing uses of the word. In fact, we see overtaking these three words, peace, goodwill and love, a fate that many good words have suffered: a slow depletion of their life blood until they have become anæmic, spiritless trespassers upon a heritage of significance that once was theirs.

I am going to try to give positive definitions of peace and love, because one or other, I hope, may provoke criticism.

Peace is an activity, then, first of all. It is not the state of affairs merely when people are not fighting one another. Have you never seen a top, when it has got past its first nervous experiments and found its true spin? That is peace. Or a man who has at last found the true way of life and in entire self-unconscious absorption yields music to his friends? That is the peace that passeth all understanding. And have you never been in some workshop or office or other society, where everyone knew his work, where organisation was sufficient to the need and no more, where discipline arose spontaneously from a common purpose, and everything ran sweetly? At times we have all known this experience. That is also what I mean by peace.

I shall therefore define peace as the state of complete activity, a definition which at first seems curiously insufficient, but which, when you consider the complexity of man, seems to me to cover the whole situation. Disorder of all kinds, whether among the nations it be war, or in the individual it be less than devoted life, or in some society it be a mere disarray of activities—disorder of all kinds, I say, is lessened activity. The picture of war, therefore, as a state of heightened activity would seem to be false.

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My definition of love I shall simply take from a quotation that attributes it to Shakespeare :—" Love is to be all made of faith and service." So love also is an activity, not a mere passive sentiment, an activity too that runs ahead of knowledge and even sets itself against fact in the generous postulates it makes on life. So that its faith, which was the only substance of the things it hoped for, finally adds facts of its own to life, facts that change the very texture of life itself.

As we look out upon the world to-day and see its young manhood engaged upon a task that we believe to be futile and unlawful ; and as we think of the days of " peace," when more than a quarter of our home people were economically compelled to live dwarfed, unhuman lives, surely our spirits cry out that this Christmastide some men and women all made of faith and service should inspire the world to a " state of complete activity."

J. A. G.

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Leaves from an Orderly's Diary.

NIGHT GUARD.

IT was bitterly cold. In the narrow passage-way without, the feeble radiance of the night guard's lantern struggled hopelessly with grim encroaching shadows. By its pale light I could faintly discern the placid faces of my bunkies, swathed in sleeping-bags; warm, oblivious, contented. . . Lord, but it was cold! The mocking laugh of the Corporal who had awakened me rang harshly in my ears as I struggled into trousers, sweater, socks—any article of clothing that met my icy-groping hand. Doubtless it was some such experience as this that General Sherman had in mind when he coined his epic phrase.

The wind searched mercilessly down the grim canyon between the two sections of the train as, deceived by some mistaken sense of duty, I made my outside round. It soughed weirdly through the trees and rustled a few dead leaves beneath the coaches. A dread presentiment of coming winter filled my mind and I tittered mirthlessly as I fancied a frozen night guard chanting carols outside our train on Christmas Eve. "Peace on Earth; Goodwill to Men"—the ghastly mockery of the words.

The engine which had brought us to Arques was still standing at the head of the train, and I stood for some minutes in its shadow, feeling a sort of strange companionship in its propinquity. Suddenly I noticed a thick feather of steam curling up where to my mind—paraphrasing the old doggerel—"no steam ought to be." For the moment I was exhilarated by the prospect of doing something, my previous achievements as night guard being limited to the rescue of Wu's doormat just before a midnight departure from Boulogne. Complete mechanical ignorance forbade, however, and I fled incontinently, deriving much consolation from the fact that, in case of an explosion, a quite disproportionate concentration of N.C.O.'s would be found at the locomotive end of the personnel.

I don't think I should care to sleep alone in the lying-down wards, for there is to me something extremely morbid about those long, vacant, triple tiers of beds. One can visualize again the tortured bodies that have tossed and suffered here on previous trips; the horrible wounds of the man in yonder bed; the groans which the pale lips of this one could not stifle.

Then there is the thought of those now healthy and happy whom "the blind Fury with the abhorred shears" will yet cut down and hand to us as pawns in this great game of life and death. Most of those to whom we tend and minister will go back to the firing line as soon as their wounds are healed. Carry this train of thought to the end and apply it to our own

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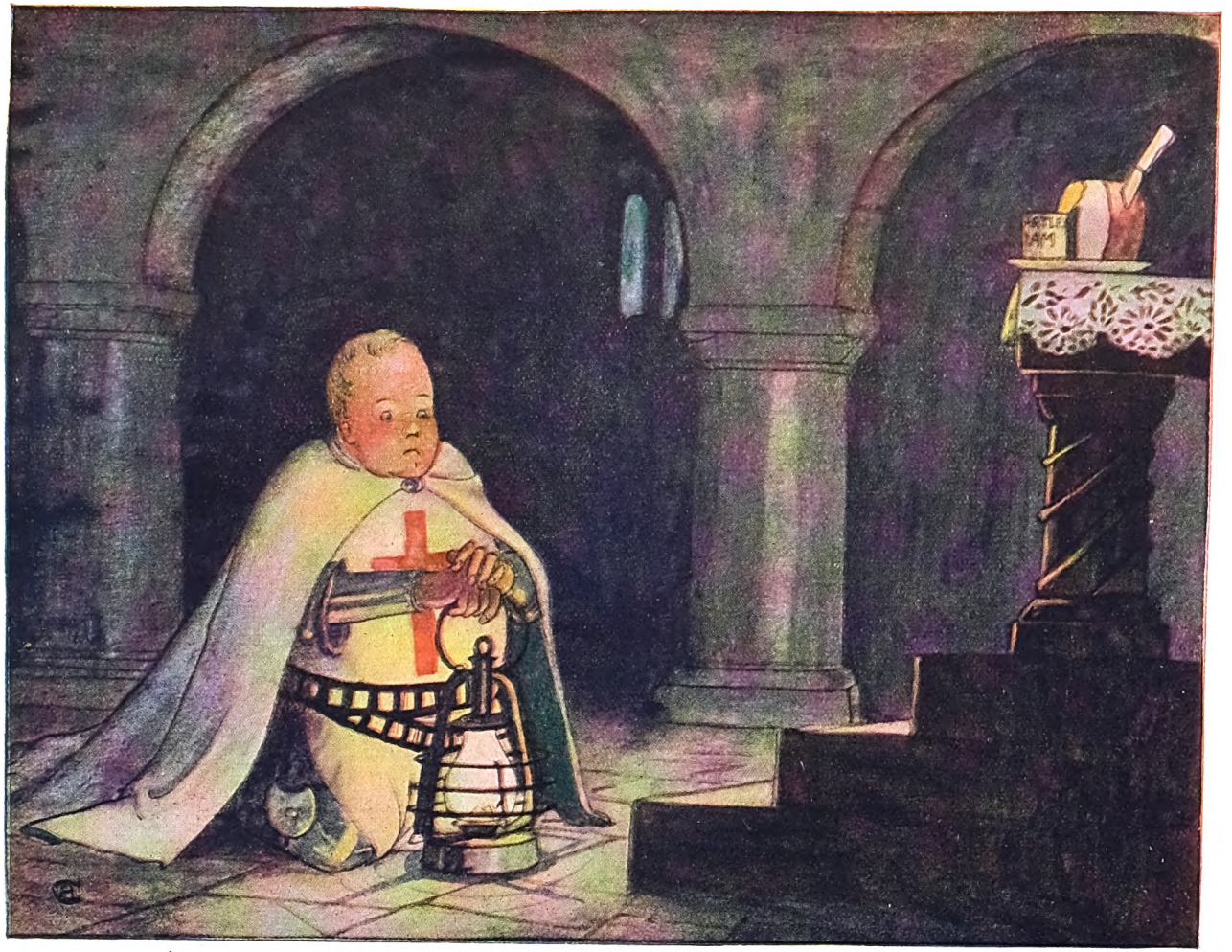

SIR GIBBYE LE GROS KEEPETH HIS VIGIL.

To face p. 12

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peculiar position and it does not seem to place the personnel of A.T. 16 in a wholly enviable light. In all this, however, I realise that I am criticising a deep and vital question from an angle not wholly justifiable.

It is interesting to view the solitary sleepers in these wards. P—— with raven locks wandering in gorgeous disarray about his snowy pillow; H—— with muscular lips moving perseveringly even in his sleep; C——, but C—— woke up as I passed him, whereat, thinking to swank a little, I told him I was about to see that everything was all right in "A" kitchen. "About to see if you can find anything to eat there, you mean," he replied, with the caustic intonation of one just aroused from peaceful slumbers. The remark gave birth to an interesting train of thought. Later on I did just happen to stumble across an open sardine tin with two plump occupants . . . It did seem ridiculous to leave two sardines in an opened tin . . .

I am afraid that war has a very detrimental effect upon the moral instinct.

F. M. M.

From the Rubaiyat of an Orderly.

(With sincere apologies to the immortal Omar).

AWAKE! for Sergeant Watts with strident might
Has blown the blast that putteth sleep to flight:
And lo! with roll book tightly gripped he stands
Ready to check the hapless, tardy wight.

Dreaming, ere dawn had flushed the Eastern sky,
I heard a voice close to my bunk-head cry:
"Awake my little one and fill the tank
Before the blooming tank has gone quite dry!"

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The mess-room shouted "Open then the door!
You know how little time we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

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Come, drain the cup, and make an outward spring,
The Second Sitting wants to have its fling:
  The bacon rind has but a little way
To fly—and lo! the rind is on the wing.

Here with a scrubbing brush like some old Frau,
A bowl of soap, a pail of suds,—and how
  The Dickens shall I clean beneath these pipes?
Are Railway Coaches Paradise enow?

The noon-day bread we set our hearts upon
Is mouldy,—or if eatable anon,
  Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,
After cascara it will soon be gone.

Ah! Orderlies, could we with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
    Would we not shatter it to bits, and then
Remould it as the stomach might desire.

You know, my friends, how long since in his house
For a new marriage Holman made carouse:
  Divorced old barren Reason from his bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to spouse.

There was a door to which I found no key:
There was some lime juice that I could not see,
  Some little talk awhile of having tea
There seemed—and then, alas! there was no tea!

And this delightful herb whose tender green
Fledges the wooden board on which we lean,
  Ah! lean upon it lightly! for who knows
In what thrice-ptomained tin for years it's been.

How long, how long in infinite pursuit
Of blemished woodwork and unyielding soot?
  Better be merry at estaminet
Than sadden after none, or bitter fruit.

F. M. M.

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The Quaker Ambulant.

[The following is an extract from a play performed as part of the Christmas Celebrations (1915) on the Train, by certain members of the personnel.]

Characters:

Georgina Fox	ELIOT WALLIS.
Harold	A. CHANDLER.
A Frenchman	C. W. TREGENZA.
A French Railway Official	H. G. CROWHURST.

ACT II.

Scene II.—A French railway carriage, whose sole occupant is a Frenchman.

MISS FOX: It's so kind of you to look after me—there is nothing I detest more than railway travelling—but I am afraid I am giving you a great deal of trouble.

HAROLD: Not at all, it's not the slightest trouble—I'm very glad I was so fortunate as to come across you. When I saw you in the distance I thought there was something familiar in your appearance, and then I remembered having met you at er—er—Woodbrooke, or at Yearly Meeting was it?

MISS FOX: You have an excellent memory, Mr. Wilson; I don't remember which it was myself. But what are you doing here?

HAROLD: I am on an ambulance train.

MISS FOX: Oh, how interesting, and what splendid work it must be! But what exactly do you do?

HAROLD: Well, we go near the front to places like Remy and Lapugnoy, and bring down wounded and sick to Boulogne, or Etaples and then we clean the white paint they've dirtied.

MISS FOX: White paint, did you say?

HAROLD: Yes, our coaches are painted white, and if we were to have any armorial bearings for the train the appropriate ones would be a dirty smudge on a white ground.

MISS FOX: Yes, how smudgy these French carriages would be if they were painted white!—but oh! Mr. Wilson, you're still holding my bag—do put it down. There, that will do quite well. Sit down, won't you, if there's any time before the train goes—only you mustn't let the train go off with you and drag you away from your work.

HAROLD: Thanks very much, I think I will sit down—there's no no fear of the train going just yet.

MISS FOX: By the way, Mr. Wilson, what would happen if the train went—I mean what happens to men on Ambulance Trains if they are absent from their duty without leave?

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HAROLD: After returning to the train they would be court-martialled —Brigadier-General Bally would be there—and in all probability—er—shot at dawn.

MISS FOX: Good heavens! Shot at dawn! How dreadful!

HAROLD: Of course, if there were extenuating circumstances the court might impose what they considered a lighter sentence, and the man might get off with a fortnight's white paint fatigue or with a speech from Brigadier-General Bally. In either case, however, most men would prefer to be shot.

MISS FOX: Oh, Mr. Wilson, what hardships you have to undergo on your train!

HAROLD: Yes, that is so.

MISS FOX: Do tell me about them . . . that is, if it doesn't bore you too much.

HAROLD: Not at all—some there are, of course, which I naturally and properly couldn't well discuss in talking to a lady. I don't mind telling you what to me is the greatest hardship of train life.

MISS FOX: Do tell me!

HAROLD: Well, I've always been accustomed to taking my tea without sugar and on the train I can only get sweetened tea.

MISS FOX (*reproachfully*): Mr. Wilson, please do me the kindness not to talk nonsense—I am not the kind of girl to appreciate it—I've come to France to do definite work, and I want to get to know as much as I can about the life of men out here.

HAROLD (*low*): Don't get to know too much.

MISS FOX: What do you say, Mr. Wilson?

HAROLD: Exactly, I quite see your point of view—and, believe me, I've been quite in earnest all the time. But what of your "definite work"? Please tell me about it.

MISS FOX: Well, I'm going to help in the Y.M.C.A. work down at Rouen.

HAROLD: Really, that's very interesting—do you think you'll like it?

MISS FOX: Oh yes, I am sure I shall, but I don't know much about it—I really don't know yet at all what kind of work I shall have to do.

HAROLD: You'll probably have to sell woodbines to Tommies.

MISS FOX: "Woodbines to Tommies"? What are woodbines?

HAROLD: A small kind of cigarette—neatly packed in packets of five and sold under the title of "Wild Woodbine Cigarettes" at the rate of 1d. per packet.

MISS FOX: How very cheap! Now De Reszkes cost nearly 1d. each, I believe.

HAROLD: You smoke then, I presume?

MISS FOX: Well——

HAROLD: Have a De Reszke (*pulling out his case and offering it.*)

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MISS FOX: Thank you—(*he lights a match*)—thanks, no, I don't really smoke, but coming across on the boat I got rather friendly with a nurse and she gave me a De Reszke and—I liked it so much that I've had several since. By the way, Mr. Wilson, why do you object to women smoking?

HAROLD: I never said that I did.

MISS FOX: No, I know, but I could see by the expression on your face that you did not really approve of it.

HAROLD: Well, I suppose I had better own up that I don't.

MISS FOX: But, you know——

HAROLD: Please excuse me, you are about to tell me that my position is not at all logical, that if men smoke there is no earthly reason why women shouldn't smoke.

MISS FOX: Perhaps I was going to say something like that—but tell me, do you generally prefer your position to be illogical, Mr. Wilson?

HAROLD: Oh, I don't care much about the logic of it . . . you can put my prejudice on the matter down to an unfortunate way in which I have been brought up—most men have little oddities stored away somewhere about them—you happen to have hit on mine fairly soon.

(*Pause*—MISS FOX *looks away.*)

MISS FOX: Suppose we talk about the other things sold by the Y.M.C.A.

HAROLD: All right! well, there are other things to sell them, such as Macintosh's Toffee, custard and pears, and lots of other things.

MISS FOX: "Custard and pears!" How shall I know how much to give? Oh dear, that's not nearly so simple as the woodbines! How shall I know how much to give them?

HAROLD: That's quite easy. Three pears, a little juice, and a ladleful of custard—but apart from the actual things themselves the Tommies like to see an Englishwoman's face now and then—particularly if it's a pretty one. I think you'll be very successful in your work!

MISS FOX: Mr. Wilson!! What DO you mean? Compliments are wasted on me, I assure you. As I've remarked before, I am not that sort of a girl—it's a matter of complete unconcern to me to be told that I'm handsome.

HAROLD: I beg your pardon, MISS FOX, sincerely, but I had—er—read in books that women liked to be told these little things now and then.

(*Enter* FRENCH RAILWAY OFFICIAL, *proceeding very officiously down the corridor.*)

RAILWAY OFFICIAL: Attention! Le train part tout de suite—tout de suite.

MISS FOX: Please, Mr. Wilson, do not regard the women of to-day as exactly the same creatures you find in Jane Austen's novels or even the same as the crinolined females of the early Victorian period.

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HAROLD : I don't regard them in that light at all, Miss Fox. Now with regard to yourself you might even come out of George Bernard Shaw's plays—one of the nicer women characters, I mean.

MISS FOX : Why, Shaw is positively Edwardian !—at least do me the kindness to consider me as Georgian.

HAROLD : I beg your pardon, please——

(*An engine-whistle shrieks as the train begins to move.*)

HAROLD : Great Scott ! The train's off—excuse my hurried farewell, Miss Fox.

(*He dashes off, but on his way down the corridor he trips over a bag and collides forcibly with a French traveller.*)

HAROLD : Pardon, Monsieur, pardon, il faut m'en aller de train.

FRENCHMAN : Allez-vous-en. (*Looking at* MISS FOX.)

(HAROLD *continues his rush, and at the door encounters the* FRENCH RAILWAY OFFICIAL *who blocks his way.*)

HAROLD : Il faut me sauter de ce train toute suite, monsieur.

RAILWAY OFFICIAL : Non, non, Monsieur—le train il marche vite —très vite.

HAROLD : Il faut me retourner à mon train sanitaire instamment—instamment—(*giving up the attempt*)—vous êtes un—cochon, Monsieur.

RAILWAY OFFICIAL : Monsieur, vous etes aussi un cochon—asseyez—vous—soyez tranquil.

(HAROLD *returns to* GEORGINA.)

HAROLD : If it hadn't been for that pig of a Frenchman, I could have jumped out all right—the train wasn't going very fast at the time.

MISS FOX : Oh, Mr. Wilson, what will you do.

HAROLD : It all depends when this wretched train makes the first stop. Do you know ?

MISS FOX : I'm sorry I don't—I only know it goes to Rouen. Perhaps the Frenchman will know.

HAROLD : I'll ask him. (*To the* FRENCHMAN) Monsieur, je veux savoir, s'il vous plait, à quelle ville le train arrête le premier fois.

FRENCHMAN : You weesh to know the train when it stops first ?

HAROLD : That's it.

FRENCHMAN : It es a train rapid to Rouen.

HAROLD : That settles it. If the train lands me in Rouen I can't get back to the Ambulance Train this evening.

MISS FOX : Oh, Mr. Wilson ! I'm so sorry—I feel it's all my fault.

HAROLD : So it is—if you hadn't been you I shouldn't have been in the train and been carried off.

MISS FOX (*bridling*) : I might tu quoque, Mr. Wilson, say that if you hadn't been your unfortunate self you wouldn't have found yourself in yeur present sorry predicament.

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HAROLD (*resignedly*): That's right, rub it in when a man's down on his luck!

MISS FOX: I hope I didn't hurt your feelings—I have no wish to do that—but you have an unfortunate way of expressing yourself.

(*They sit in silence for a moment or two.*)

MISS FOX: Don't you think, Mr. Wilson, instead of attempting to apportion the blame rightly for this—er—accident—we had better consider calmly and dispassionately what had better be done under the circumstances?

HAROLD: Yes, I suppose you are right.

MISS FOX: I can't very well talk to you at that remote distance. You'd better sit a little nearer and then you'll hear what I have to say.—Now, what I want you to understand is—you must at all costs avoid being shot, if possible.

HAROLD: You would rather I wasn't shot, I take it?

MISS FOX: By all means! On common grounds of humanity I should wish your life to be saved. Now, you see the Frenchman over there. He has a nice intelligent face and—I like his beautiful red trousers—let's explain the whole situation to him frankly, and see if he can give us any advice.

HAROLD: Well, I'm not at all insular—don't mind receiving advice from him. (*To the* FRENCHMAN) Monsieur, you talk English very well. I should like to consult you over a little difficulty of mine.

FRENCHMAN: Ah oui, yes, sirr, at your service.

HAROLD: I wish to leave the train instantly.

FRENCHMAN: You alone, or Madame votre femme with you?

MISS FOX: But I am not his wife, Monsieur—a friend, you might say.

FRENCHMAN: Une amie de Monsieur, Je comprends parfaitement, parfaitement.

HAROLD: I don't think you do understand, Monsieur, but still——

MISS FOX: This gentleman, Monsieur, wishes to return immediately.

FRENCHMAN: Ah, you have quarrelled, is it not?

MISS FOX: To his duty; he is away without leave and he is liable to be shot.

FRENCHMAN: Ah, it is unfortunate, the train travels fast, it is a pity for Monsieur—but for you—Ma'm'selle, when Monsieur is shot there will be other lovers left.

MISS FOX (*to* HAROLD): Oh, I don't think he's understood me properly—and he has not grasped at all our precise relationship.

HAROLD: Never mind, can't he advise anything?

MISS FOX: What must he do, what do you advise?

FRENCHMAN: If Monsieur is shot it is a peety.

(*Train slows up.*)

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HAROLD: I think the train is stopping—I don't know where we are, but I think I'd better get out at once. Good-bye!

MISS FOX: Good-bye, Mr. Wilson, I hope it will be all right. Write and let me know how you get on.

HAROLD (*dejectedly*): How can I, if I'm shot? Good-bye.

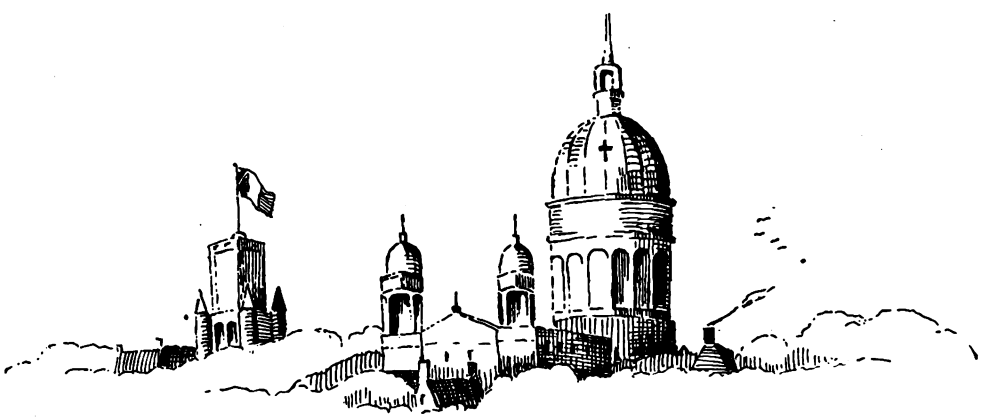
MISS FOX (*in much dismay*): Oh, this is terrible, too terrible. Pray tell me, Monsieur—will he be shot?

FRENCHMAN: Ah, Ma'm'selle, peut-être. C'est la guerre, c'est la guerre.

CURTAIN.

(*In the final scene both* HAROLD *and* GEORGINA *admit having heard the guard's warning that the train was about to start, some moments before it actually left.*—ED.)

J. L. H.



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The Rise and Fall of French Gothic Architecture.

UNFORTUNATELY the pure Gothic period was of short duration. As religion became more conventional, architects began to strive after effect rather than beauty; sculpture was done well only in conspicuous places, in dark corners it was often left very rough. Ingenious devices of window tracery are a characteristic of this period, during which the work, though clever, lacks inspiration. Even in St. Ouen at Rouen, perhaps the most beautiful church of the time, there are evidences of decay. In the nave, for instance, everything is subordinated to produce one effect—that of height. For this reason the pillars have to be carried right to the roof without a break, and one therefore misses the delicately-carved leaf capitals which add so much beauty to Rouen Cathedral. "All beauty is founded on natural forms," is a famous aphorism of Ruskin, and its converse is also true: "Forms which are not taken from natural objects must be ugly." It is therefore the careful delineation of natural forms which makes the early Gothic the most beautiful of all architectural styles. It is true that in St. Ouen the signs of decadence are only just beginning to make themselves felt, and the barbarisms of a few centuries later are avoided.

It was then considered a great achievement to cut stone to represent a rope tied in knots—certainly a difficult thing to do, but a great misuse of talent, for however cleverly done its beauty could never be on a level with that of a single leaf copied faithfully from nature. In the nave of Notre Dame at Abbeville is a curious example of this misdirected talent, for the shafts of the central piers are carried on so as to reappear at intervals in the base, involving not only very careful workmanship but a certain amount of mathematical calculation.

It has often been thought curious that the Renaissance, which was marked by so wonderful a revival of Art and Letters, should have swept away Gothic Architecture and have found no substitute for it. This is less remarkable if one bears in mind that Gothic Architecture was dead before the Renaissance crossed the Alps; in fact, that movement did good service in sweeping away the remains of a system which had long ceased to fulfil a useful purpose.

A. J. M.

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The Personnel and the Military Service Act.

IT will be remembered that when the personnel joined the train in August, 1915, the Registration Act had been passed just a trifle too late to include them within its scope. It is worth reminding ourselves that at that time conscription was by no means regarded as a foregone conclusion. In the following Spring, however, the Military Service Act was passed. Shortly after certificates of "absolute exemption" from such service (in all but one or two cases) on "conscientious grounds" were given to all the members of the personnel. They did not feel, however, that this ended their interest in the matter. Strong sympathy was felt for fellow conscientious objectors in England, who considered it their duty to abstain from such work as that on the train, and when the acceptance by some of this work in France was used as an excuse for denying the benefit of the exemption clause in the Act to those who were convinced that such work would be wrong for them, a strong feeling grew up not only amongst those on the train, but also elsewhere in the F.A.U., that they were not free from responsibility in the matter.

During April, while A.T. 16 was in garage, there joined the train two men from another section of the Unit, bringing with them a paper which they wished signed by the personnel or as many as felt so disposed. This document, after making a statement of the motives which had originally induced members to join the Unit, expressed the strongest sympathy with the C.O.'s appearing before the tribunals and a sense of the injustice they were receiving. The paper was to be sent to the Home Office, and concluded with the assertion that if the treatment of the conscientious objectors in England were not improved the undersigned would feel it their duty to resign from the F.A.U. That evening a meeting was held to discuss the subject, attended by the whole personnel, and when two days later the same two friends, accompanied by a third, found the train at Blendecques, a second meeting was called together.

There is no record of the above meetings extant, and the details of them have faded from the memory. The writer recalls, however, a number of disjointed though sincere speeches, followed by a lengthy and masterly statement by Tregenza which seemed to gather up the true sentiment of the whole meeting. The meeting throughout showed deep sympathy with the C.O.'s in England, and a live consciousness of the principles which underlay the attitude of pacifists on both sides of the Channel. After some time, the suggestion was allowed that the document should go through the Committee of the F.A.U., and that the last clause should be deleted, as it might be regarded as partaking of the nature of a threat, which was felt to be inconsistent with the principles for which the train

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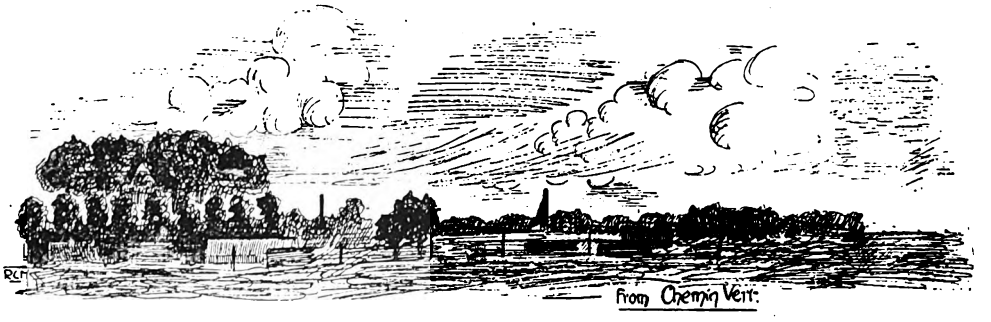
stood. The three visitors thanked the train for its sympathy, but said they were hardly prepared to make the suggested alterations in their programme.

During the discussion, the question of the exemption certificates held by the personnel was brought up, a number of those present feeling it was of importance to be sure that the exemption was strictly on conscientious grounds and not on the ground of "doing work of national importance." It was finally decided that a letter should be sent from the train to the Committee, asking that a statement of the sympathy of members of the Unit with conscientious objectors might be published, and raising the question of the ultimate ground and nature of the exemption granted to members. But this suggestion the Committee did not see its way to adopt.

Many of the personnel were thus left in a state of unrest and doubt as to their right course of action. In June, Corporal Tregenza left the train, feeling it to be his duty to take his stand with the C.O.'s in England. The train felt it could ill spare one whose life and varied activities during the past months had meant so much to all, but he took with him their sincere sympathies and their admiration for his courageous decision, as have, it may be worth noting in passing, others who have conceived it to be their duty to leave the train to join the Army.

Shortly after, on July 1st, began the Battle of the Somme; by that time those who had not gone, had decided (little though they might realise it) to remain. For in the rush of those days there was no time for the concentrated thought necessary to reach a decision on complicated issues. Moreover, there is no doubt that much of the unrest had been due to the feeling that the personnel were wasting their time on the train when so large a proportion of the work consisted in repairing the wear and tear of the elements on the material of the coaches. Henceforth it was clear to all that on the train there was work to be found well worth the doing.

L. T.



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A.T. 16 Tribunal.

[The passing of the Military Service Acts and the treatment accorded to Conscientious Objectors at home produced a profound impression upon members of the train and provoked many long and serious discussions. In the end one of our number decided that it was his duty to return to England to stand by those who where suffering in the cause of liberty of conscience rather than to continue the work he was doing in France.

The mock "Tribunal," of which an account is given, must therefore be regarded as a reaction from much anxious consideration, rather than a reflection of the attitude of the train upon the whole question.

The introductory paragraph is from a descriptive account of the proceedings in the best style of sensational journalism.—H.R.G.]

"AT eight o'clock the chairman rose to address the Members of the Tribunal. His handsome erect figure hushed into immediate silence the expectant rustle amongst his auditors. A recalcitrant bedspring 'gave' slightly with a report like a pistol shot. It was a tense, throbbing moment, into which eternal issues seemed to crowd, when the soft, incisive, solemn and deliberate accents fell from the lips of this intellectual rustic, as he warned his committee against too literal an interpretation of Brig.-Gen. Bally's exhortation to a sympathetic judgment. The electric light seemed to flash more defiantly. Was it fancy or did I perceive a momentary hardening of features in that sea of faces, a slightly contemptuous curling of the tightly-drawn red lips, as the audience thought of those who on one pretext and another were about to excuse themselves from a duty to which their country called them? The dull boom of a bomb punctuated the Reverend Doctor's grim statement."

("BAROLD HEGBIE.")

OFFICIAL REPORT.

(*Passed for Publication by the Press Bureau*).

Present: Dr. John Llewellyn Howson, D.D., Inspector of Train Education, Chairman; Archibald Hall Simpson, Esquire; Nehemiah Jabez Lupton, Esquire; Sir Percy Ricardo Holman de Holman, M.P., J.P., C.C., former President of the defunct National Vigilance Society; Athelstan Gibson, Esquire; Major H. Reginald Gill, V.C., D.S.O., Military Representative; Charles Algernon Harrison, Clerk to Tribunal.

Rufus Isaac Tregenza, K.C., attended at the request of the S.O.S. to watch the proceedings on behalf of the applicants for exemption. There was also a large attendance of the public.

The Chairman opened the proceedings with an introductory address exhorting members to act in a patriotic manner, and not to allow themselves to be unduly influenced by Brig.-Gen. Bally's circular letter urging them to exercise "loving sympathy" in coming to their decisions. They were there, he continued, to catch men for the army. (Applause, and murmurs of dissent).

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The Clerk then announced the name and case of the first applicant upon the roll, and invited him to explain his claim.

Early Offensive by the Military Representative.

BASIL MARMADUKE DUKE, carpenter and odd jobber, desired exemption upon conscientious grounds from attendance at 7 o'clock parade. The watching barrister tried to explain the position, but applicant could not guarantee to be late if breakfast were at 7, whereupon the M.R. sprang to his feet, and protested against this waste of time. After the confusion had subsided the Chairman announced that the appeal was dismissed.

Again the M. R. rose, this time to challenge the exemption of JONAH JONES and BOUSTROPHEDON JOHNSON from all ward duty, as previously decided. Clearly he was in a fighting mood, urged on by the great need of men. In the case of J. J. it was stated that he was the sole support of two sisters, but no case could be made out on B. J.'s behalf and so his exemption was withdrawn. J. J. was given a fortnight in which to find an over-age man to take his place. Elliot Wallis represented both men, having previously filled their positions. His inability to give particulars of work which in the aggregate would occupy more than two hours per day showed the truth (! !) of the claim of indispensability and was greeted with the derision it deserved.

Tin-opening a Skilled Profession.

THOMAS MUSCHAMP, cook, applied for the exemption of his lad CURLY STANLEY from attendance at loading in the wards on the grounds that his presence in the kitchen at that period was indispensable, he being engaged upon the important duty of opening tins of Maconochie meat. Asked why a girl could not do the work (surely an attractive proposition) T. M. replied that it was skilled work which no female could perform. At this point there was an

Angry Altercation between M. R. and Chairman,

the latter being attacked as an interested party on account of his professional position as assistant cook. After a scene, he vacated the chair under protest, until A. Hall Simpson had announced the Tribunal's decision. The lad CURLY was produced in Court and created a favourable impression, being strong, cheerful and willing. Hence the application was refused.

When the name of VEGINALD GILL, Esperantist, was called there was no response, it being discovered that the gentleman in question was unavoidably detained by his wife. Thereupon R. S. Pollard stepped forward and testified to the sincerity of V. G.'s convictions, and was complimented by the Chairman upon the able way in which he put his case—a contrast to the involved rhetoric of the K.C., who merely irritated the learned doctor and his colleagues. The appeal was for exemption upon conscientious grounds from participation in food-carrying fatigues, because applicant had no guarantee that he was not carrying "carrion," and from any other duty during the period of such fatigues which would free other men for that purpose. The application was granted subject to an agreement on V. G's. part to take part in coal fatigues. (Laughter and applause.)

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A Question of Nationality. Smoking the Pipe of Peace.

Moral repulsion from distributing cheap and unwholesome cigarettes to wounded soldiers was the bee in the bonnet of the next applicant. His appearance before the committee was the signal for a public uproar, which broke out again at intervals during the hearing. LEONARD WILKINSON TOMKINSON presented a curious spectacle, and considerable doubts were entertained as to his nationality, especially when he announced Wuhu as the place of his birth, and proceeded to read a Chinese letter. He can hardly be said to have made out a strong case, and was frequently called to order by the Chairman. Asked whether he would administer a pipe of tobacco to save his aged and decrepit grandfather's life, L. W. T. replied by asking some irrelevant question concerning the suspension of a guinea pig by the tail. The irresponsibility of applicant was finally exposed in the following dialogue:

CLERK: "You are a strong pacifist, Mr. Tomkinson?"

L.W.T.: "Certainly I am."

CLERK: "And you would go to extremes for the purpose of vindicating your peace principles?"

L.W.T.: "Without any shadow of doubt."

CLERK: "Then would you be prepared to further your cause by smoking the Pipe of Peace?". . . (Collapse of L. W. T. and audience). Application refused.

L.W.T.: "I shall appeal."

M.R.: "Quite useless."

Startling Exposures. Misconduct of Officials.

During the hearing of the case the question of L. W. T.'s tobacco rations raised an important side-issue which resulted in a statement by the Military Representative to the effect that he would complain to the Military Authorities of the misappropriation of Government supplies. The Stores-keeper, in giving evidence, confessed that they were not drawn, but instead were diverted to the public interest in a more involved manner, viz.,———(erased by Censor). (Cheers and "Hear, Hear.") The case recalls the notorious trial of last year, when the Tobacco Combine was shattered by Rt. Hon. J. W. Wilson's decision *in re* Rex *v.* Holman and Young.

A Smart Opening. No Coal—No Cooked Food.

Chairman, interrogating dapper youth: "Well, Sir!"—"Quite, thank you, Sir!" And so PETER GEORGIE CROWHURST made a good beginning, but failed to maintain his position when he based his philosophy of life upon "the Golden Rule stunt," an idea entirely foreign and therefore unintelligible to the Tribunal, despite the efforts of the barrister to elucidate the principles involved. P. G. C. desired exemption from coal fatigues, on grounds of moral scruples. In a written statement he said he would prefer to shiver with cold. In cross-examination he admitted that he had only "seen light" upon the matter after carrying coal on previous occasions. Exemption conditional upon his refraining from all coal-cooked foods.

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DONALD COLLIER was very emphatic, but quite failed to convince the Tribunal as to the necessity for reversing a previous decision granting exemption from Night Guard duty on grounds of non-commissioned officer rank and then granting it again upon grounds of conscientious objection. It was a case which the legal representative took up with eagerness, for it was a mere quibble. After questioning the sanity of appellant, the Tribunal showed their appreciation of his humour by withdrawing the exemption altogether. D. C. gave notice of appeal.

JOHN TEMPERANCE FRY was another specimen of these weak-brained milk-and-water faddists, who objected to serving alcholic drinks to wounded and sick British officers, especially chaplains, himself being a member of the Anti-Alcoholic League. The barrister quoted from the tenets of the League two aphorisms: "Strong Drink is Hell in Solution," and "Alcohol is Liquid Damnation." (Cries of "Shame" and murmurs of disgust and horror. "No! No!"). Rightly called to order by the Chairman for blasphemy, he proceeded to call Professor Pearson, Secretary to the League, who bore witness to J. T. F's membership, a token of which was the yellow ribbon worn inside the vest. Asked to produce it, applicant stated that the vest was in England with the ribbon stitched to it. He objected to the presence on the Tribunal of Athelstan Gibson as being interested in the Liquor Traffic, but it was proved that the said gentleman's rubicund and rotund appearance was the sole ground for this unwarranted attack. Witnesses having testified as to John Temperance Fry's frequent lapses, the enquiry was adjourned pending the arrival of the vest and examination and observation of the applicant's sanity.

The forty-two other cases on the list were left over, the clerk expressing his competency to deal with them adequately and inform applicants of result by post. The meeting then broke up after a fervid patriotic demonstration in favour of all the Allies.

C. A. H.

Ubique

(*With acknowledgments to "The Scarlet Pimpernel."*)

———◇✱◇———

We seek them here, we seek them there,
The Tommies FIND them everywhere.
Are they in heaven AND in hell,
Those demmed illusive insects fell?

C. A. H.

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Things I Don't Like.

I.—THE SERGEANT'S WHISTLE.

I HAVE heard the Blendecques buzzer and the sirens of Boulogne;
I've heard the awful crashing when two railway waggons join;
I've heard ten locomotives simultaneously whistle;
And the tooting of a shunter's horn has chilled me to the gristle;
But the most annoying sound I'll ever hear this side of Heaven,
Is the sergeant's dashed old whistle, at twenty-five past seven.

I've heard an angry lion when it's meat is overdue;
And the thousand-voiced cacophony of meal-time at the Zoo;
I've heard the laughing jackass laugh, a Blackpool donkey bray;
And a pair of loving pussies sing their midnight roundelay:
But of all the vicious sounds I've heard while I have been alive,
Commend me to that whistle at seven twenty-five.

I've heard a quartette try to play Stravinsky's Opus Two;
And the patient little girl next door attempting "Hitchy Koo";
I've listened to a morceau by the cubist Scriabin,
And the scraping of a novice on a guinea violin;
But the most heartrending sound I've ever heard since I was born,
Is the sergeant's dashed old whistle, that wakes me every morn.

I have heard the shriek of shrapnel and the rifle bullets "zip";
I've listened to a whizzbang, bang, and heard a pip-squeak "pip";
I've been within a hair's-breadth of a bursting six-inch shell;
And heard a big bombardment when the noise has been like hell;
But there's one blood-curdling noise that puts all others in the shade
It's the sergeant's dashed old whistle when it calls you to parade.

ENVOI.

I always love those wise old words that state "The life of man,
Although it's three-score years and ten, is really but a span,"
And on the strength of this I'm looking forward to the time
When I, perhaps, shall reach that blessed harp-infested clime;
But I've got a sneaking feeling that my first repose in Heaven
Will be broken by that dashed old squeak at twenty-five past seven.

R. S. P.

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The New Attack.

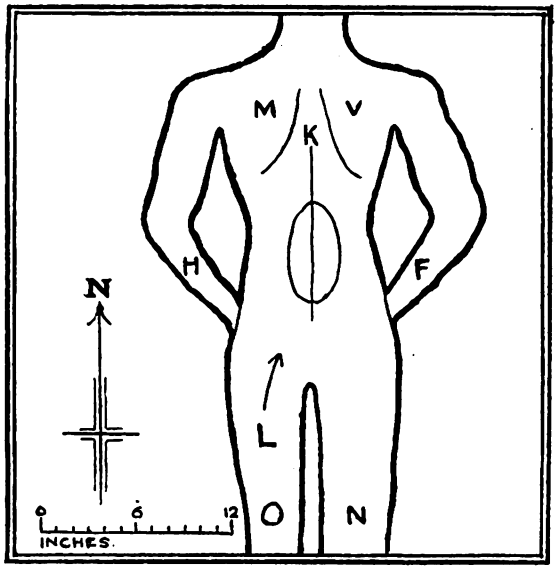
By Bilaire Helloc.

[This article has been submitted to the Press Bureau, which sanctions its publication as censored, but takes no responsibility for the statements.]

(By kind permission of the Editor of *Land and Water.*)

I WOULD draw your attention away this week from the Eastern and Western fronts, while the importance of the new development crowds out any consideration of Anzac and the Dardanelles. By the time this article is published still newer developments may have arisen, but in the meantime I can but foreshadow the future. For the moment, the importance of considering Huns is overshadowed by the demand of Lice for a place in the sun.

Now let it be clearly understood that Lice work under a distinctly different rule of warfare from any other nation: there can be no retreat from Mons when Lice are driving you, and you can no more raise a siege of Lice than you can of Aviators. They can advance either above, below, or on the ground, and such is their protective colouring that their advance across open country is safe from observation.



Let us have a sketch map representing the land of —— (censored). It will be readily seen that the position of the greatest strategical importance is K, lying in a deep valley with slopes rising at M and V.

Without doubt the enemy will endeavour to get into that position, though at the time of going to press nothing was to be heard of the enemy north of the point L.

Now on the whole district marked by a circle on our sketch we have no entrenchments whatever, so the enemy has a pretty clear field for advance. But remember that the nearer they get to the interior, the greater becomes

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their danger of repeating Napoleon's calamity at Moscow. You have to bear in mind that if the enemy is repulsed, his army may be cut in two, and would be forced to retreat towards O and N. Divided forces may cause much annoyance, but their position is weaker.

On the other hand, difficulties would beset their path on the advance. The enemy might choose to advance along the edge of the Spinal Column. It is, however, more than probable that they would advance in open formation and, notwithstanding any onslaught we might make with our right and left wings at H and F, experience teaches us that a considerable portion of the hostile forces would safely reach their objective at K. Whilst we should be able to sweep the hilly country of M and V, the enemy would have entrenched a position around K. Their position would be strong; Military opinion says that we could never move them from it. The cutting of their lines of communication could be of no avail, for they would certainly draw their supplies from the surrounding country. In such a position they could bide their time for the conduct of the campaign. During our own time they would devastate and devour the good things of the land, and in the immediate future would destroy the commerce of the world.

The authorities are right in concentrating every effort to crush the enemy at L, and though to pour cresol on the foe seems crude and barbaric, we are reminded that all is fair in (1) love, and (2) war.

H. W.

The Cabinet System.

THE ruthless decree of Colonel Shipley that in the interest of economy only one kitchen should be used except on trip days made it necessary that meals should be eaten immediately the food was brought down to the personnel end of the train from "A" kitchen. As the Mess Room accommodated only half our number, the orderlies in charge of coaches "L," "M" and "N" invited a select company to feed with them in their bunks. Chance assigned to these small messes the name of "Cabinets," and thus suggested the following article describing the dissolution of one of them.

Leonard Tomkinson, who appears so often in these pages, came to us from Wuhu in China.

H. R. G.

LATEST POLITICAL NEWS.

FALL OF THE ANGLO-CHINESE CABINET.

DUCAL INDIFFERENCE OR WUHEVIAN INTRIGUE?

By Our Political Correspondent.

One event in the political life of the train dwarfs all others in its overwhelming importance. I refer to the fall of the Anglo-Chinese Cabinet. Although the disaster was so unexpected by the general public, yet I am given to understand that political experts predicted its fall several days ago. This morning I had a conversation with a literary gentleman of

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high standing in Kitchen circles. He told me that those best able to judge have known for some time that the end was approaching. A few remarks on the history of the Cabinet system and an appreciation of this particular cabinet may not be out of place.

All students of train history are aware of the rapid evolution of the cabinet system in our midst. At a time of domestic chaos, when all remembrances of a better state of things were dulled by overcrowding, and when few of the courtesies of meal-time were observed, the cabinet system sprang into being. Its adherents held up an ideal of dignified eating and drinking which did not fail to produce an effect even upon the *habitués* of the messroom. Breakfast was no longer a scramble, and dinner ceased to be a free fight; men came to regard meal-times as occasions for pleasant social intercourse, and intellectual discussions of men and matters became the vogue. This change was the supreme achievement of the cabinet system, and the downfall of one of the best known cabinets cannot fail to be of interest to all members of our community.

Foremost among the pioneers of this movement was the gentleman who became the titular head of the Anglo-Chinese Cabinet. I refer to Mr. Chalkley, who distributed portfolios to a small circle of distinguished public men of undoubted ability and sound gastronomical ideas. The resulting cabinet has proved second in importance only to the Harrijohnian administration which was favoured by the geographical condition of nearness to the kitchen. But acute observers have long been of the opinion that this particular cabinet held within itself the germs of its own destruction, and that it would be unable to weather a protracted storm. The event has proved these prognostications to be correct.

The ejection of Mr. Chalkley from "M" coach—the result, be it noted, of American intrigue—was the first great blow. The cabinet reeled under it, but did not fall. It had lost however, that grip on territory—in this case a bunk next us—which is indispensable to the smooth running of any cabinet, however strong its individual members may be. The illness and consequent departure of Mr. Marsh, the strong silent member of the group, brought the end in sight. We understand that Mr. Duke was in favour of a policy of communistic anarchy, and that he objects to any definite partition of the material foodstuffs. In this he was backed by Mr. Tomkinson, and Mr. Carr's protests were over-ruled. It is also rumoured that Mr. Tomkinson was implicated in a plot to introduce Chinese labour into France. The facts have not yet been brought to light, but it is quite certain that Mr. Tomkinson was one of the main disruptive factors.

Mr. Chalkley made a final attempt to tide over the crisis by offering a portfolio to Mr. Holman, who was conducting a campaign in favour of the organisation of the train vegetarianism. In the light of the most recent events this move on the part of the head of the cabinet must be regarded as a strategic mistake. It is even to be doubted if Mr. Holman was quite sincere in his profession of vegetarianism, but his definite programme was enough to gain him admittance into the tottering cabinet. Disaster followed rapidly, and on the following morning the news became general that Mr. Chalkley and his colleagues were breakfasting in the mess-room, while Mr. Devereux had formed a hasty administration consisting of Messrs. Hoyles, Lupton and Lambourn.

C. W. T.

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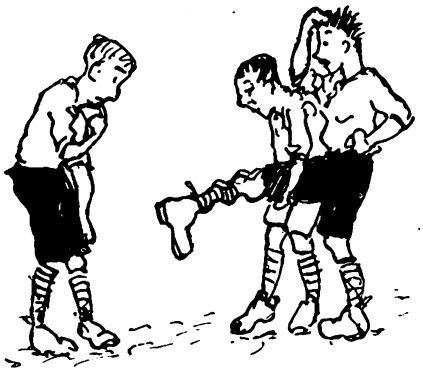
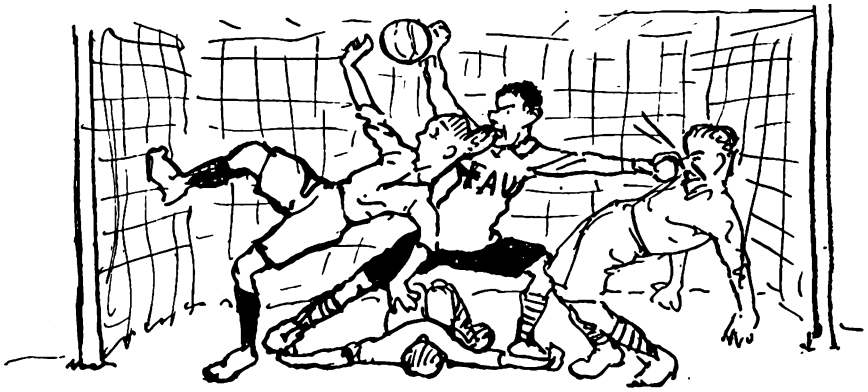
Football Days.

THE football days have come again—
the best of all the year:
One side of Simpson's knee is gone,
and Young has lost his ear.
Heaped on the field, the players jab, and punch, and claw, and tear,
They kick the breath from those beneath and gouge without a care.
They break each others' arms and legs, and pull joints out of place;
While here and there is one who gets his teeth kicked from his face.



The Sergeant and the Corporal, besmeared with slime and mud,
Go gallantly to get the ball—and quit, all bathed in blood;
The Sapper knocks the Private down and jumps upon his chest,
The Office Clerk is carried home and gently laid to rest.
While, here and there, a crowded stand collapses 'neath its weight,
And forty people get more than they paid for at the gate.

Oh brave! Oh happy, careless days! How sweet the Mother's joy
What time she thinks of all the things they're doing to her boy;



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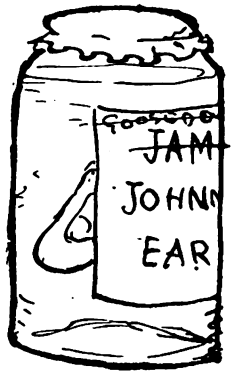
How proud she is to know
that he is in the team, how
sweet
His face appears to her since
it is only bloody meat!
With honest pride she lays
away his amputated ear,
Or puts his eye in alcohol to
be a souvenir.

J. B. (Lieut.)



Things Worth Knowing.

(*With apologies to "Tit-Bits."*)

It is estimated that the amount of electric current produced on A.T. 16 in the last twelve months would illuminate the whole of London for .01 of a second.

* * * * * * * *

It would require 300 American (or 400 ordinary) orderlies to raise "A" coach (without "Father") to a height of 12 inches from the ground.

* * * * * * * *

Assuming that it requires 200 lice to cover completely one square inch of surface, no fewer than 500,000 of these affectionate little animals would be necessary to envelop the epidermis of an average man (say Corporal Pearson).

* * * * * * * *

The tins thrown from the windows of A.T. 16 would furnish sufficient iron to build one 6-in naval gun, or fifty ploughshares.

* * * * * * * *

The amount of cheese consumed on the train in six months would suffice to bait 100,000 mouse-traps, or would keep J.A.G. and C.W.T. alive for one year.

* * * * * * * *

The milk that has passed through A.T. 16 stores since July last would require for its production 1,000 cows or one ton of chalk.

R. S. P.

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Paradise (?).

A PRICELESS relic has recently been found embedded in the lower strata of a dog biscuit on A.T. 16. Not only is the style indistinguishable from that of the poet Milton, but the theme of the poem, of which but a fragment has been found, proves conclusively that we are in possession of part of a third great epic which would complete the trilogy, of which *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* form the first two.

The exact date of the third epic is more a case for the geologist than the *littérateur*. A distinguished scientist, who was consulted on the subject, stated that the particular formation in which the document was found was composed of a great number of layers formed annually. With the help of a powerful microscope he was able to count 250 of them which would make the date about 1665.

As the great beauty of the fragment will be apparent to all readers, we print it without comment.

Then from his throne the Prince of Darkness rose
And to th' assembled hosts of Hell thus spake;
'Tis now long since that last I sallied forth
And on the earth my seed of Hate did sow.
By now the fruitful harvest ripe should be
And for the reaper's sickle well prepared,
Therefore am I resolved my course to take;
And that my visit less observèd be
The corpse of mortal man will I put on.

Thus spake he and on dusky wings sped forth
Nor stayed his flight until off Calais beach
The sea he reached, and forward swam t'wards land:
Thus swimming he a son of Adam spied.
A youth he was with raven locks short clipped,
Of stature tall, and eyes that would bewitch
The veriest prude, shone 'neath a noble brow.
This form the eyes of Satan so enhanced
That through his gaping mouth he entered in
As he had done into an herd of swine.
Thus placed, his mighty spirit soon o'ercame
The feeble wishes of his guileless host.

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Then from the sea he straightway sallied forth
And rose like sea-born Venus from the foam,
And reached the land that he might prove the corpse
Where now his princely spirit lay encased;
Therefore from off his chest his robes he flung
And girt about his loins a scanty cloth.
Thus freed he gaily back and forward pranced
With legs uplifted high like Prussian Guards
Who imitate that homely bird the goose,
A vacant look upon his face the while
As though his thoughts on Cupid's realm were bent.
Thus walking, he a group of maidens met
Whose eyes with wonder at him opened wide,
That one so young to such great depths should fall.
But he undaunted . . . . . .
So that the cowering maid . . . . . .

[*Here the fragment ends.*]

[The poem offers an explanation of the unusual and startling behaviour of Harold Wares, our quondam senior N.C.O., upon the Calais beach, August, 1915.]

A. J. M.

Finance

By a City Editor.

The tobacco market opened dull. Low prices were offered for stocks on hand, but no business ensued. With the opening of the French exchanges the market became more buoyant, and several consignments of Boarshead and Fusilade changed hands at only two points below the high prices ruling last week. Britannias were sluggish following on recent activity, but some business was done at fair prices. Glory Boys were also dull. There seems no immediate prospect of any serious decline on the present rates.

H. R. G.

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In and Out of Uniform.

[A stirring tale dealing with the theory of dual personality.]

NE beautiful summer day an ambulance train proceeding from the coast towards the front, drew near the town of St. Omer. Most of the personnel discussed eagerly the hopes of visiting the sights of this old city. Very different, however, were the thoughts of one of their number. On his shoulders rested in a peculiar manner the care of the health of the whole personnel. If this was to be maintained speedy action was necessary. He walked down beside the train, carefully scanning the garage. In a few moments he discovered three low wooden buildings in a row, whilst close by could be discerned the cheerful glow of the incinerator. He made his way towards them and looked about for someone who could give him the information he desired. Finding a French guard he enquired what was the method of disposing of the contents of what the *London Opinion* in a recent issue so beautifully described as swill pails. The Frenchman waved his hand magnificently towards the incinerator, but Orderly X. shook his head sceptically. The guard then informed him that a certain gallant British soldier was accustomed to appear there at a later hour and assist persons in such quandaries. "But see," he concluded dramatically, "there he comes." Orderly X. cast his eyes in the direction indicated and beheld approaching him with measured tread a stalwart form in a partially khaki uniform of Highland cut.

X. advanced a short distance to meet him, and the same question and the same answer were repeated. "What!" exclaimed our Orderly, "do you mean to say it must be deposited there?" During this brief interview the Highlander's attitude had gradually become more respectful, and he now replied diffidently, "Yes, sir; if you send one of your men over I will empty the buckets for him."

Orderly X. at once realised the gallant fellow's mistake, but it would have been unkind to point it out with brutal clearness. But what was he to do? Some have said, "Why, naturally, just get the pails and go back." These people must have been sorely lacking in imagination. Far otherwise was it with our Orderly. He pictures to himself in succession the horror of the Highlander at seeing him return pails in hands; his telling this to a friend; this friend writing to his friends in the home country; these friends repeating it till it got to the ears of a reporter (the censor sleeping the while), and finally the glaring headlines in the "Daily Pail."

"MUTINY ON AMBULANCE TRAIN AT FRONT."
"ORDERLIES MAKE OFFICERS CARRY THEIR SWILL PAILS!"

The thought was too awful,—but how to avoid it? Persuade someone else to take them? Excellent idea, but quite impracticable! One forlorn hope remained.

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Hastily he removed his tunic, his hat followed, and then he passed his hand through the tangled mop to which in whimsical moods he sometimes referred as his hair. Then, seizing the pails, he sallied forth.

Arrived there, the Highlander explained to him the necessity of separating the compound elements. This accomplished, he turned to our Orderly and asked in a subdued tone, "Was that gentleman who sent you an officer?" Orderly X. was somewhat staggered by the success of his strategy and replied hesitatingly, "Er, well, you see, we are a special unit connected with the Red Cross, and so wear a special uniform." The Highlander seemed puzzled by the reply, and thinking it occasioned by the exception taken to the distinction implied in one word in his question, added, "Well, of course, we, you and I, are just as much gentlemen as these officers." Under the circumstances, Orderly X. naturally agreed heartily with this revolutionary sentiment.

L. T.

Cubic Philosophy.

IN my article in the last issue of *The Orderly Review* I tried to give my readers some inkling of the problem which I claim to have solved. The aim of Philosophy is to see things in their right relation; to observe the connection between different entities and thus to arrive at a better understanding of the entities themselves. It will be noticed that I tried to find the key of the all-pervading mystery first in one realm of science and then in another—only to taste the bitter fruit of disappointment and failure. One omission must have seemed significant to the thoughtful reader: there was in my narrative no mention of mathematics. I did not dream that the riddle of the universe could be stated in mathematical terms: far less did I imagine that it might be solved by a judicious manipulation of mathematical symbols. Yet it was in this subject that I discovered the secret. The truth that lies at the back of the universe has its counterpart in mathematical truth. As the sun may reflect a perfect image in the tiniest dewdrop, so may the wise find truth in the small as well as in the great. "God," says Emerson, "loveth not size, and to Him the minnow is not less important than the whale."

The material universe, it will be readily admitted, satisfies certain mathematical relations, geometrical and numerical: may we not hope, also, to express the moral universe in like terms? "La géometrie," says Victor Hugo, "c'est l'harmonie," and our solution to the problem is a geometrical and harmonious one. Let me proceed at once to develop my theme.

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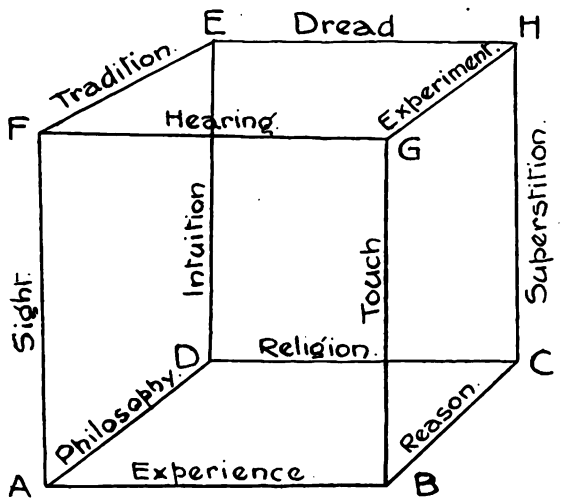
There are but five regular polyhedra, and the one I shall choose for my purpose in this article is the cube. Imagine a cube then. My intention is that each face of this cube shall represent some great side of life; that every edge shall correspond to some line of sensation or thought or conduct; and that every corner shall represent some point of human experience. The various relations between these three elements,—face, edge, and corner,—will become more apparent as I proceed.

In order to assist the unimaginative, that is to say the non-mathematical reader, I have drawn a rough figure to represent the cube, A B C D E F G H: this is not absolutely necessary, but the beginner will find it helpful and all readers are advised to use it.

As every stable philosophy must be founded on humanity, I have taken the base of the cube, A B C D, to represent Humanity. I have no sympathy with those scientists, falsely so-called, who endeavour to eliminate the human element from their systems. We have not only to transcend our limitations, we have also to explain them, which is quite a different thing from ignoring them. As A B C D is bounded by four straight lines, A B, B C, C D, and D A, these must of necessity represent just those things by which humanity itself is bounded, namely, Experience, Reason, Religion and Philosophy respectively (see figure).

Out of each of these rises some other side of life, which in its turn is bounded by certain things.

DIAGRAM AND SUMMARY.



A B C D—*Humanity* .. .. A B Experience.
B C Reason.
C D Religion.
D A Philosophy.

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A B G F—*Nature*	A B	Experience
	B G	Touch.
	G F	Hearing.
	F A	Sight.
B C H G—*Science*	B C	Reason.
	C H	Superstition.
	H G	Experiment.
	G B	Touch.
C D E H—*The Unseen*	C D	Religion.
	D E	Intuition.
	E H	Dread.
	H C	Superstition.
D A F E—*Wisdom*	D A	Philosophy.
	A F	Sight.
	F E	Tradition.
	E D	Intuition.
E F G H—*Political Life*	E F	Tradition.
	F G	Hearing.
	G H	Experiment.
	H E	Dread.

A Joy.	E Paganism.
B Rugby Football.	F Democracy.
C Psychical Research.	G Music.
D Pulpit Oratory.	H Alchemy.

Thus :—

(1) Out of A B (Experience) rises A B G F (Nature) which is bounded by
A B (Experience as above).
B G (Touch).
G F (Hearing).
F A (Sight).

(2) Out of B C (Reason) rises B C H G (Science) which is bounded by
B C (Reason, as above).
C H (Superstition).
H G (Experiment).
G B (Touch, as above).

(3) Out of C D (Religion) rises C D E H (the Unseen) which is bounded by
C D (Religion, as above).
D E (Intuition).
E H (Dread).
H C (Superstition, as above).

(4) Out of D A (Philosophy) rises D A F E (Wisdom) which is bounded by
D A (Philosophy, as above).
A F (Sight, as above).
F E (Tradition).
E D (Intuition, as above).

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It will be seen that we have now assigned a meaning to each of the twelve edges of the cube. It remains only to deal with the top face, (E F G H) and all the corners. As E F G H is bounded by E F, F G, G H and H E, which represent Tradition, Hearing, Experiment and Dread, it will be seen that we may reasonably consider E F G H as representing Political Life in its wider, rather than its narrower, meaning. Our faces and edges are now complete, and have only to consider the corners and offer a few reflections on the system in general.

(i).—A is the junction of { A B (Experience). A D (Philosophy). A F (Sight). }
and therefore represents Joy.

(ii).—B is the junction of { A B (Experience). B C (Reason). B G (Touch). }
and therefore represents Rugby Football.

(iii).—C is the junction of { B C (Reason). C D (Religion). C H (Superstition). }
and therefore represents Psychical Research.

(iv).—D is the junction of { D A (Philosophy). C D (Religion). D E (Intuition). }
and therefore represents Pulpit Oratory.

(v).—E is the junction of { H E (Dread). D E (Intuition). F E (Tradition). }
and therefore represents Paganism.

(vi).—F is the junction of { E F (Tradition). F G (Hearing). A F (Sight). }
and therefore represents Democracy.

(vii).—G is the junction of { F G (Hearing). G H (Experiment). G B (Touch). }
and therefore represents Music.

(viii).—H is the junction of { G H (Experiment). H E (Dread). C H (Superstition). }
and therefore represents Alchemy.

Thus I have laid my complete scheme before my readers and my only remaining duty is to offer a few explanations and to throw out one or two suggestions. I must remind my readers that this scheme is complete for the cube only. In order that the full philosophy should become apparent it would be necessary to set out a similar scheme for each of

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the remaining four regular polyhedra. Considerations of time (and space, as the Editor would add), prevent me from doing that, so I propose to leave it as an exercise for the student. Now I will give a few reflections on the foregoing scheme.

It will be seen that every two faces which intersect, do so in a single straight line. Thus every straight line forms a bounding line of two faces. Take C D, for instance, which represents Religion. As a bounding line of A B C D it is seen to be a part of Humanity, while as a bounding line of C D E H it forms a part of the Unseen (which appropriately enough is represented by the *back* face of the cube). Thus we get the valuable information that where Humanity comes into contact with the Unseen the result is religion.

We have regarded a corner as the junction of three edges. It might equally well be thought of as the meeting of three faces. (The student should verify this for himself).

I do not propose to enlarge further on my system. It speaks for itself, and I leave it, as I said I should, to fight its way in the world. It requires thought, but it will well repay any thought that is expended on it.

C. W. T.

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Extracts from "Nature Notes."

THE mild spell of weather which proved such a suitable opportunity for outside coach work in December, January and February proved also an unfortunate inducement to much of the Spring flora, and to many of the hibernating fauna to appear earlier than their wont. . . . In a little pond in the woods above Lapugnoy on February 6th, we discovered several frogs and a huge toad. Their sluggish movements would indicate that they had emerged very recently from their troglodyte dwellings in the mud. A dilapidated magpie moth was run to earth—and a foolish queen wasp was braving the elements on a fallen log.

The merry song of the chaffinch, the early attempts of the amorous thrush, and the robin's pipe were all in evidence before the middle of February.

Elder, wild gooseberry, and even a pioneer hawthorn were in full leaf in the environs of Abbeville on February 17th.

A willow along the banks of the Somme had clothed its weeping branches with delicate greenery on February 12th. Almond and cherry blossom appeared before this date.

We anticipate that the flora of Northern France bears considerable resemblance to our own. Some of our rarer flowers are, nevertheless, a good deal commoner here than in England. For example, one has noticed the railway banks between Canaples and Doullens dotted with numerous plants of the spurge-laurel. Between Barentin Viaduct and Rouen quantities of Stinking Hellebore were seen from the train windows (February 20th). The beautiful little periwinkle forms an evergreen blue-eyed carpet in the chalk woods near Doullens or Lapugnoy. The Perennial Dogs' Mercury is one of the commonest weeds.

The crow family have been our commonest companions. At Etaples, the grassy beach is always covered with hungry hooded crows ekeing out a miserable livelihood in the absence of carrion on birds' eggs.

Rooks may be observed any evening at about 4 or 5 p.m. returning in countless numbers from their feeding places. Magpies are numerous. Jays may be heard and seen in the pine woods.

The cliffs at Etretat and the churches at St. Omer and Abbeville are haunted by flocks of jackdaws.

Kingfishers and a green woodpecker were seen on the River Somme during the winter. The latter has also been observed in the woods on the Etaples sand-dunes.

The chalk escarpment at Abbeville evidently supplies a home for the hawk, which has been remarked on several occasions.

The night sky of three weeks ago was worthy of special attention.

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Jupiter, the crescent moon and Venus formed a transcendently lovely group. So small were their angular distances that the outstretched hand suffices to hide them from view. In the deep blue of the heavens they hung like a resplendent neck pendant; Jupiter on one shoulder, the moon, of bronze and gold, like a huge clasp, on the other, and Venus a glorious gem-drop below. Their relative positions were approximately those of Betelguex, Bellatrix, and the sword-tip in the great constellation of Orion.

Mars and Saturn were also working their passage across the sky.

During our trip on March 14th, several Heath Brown butterflies accompanied the train for a short distance, and a Red Admiral winged its magnificent flight through the otherwise unromantic station at Bailleul. A Sulphur Yellow alighted impudently on a hand-carried bunch of flowers at Lapugnoy on the 17th. On the 18th, the woods were alive with Heath Browns, gnats and flies, and a great white-tailed bumble bee buzzed us a good afternoon as he passed on a foraging expedition. The little ponds, too, were teeming with skaters, water spiders, whirligig beetles, scarlet mites, and larvæ of various kinds; while one, at least, was swarming with young newts, two or three weeks old.

Along the Somme at Abbeville, and close by the blanchis-serie that so many of our readers visit, the horse chestnuts are bursting into foliage.

As we journeyed to St. Omer, on March 5th, we passed, among other things, two white swans on the marshy flats near Audruicq; nearer to St. Omer we started three or four herons which were feeding close to the railroad.

Some peripatetics in the forest of Clairmarais, on March 28th, discovered two separate birds' eggs on the ground. One we adjudged to be a very ancient crow egg. A valiant gentleman who essayed to blow it was strongly of the opinion that its age could not be less than three years. The other was a broken egg, and appeared to be a rook's—probably produced before the frost and rendered unfertile by the cold. The remains of a gorgeous jay were discovered, the upper portions completely eaten away, evidently quite recently. Numerous pellets, littering the ground, made it apparent that we had stumbled on a hawk's dining room.

A little later we heard a thrush in full song. Mr. Tregenza has called our attention to the apparent rarity of song thrushes out here. Others must have been struck by the same curious observation.

The village of Clairmarais includes within its bounds a large farm composed partly of the remains of a huge Cistercian establishment which flourished there in the 12th century. Growing on the walls we found wallflowers (wild) and several ferns, including black maidenhair, spleenwort and wall-rue.

Cooper discovered a beautiful specimen of Fritillary or Snakeshead at Abbeville on March 21st.

Daffodils have been observed on many occasions. One always has a sneaking suspicion that they may be escapes, but we are quite sure that the woods near St. Pol contain genuinely wild ones.

We noted in the damp meadows bordering the River Seine near Sotte-

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ville, besides the cowslips mentioned above, the leaves of Meadow Saffron, Crocus, Fritillary and Wild Onion. On our approach a large flock of black-headed gulls took to flight. They must have travelled nearly eighty miles up the river.

Our mysterious incarceration at Sotteville was marked by the first real Spring weather of the year, and the million tiny votaries of Nature, their first ardour checked by their chilling reception at the hands of "rude Boreas," came bursting forth into exuberant existence on every hand. Hedges, trees, and shrubs began to clothe their black skeletons with that tender, delicate-green veil so impossible to describe, the meadows became yellow with myriad cowslips, the cherry and pear trees in the orchards were loaded with snowy blossom, winged creatures of all sizes, from the tiny fairy flies to the gorgeous butterflies buzzed and hummed and fluttered into the sunlight. The air was filled with the song of birds—and frogs.

Early Spring seems to show a marked preference for yellow, blue and white. A vista of primroses or dancing daffodils, a clump of fiery gorse, a cowslip meadow, the streams and marshes spangled with clumps of orange kingcups or bordered by starry celandines; these are common sights for any who have eyes to see. Or, again, the blue eyes of the periwinkle in the woods, the modest violets peeping out along the hedgebank the wonderful rich blue of the ground ivy and the cerulean depths of the little germander speedwell—to be followed by the bluebells . . .

White is not so ubiquitous, but one has only to mention the daisies, the wood anemones, the blackthorn, and close on its heels the whitehorn, to bring cherished pictures into the minds of all.

Pinks and reds, the wild roses and the poppies, are reserved for later in the year.

Nests are appearing in the bare tree tops as if by magic, and the shelter of young leaves in the hedges has induced the hedge dwellers to try their luck.

One ought perhaps to make a passing reference to the vocal efforts of our friends the frogs. The marshes, especially in the early evening, are filled with a most wonderful vibrating chorus of croakers, second only to the song of the corncrake for sheer monotony and for the production of permanent insomnia.

The fruit blossom has scattered its petals on the grass, the hawthorn sprays are turning brown, and the wild roses, the poppies and the cornflowers are trying to convince us that in spite of the calendar, Summer has indeed arrived. Our naturalists cannot go for a walk without finding some new flower or bird or insect. Our list of flowers recorded by members of the Train personnel has already passed the 200 mark.

The most noteworthy discoveries include Lily of the Valley (which grows abundantly in the woods above Lapugnoy), May Lily, one of the rarest of the British flora, found in the same woods, Orchids to the number of eight, including Fly, Bee and Greater Butterfly Orchids, and perhaps the most gratifying of all the Violet of Rouen, found practically on the roadside between Amfreville and St. Adrien. Not that it possesses a

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particularly beautiful bloom, but because it is one of the rarest of the wild flowers of France.

Our finds of non-British species number twelve, but the number is rapidly increasing.

How short a time it seems since an invisible artist began to stipple the meadows with myriad buttercups, since the hedges were loaded with a froth of creamy blossom, yet already the golden glory of the buttercups has waned, and among the boughs of the hawthorn are the little green bunches that will feed the redwings in Autumn. In the meadows the long grass is already falling under the scythe. Up on the moors the heather is swinging its dainty bells in the breeze. The cherries in the orchard are changing from green to scarlet. It is summertime.

The days we spent at Sotteville and Longueau between May 28th and June 15th make one of the most successful periods we have had. The valley of the Seine with its river banks and wooded chalky slopes has an extremely varied and interesting flora, including as its most striking feature a large variety of orchids. No fewer than fifteen members of them are unknown in England, three are described as "very rare." The Lizard Orchis in particular, of which specimens have been found within ten yards of the Rouen-Paris road, is rapidly becoming extinct in our own island. The plant flowers in a dense spike, from one to two feet in height, and is remarkable alike for its shape, colour and smell. When in bud the lower petal resembles a rolled up watch-spring, which uncurls as the flower opens until it exhibits the complete lizard with legs, tail and all.

R. S. P. and E. W. E.

Fragments of French Verse.

AT a time when the thoughts of our readers are necessarily concerned with France, anything which throws a light upon the manners and customs of the French cannot be without interest to them. In this belief we publish for the first time two fragments of popular songs apparently of considerable antiquity, which we owe to the researches of the late Mr. Arthur Chapman—*vir doctissimus et amicus noster.*

A. Hercule! Hercule! Prends-moi sur la bascule,*
Oh! Oh! Que ça est beau!
Oh! Oh! N'est-ce pas c'est glorieux!
Hercule! Hercule! Si tu m'aimes vrai
Prends-moi sur la bascule, Hercule fais!

* Bascule=See-saw.

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B. Oscillez-moi un petit morceau plus haut,
Obadiah fais !
Oscillez-moi un petit morceau plus haut,
Je vous aimerai.
Attachez-moi afin que je ne tombe pas
Sur la muraille permets que l'on voit
Encore un petit morceau plus haut
Obadiah fais !

From internal evidence it would seem likely that the two are by the same hand. There is, it will be noticed, similarity of thought and matter in both pieces, while, and this is more important to us in the consideration of authorship, there is similarity of diction.

It will be noticed that each song finishes with the 2nd singular of the imperative mood of the verb " faire " ; " Hercule fais ! " " Obadiah fais !" In both cases it is used to give emphasis, a construction hitherto regarded as peculiar to the English and Persian languages.* This point may be considered more fully further on.

Let us compare the two fragments a moment. The more they are examined the more extraordinary will their similarity appear. There is indeed little doubt in the mind of the writer that they can be shown to be fragments of a lost liturgy of which hymns of eccentric motion formed an integral part. What we have recovered, then, is in fact part of an early hymn book.

Leaving the discussion of the probable nature of the worship for a later article, let us see what internal evidence can show of the author.

In the first place, the use of the imperative " fais " shews unmistakable evidence of English or Persian influence. Dismissing the latter as improbable—and inconvenient—we arrive at the conclusion that the writer was a native-born Englishman or a French resident in England. Setting aside the latter hypothesis, we reach the conclusion that the writer of the hymns was an Englishman living in France. We may surely assume that he was forcibly kept there—that he was, in fact, a prisoner.

This is important as it dates the hymns as being written during the wars between England and France, and from the use of the name " Hercule " in *A* we may put the date at some time during the Early Renaissance, thus making our hymnologist a probable contemporary of Boccaccio. It is interesting to note that "Aucassin and Nicolette," that most charming of romances, was written at a somewhat later date, also by a prisoner in France.

Having thus determined their date and authorship, we will leave the further consideration of the fragments† for a later article.

H. R. G.

* Vide the refrain in the Song of Rustum roughly transliterated :
" Dé wané chá ré Rustumé "
(Do come along and kill Rustum.)

† It has since been pointed out that they bear a striking resemblance to two English songs popular about 1910. This is a remarkable instance of the survival of race memory and confirms our belief that the Author was an Englishman.

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Books to be Published.

VEGETARIANISM: ITS THEORY AND PRACTICE (in two volumes).
Volume 1.—Theory. By P. Holman.
Volume 2.—Practice. By J. A. Gill.

C. W. T.

WHITE PAINT SLAVES—A NATIONAL MENACE. Written by J. N. P. Fry. Illustrated by W. G. Riley.

C. W. T.

STILL GOING STRONG. By Capt. Walker.

A somewhat lengthy novel dealing with a famous old family and its records in the European War. A stirring story of patriotism that will intoxicate every one who reads it.

L. M. H.

From Notices of New Books.

CHINA. By L. Tomkinson.

OF Mr. Tomkinson's school work we will say but little, confining ourselves to a reference to only two matters connected with it, nomenclature and marriage. As the European teachers in the school were unable to pronounce Chinese names quite correctly it became necessary to assign an English name to each pupil. Mr. Tomkinson's predecessor, a Chinaman who had received the "western education," gave such names as Shakespeare, Milton, Gladstone and Plato. These speedily got corrupted. Thus "Plato" degenerated into "Potato," "Gladstone" into "Gramophone," and so on. Mr. Tomkinson was content, and we think wisely content, to bestow such plain names as Jones, Smith, or Robinson.

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In the chapter on marriage, we learn that it is the custom in China for boys and girls to marry at a remarkably early age. How the author dealt with this important matter of school discipline may best be told in his own words:

"I was myself responsible," he writes, "for introducing a rule into the school to the effect that no pupil below the fifth form should be allowed to marry."

His struggle, finally successful, to establish this rule, disregard of which was punishable by expulsion, reads like a romance.

We must conclude this review on the same note as that on which we started. Mr. Tomkinson's style and outlook are as Chinese as his matter. We cannot imagine him as adopting any but Chinese methods. If by any chance he had to carry water, it would be, we feel sure, in two buckets suspended from a pole resting on his shoulders. His meals without doubt are eaten with the aid of chopsticks, and we picture his annoyance at opening an English book at the wrong cover. All our arrangements must seem topsy-turvy to him, but yet we thank him for this book, for it has revealed China to us in a new light. Perhaps in the near future will be witnessed the coming together of the east and west, each assimilating what is best in the other but each preserving inviolate its own peculiar culture and civilisation. What may not be hoped from such a happening? Mr. Tomkinson's work, in our opinion, tends to hasten this great event.

C. W. T.

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From the Tablets of Uran=othur the Scribe.

[The late Captain A. A. Rees joined the train as O.C. in February, 1916, in the place of Captain J. Walker. The following article written for the next number of *The Orderly Review* was its first contribution from the Staff Coach, and shows the author's keen and humorous perception of our views upon his system of granting leave and other matters. The incidents referred to are dealt with in the account of the first year's experiences.]

N.B.—This fragment was found recently in a field near Je-achku.

NOW it came to pass in the seventh year of Jōrg, king of the Isles of the West, that a mighty war arose. And Jōrg sent forth his legions, which unto this day are called Tŏmmĭz, who joined hands with the Frŏggĭz, the Păh-lĭv-ŭz, the Bhĕl-jăhns, the Aū-ghăngrīn-dhŭrs and all manner of Nā-shŭns and together they strove mightily against the Bĕh-bĭkĭl-ŭrs of Bhŭs-tĭngbĭl-ĭh, he of the Mālĕd-phĭst.

Now a certain chief of the Ar-aĕm-see, surnamed Kŭr-nŭlgăl-ĭppŏt, the Bŏssĭh-wŭn, the Brā-zăt took counsel saying: "Dăh-mĭtāl-lĕtzăv-ăchāng."

Then sent he forth messengers saying:—"Summon me hither at once one of my captains."

Now they chose the one who is called Rhēez, surnamed by his neighbours Thĕkŏm-ŏdŏr.

Now Kŭr-nŭlgăl-ĭppŏt saith unto him:—"Get thee hence quickly even unto the wondrous city on wheels which is called Nū-mĕrōsāhz, for I appoint thee chief of the city thereof."

Then Thĕkŏm-ŏdŏr packed up his bed and walked to the Ărtĭh-ō and went forth unto the night.

And it came to pass that in the morning Thĕkŏm-ŏdŏr came to Nū-mĕrōsāhz and Jŏh-nĭhwāu-kŭr the chief departed and went his way, and Thĕkŏm-ŏdŏr reigned in his stead.

Now the ways of Jŏh-nĭhwāu-kŭr were good ways and his works good, and Thĕkŏm-ŏdŏr like unto A-găg walked delicately and abode by the laws of Jŏh-nĭhwāu-kŭr which were like unto the laws of the Medes and Persians, which changeth not, save in the manner of appointing the sentinels and watches in the night. Neither would he allow all the young men of Nū-mĕrōsāhz to go forth from the city at one time.

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The young men thereupon say "Thĭzĭs-băh-lĭrŏt," but Thĕkŏm-ŏdŏr saith in the same manner as Az-kwĭth "Weh-tănzēe."

And it came to pass that on a certain day the young men went forth to the Fūt-bālfiēld to strive with the young men of Twĕn-tĭhwŭn for the possession of a certain golden goblet. And Hălsĭhm-psŭn, the Sāh-jŭnt reasoned with Thĕkŏm-ŏdŏr, saying: "Let thy young men all go forth to Bŭk-kŭp the Fūtŭrtēem for verily hath not Sĕh-vĕntēn departed Sĕh-măhtăng."

Now the words of Hălsĭhm-psŭn the Sāh-jŭnt seemed wise words, and Thĕkŏm-ŏdŏr hearkened unto them and saith: "Thy counsel seemeth good counsel, lo and behold, I also will go forth, yea, verily, I and my Ŏphĭzŭrs also."

And they all departed Tūht-swēt.

Now the Dē-ā-dē-artĕh sent forth messages to the Ĕn-ghŭndrīv-ŭr of Nū-mĕrōsāhz saying: "Pū-shŏv," and he did so and tarried not. And there was weeping and wailing in the city.

But Thĕkŏm-ŏdŏr and Dŏk-tŭrbāh-ŭr espieth the moving city afar off and girded up their loins and ran.

But Thĕkŏm-ŏdŏr outrunneth the others and came to a field near unto the land of the Em-tēe-ēh-ĕzsēe and Thĕkŏm-ŏdŏr runneth mightily crying with a loud voice, saying "Pūl-thătblāh-stĕd-kŏrd." Now the Ĕm-tĕe-ēh-ĕzsēe were lewd fellows of the baser sort and lifted up their voices and mocked at Thĕkŏm-ŏdŏr and Dŏk-tŭrbāh-ŭr, crying: "Pūl-thătbăl-ĭkŏrd" and "Gōĭtfāh-thŭr."

And a mighty tumult arose whereat the people marvelled greatly.

But Thĕkŏm-ŏdŏr and Dŏktŭrbăh-ŭr heeded them not, neither did they hearken unto their cries, and so they came even unto the city, yea that which is called Nŭ-mĕrōsāhz, and Aūl-wăzmĕh-rĭănbrīt.

[*Here the fragment endeth.*]

A. A. R. (Capt.)

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The Arrest of Fleshy Gill.

[A hard-hearted French sentry having refused to allow H. R. Gill to return from a fishing expedition by a short cut over a railway bridge, he was obliged to take to the high road, where he was stopped by a British M.P.]

NEWS is just to hand of the arrest of Fleshy Gill. While on the one hand the news of Gill's arrest caused a surprise in some circles of the train, yet to those who know somewhat more intimately his manner of living the arrest has come as the expected culmination of a long roll of highly-criminal delinquencies. Perhaps very naturally when first the tidings of the arrest reached the train, most people imagined that it was Vegy Gill who had been apprehended and certainly Vegy has very good reason to congratulate himself that his number is not up just yet. The arrest was carried out in a masterly manner by Lance-Corporal E. Ford of the M.F.P. Late last night a representative of *The Orderly Review* called on Lance-Corporal Ford and gleaned from him full details of the crime.

We feel we cannot do better than give verbatim Lance-Corporal Ford's own account of what took place.

"On Wednesday night last I was on duty at the Rivière Neuve Calais, the time being 7.45 p.m. or thereabouts, when I saw the accused walking along the road in a highly-suspicious manner."

"I thereupon went up to him and asked him what he was doing. He replied, 'I have been fishing.'"

"Whereupon I said to the accused, 'What have you caught?' At this he seemed very confused and replied that he had caught nothing and was going on with a further explanation when I promptly arrested him on the charge of being improperly dressed. The accused said that he quite agreed that his tunic had been badly cut by the tailor, but on my cautioning him that anything further that he might say would be given in evidence against him he remained silent."

Such is the clear and concise account of the arrest given by Lance-Corporal Ford.

The determined manner in which Lance-Corporal Ford stuck to the man Gill and his great presence of mind in preferring a charge of "being improperly dressed" when once his suspicions had been aroused must surely elicit the admiration of all.

The arrest of Fleshy Gill by Lance-Corporal Ford will doubtless recall to most of our readers the smart capture by Lance-Corporal Swain of orderlies Cooper and Jones after a most determined and bold-faced effort on their part to penetrate into the town of Etaples without passes.

Lance-Corporal Ford is naturally highly gratified with his coup. He said that only a few days ago he was instrumental in stopping a cricket match between two Ambulance Trains and he added with a very pardon-

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ORDERLIES!
RED CAPS are your most dangerous enemies.
RED CAPS breed in enormous numbers at Etaples & Rouen & all attractive localities.
RED CAPS interrupt your bathes, discover you in Cafés after closing hours, meet you when you forgetfully leave your belt or puttees on the train.
YOU are at all times liable to be reported to the A.P.M. or clapped into a Guard Room
IN ORDER NOT
TO MEET THESE DANGERS
remain in your BUNKS, where, at least, you can do as you please.
DO YOU KNOW YOU ARE BATHING IN DRINKING WATER?
LOOK OUT FOR DEAD DOGS, KITCH!
16
DUBONNET
CHIN! CHIN!
WHERE ARE YOUR HAT, BELT, PUTTEES, BRASSARD?
EC

WITH APOLOGIES TO THE DESIGNER OF THE "FLY" POSTER

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able pride, " What with these two things to my credit just lately, I ought to be fairly sure of my Corporal's stripes."

Thanks to the courtesy of the authorities, *The Orderly Review* representative was admitted to " B " ward where the man Gill is at present incarcerated. The prisoner still maintained his aforetime jaunty demeanour and entirely refused to discuss the case with *The Orderly Review* representative beyond mentioning the fact that he would plead " not guilty."

As a kind of afterthought he said, "You can tell the readers of *The Orderly Review* that I've always been a sound Church and State man and I hunted regularly in England and I can't say no fairer than that."

Such are all the sinister features of the Fleshy Gill case at the moment of going to press. Exciting and spicy revelations are expected to follow and, needless to say, the earliest and most comprehensive accounts of these will be found in the further editions of *The Orderly Review*.

J. L. H.

A.T. Educational Report.

HEREWITH is presented the first Annual Report on the Educational activities of A.T. 16. In submitting such report it may be to the point to give a short history of efforts educational on the train which led up to the present unified system established in the last month. In the first place it must be pointed out that here is an instance of a spontaneous growth of education among the orderlies themselves wholly free from any State interference.

As an outcome of such desires and aspirations two classes were set going, the one in French language and literature, the other in Esperanto, while later on a third class, in Carpentry, was added to their number.

For some time these classes proceeded, solely dependent on private effort, until, owing to an enlightened public conscience, a continuous demand of ever-increasing volume made itself heard to the effect that these classes should form part of a unified and harmonious system of train education and so enjoy the undoubted benefits of organisation and inspection.

To such an appeal there could be no refusal and accordingly C. W. Tregenza and J. L. Howson were appointed as Director of Train Education and Inspector of Train Education respectively. [By themselves.—Ed.]

The greater brunt of the necessary work of organization fell on to the shoulders of Mr. Tregenza and it is almost entirely due to his untiring efforts and ability as an organizer that the classes are in their present state of great efficiency. At first Mr. Tregenza had some difficulty in

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combating the prejudices of some of the teachers—so unused to a thorough system of control. For instance, one teacher definitely refused to keep a register, while another displayed a very marked reluctance to allowing 1000 cubic feet* of air per orderly in his class-room as is enjoined in the Train Education Code. However, such difficulties—apparently insuperable at first—were all removed with the minimum amount of friction by the tact and good sense of Mr. Tregenza.

And now it is proposed to give a more detailed account of the respective classes.

CLASS I.—*French Language and Literature.*

Teacher—H. J. CHALKLEY.

Class I is exceedingly fortunate in possessing so good a teacher as Mr. Chalkley. While his appearance may suggest that he has just stepped out of a Parisian dressmaker's band-box, Mr. Chalkley's personality is a very striking one and cannot fail to affect most favourably the æsthetic side of the most insensitive of his pupils.

Mr. Chalkley's pupils started with the very rudiments of the language and have progressed so favourably that they can now use most fluently such idiomatic and eminently serviceable expressions as "allez-vous-en," "vous aussi êtes un cochon," "cherchez la femme."

It is refreshing to note that while on the one hand Mr. Chalkley has ideals in teaching that soar like the eagle, yet on the other hand he has others clinging to the earth like the worm and so is content for a while to concentrate his pupils' attention on things immediately useful.

The discipline of Mr. Chalkley's class is quite good and the moral tone—so Mr. Chalkley assures us—is a very high one.

CLASS II.—*Esperanto.*

Teacher—Mr. J. A. GILL.

Here again in the person of Mr. J. A. Gill there is an enthusiast in charge of the class and it is a great pity that his excellent work should be so limited by the imperfections of the personnel of the class. Mr. Gill assures us that whereas he has fully ten names down on his register yet he has only an average attendance of four.

To counteract this unfortunate condition of things Mr. Gill has an excellent suggestion, namely: That those who absent themselves from his class without a written excuse should be put on a fatigue—preferably the most unpopular one going.

Questioned as to the morals of members of his class Mr. Gill said that so far as he had observed not a single one of them possessed any. Mr. Gill further said that if any grant should result from the official inspection of his class he would like that share of it that would devolve on the teacher to be paid in kind—preferably in peas.

* See Sir Geo. Newman's work, "Train Education and the Health of the Orderly." Wymans, 1/-.

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This request was laid before Mr. Tregenza, the Director of Train Education, and in it he heartily concurred. With regard to the ostensible absence of morals in the Esperanto class the Director was distinctly troubled and finally suggested that an attempt be made to meet the difficulty by the singing of a hymn in Esperanto at the commencement of each lesson.

CLASS III.—*Manual Training.*

Train Instructor in Manual Training—Mr. B. M. DUKE.

Mr. Duke says that considering the type of man he has in his class the work is not below the average but that until he can revert to the good old school methods and use his "two-foot" rule on the persons of members of his class he fears that little progress will be made. "It is folly," remarked Mr. Duke, "to try kindness in teaching until every other method has been tried and has failed."

Mr. Duke also shook his head very pessimistically when it was suggested that lack of intelligence on the part of members of his class might be counterbalanced by good moral tone.

J. L. H.

University Intelligence.

The degree of Doctor in the Faculty of Divinity has been conferred upon J. L. HOWSON, for a thesis entitled "La Messe."

The degree of Bachelor of Science (Domestic Economy) has been conferred upon W. H. BUBB, for a mess entitled "Pea Soup."

The degree of Doctor in the Faculty of Philosophy has been conferred on DR. L. V. TEBBS, for a series of lectures delivered on No. 16 Ambulance Train illustrating the famous Tebular Hypothesis.

The degree of Doctor in the Faculty of Science has been conferred on P. HOLMAN, Esq., for a thesis on "The Psychology of Fear."

Applications for degrees, accompanied by the fee of five francs, should be sent to the undersigned (cheques not accepted). Applicants must make it quite clear in what faculty they require a degree and also state their qualifications.

C. W. T. (Registrar).

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Things I Don't Like.

II.—WATER FATIGUE.

IT'S difficult to see
Why the tanks in coaches "G,"
"A," "H," and "R," should be
Always dry.
But they are, as you must know,
Though why it should be so
I doubt if you can show,
Nor can I.

The less we seem to use
Of their store, the more they lose;
Something like the widow's cruse,
But reversed.
Anyhow the fact remains
That, of all our present pains,
The watering of trains
Is the worst.

When you've fixed upon a walk,
Or a comfortable talk,
In the Corporal is sure to stalk,
Dash his eyes;
And he'll make you, willo-nillo,
Carry water for a kilo,
At a speed an armadillo
Would despise.

When you're feeling very weary,
And you're really far from cheery,
When you think you've worked (in theory),
To excess,
You can stake your bottom shilling,
He'll suggest that, if you're willing,
All the tanks require filling
T. B. S.

If you're trying to get a "fug"
In your bunk, beneath a rug
At Blendecques, perhaps, or "Pug"
Or elsewhere,
Some blighted Corporal will find you
—To bear water, he's assigned you—
If you swear, he'll soon remind you
"C'est la guerre."

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When you're in your only togs,
And it's raining cats and dogs,
Weather suitable for frogs
Or for worms;
You'll be asked to go and pump,
Till you've fairly got the hump,
From some cess-polluted sump
Full of germs.

It would be a pleasant joke,
If some enterprising bloke
Were to fabricate a yoke
Of his own.
When the carry was a mile
At the others he would smile
Beatifically, while
They would groan.

In the circs. you cannot revel,
For the odds are far from level,
When you know the gods and devil
Are in league
To request you, at their pleasure,
To relinquish all your leisure
And set out to do your measure
Of fatigue.

R. S. P.

"Fear and Lapugnoy."

OF the many elaborate and successful hoaxes perpetrated upon the train the one recalled by the above heading is chosen for a brief description both for the amusement it afforded and for the sake of two excellent articles which, unfortunately, cannot be reprinted. In the course of a walk in the woods near Lapugnoy, Clemes and Tregenza affected to be overcome by fear at an unusually loud bombardment. Some misheard reference to this upon their return was eagerly caught up by Holman, who treated them with the patronising condescension of the scientist. Such an opening was not to be missed and to the immense delight of the whole train, Tregenza and Clemes—of all people in the world!—were made the subject of much characteristic banter by Holman, who was finally persuaded to develop the theme in an article for *The Orderly Review*. Round this fantastic story he wrote a treatise upon Fear, which contained much of real value; while upon the eve of publication, to show there was no ill-feeling, the supposed victims were treated to a superb supper.

In the same issue appeared an article by Howson, which, in the disguise of a book review, rent the unwary psychologist to tatters and brought the whole business to a fitting conclusion.

H. R. G.

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The National Vigilance Society.

ONE of the outstanding features of the first few weeks of our life on the train was the formation of a serio-comic branch of the National Vigilance Society in our midst. The aims of the Society are set forth in two letters to the Editors signed by Holman, Howson and Young. After alluding to the "watchful and paternal eye which Quakerism has ever kept over its members," they suggest that they shall in some sort take its place, as a restraining influence upon the members of the train who for the first time found themselves in a strange land. "Excess of virtue is sometimes lack of opportunity."

Their method was to be the appointment of secret agents who should spy upon members of the train and expose any lapses from virtue and temperance. To this end they announced that Sergeant Watts had been given the post of Agent-Provocateur-in-Chief.

Needless to say, this programme was never carried out, the activities of the Society being confined to the "Investigation of the Past." With this object the privacy of the personnel bunks was invaded and the occupants pestered with a number of impertinent enquiries, "Do you Pick-Up ?" "Do you Flap ? " *i.e.*, "Are you in the habit of consorting with Flappers ?" It was alleged that important statistics would thus be obtained.

Strange to say, not even the fact that Holman, with his favourite pose of *blasé roué* and man-about-town, was its head, prevented one or two members of the train from taking the N.V.S. seriously and hotly resenting its actions.

As a result of this feeling a debate was arranged at which a number of eloquent speeches were made on both sides, notably a slashing denunciation of the Society by Collier, while Morley, who supported Holman for the nonce, contributed a genuine American College yell :—

N. V. S.
N. V. S.
Are we Hot Stuff ?
Well I guess !
Watch the maiden ; watch her Ma.
Holman ! Holman !
Rah ! Rah ! ! Rah ! ! !

As a result of the debate it was decided by a large majority that the National Vigilance Society could best serve the interests of the train by its immediate dissolution.

The cartoon on the opposite page depicts the Blessed St. Holman against a background displaying the various temptations from which it was alleged the N.V.S. was to shield the youthful exile.

H. R. G.

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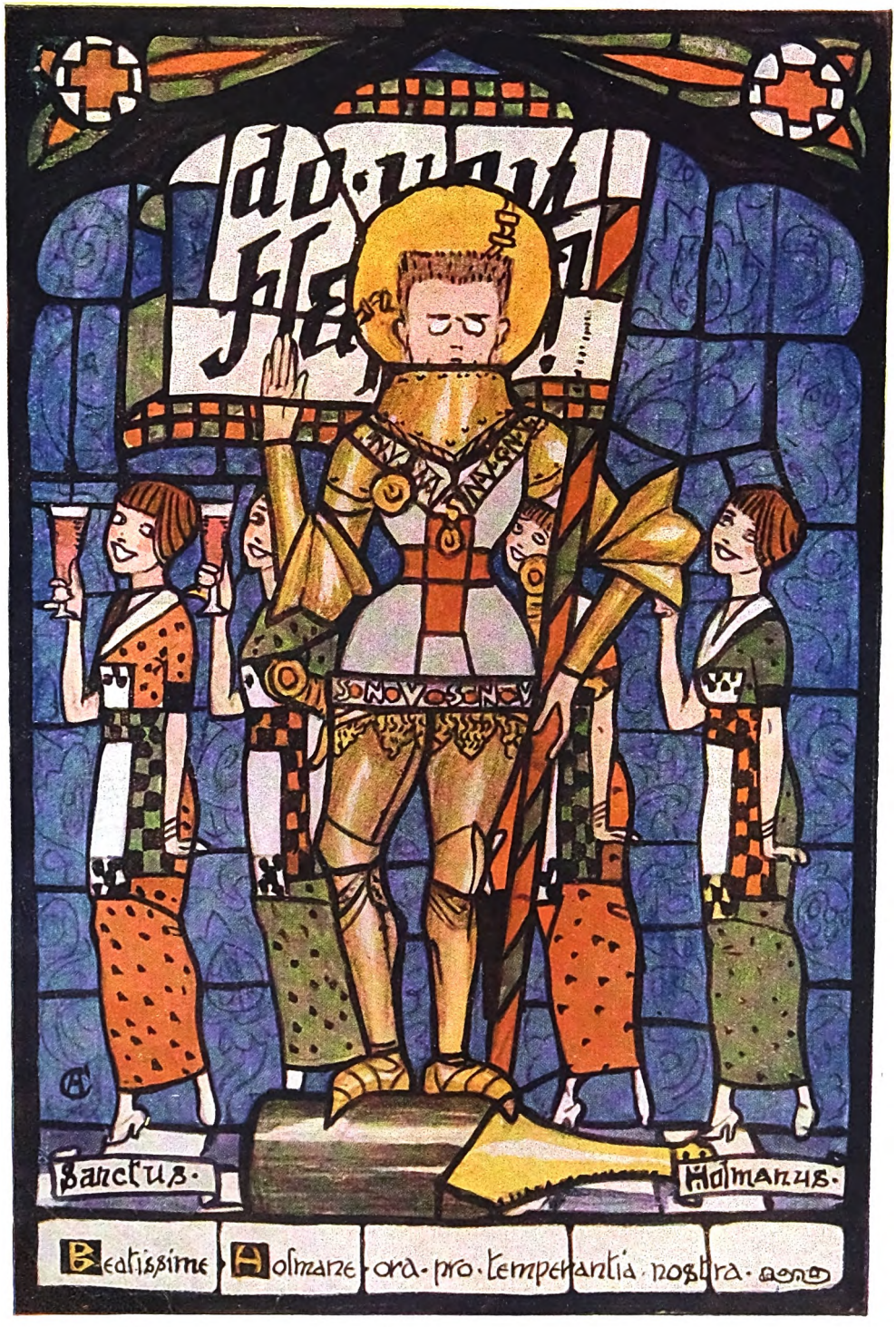

ST. HOLMAN.

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Life at the Front.

By Eye-Witness.

II.—IN "A" KITCHEN.

[Throughout our stay on the train it was customary for one man to be supplied from the wards each evening, when there was no trip, to take the place of one of the cooks in "A" kitchen, as the preparation of the Staff Coach Dinner would otherwise have left them no opportunity of getting out. The following highly-characteristic article is a description of such a "fatigue."]

IT was with no little pleasure that I learned on Thursday morning that "B" ward was requested to provide a temporary assistant for "A" kitchen, the object being to give Mr. White a short holiday from his onerous duties. All the "B" orderlies being anxious to go, we resorted to the ancient method of casting lots, and the lot fell on the writer. I set out, then, in the glorious sunshine, walking slowly so as to prolong the pleasurable anticipation, and duly arrived at my destination. Feeling quite at home and falling in with the best traditions of the kitchen, I dropped at once into the chair so kindly provided for my reception. My surroundings require no description. The homely stove, the large oven, the shining brasses, the scrupulously clean white paint, the well-arranged seats,—all these are too well known to call for more than a brief comment, but a few words on the occupants of the kitchen may not be out of place.

Let us start, then, with our worthy cook, Mr. Thornton, whose biography I should like to see in the justly-celebrated O.R. Life and Works Series. A passing tribute to his professional excellence must suffice. (Who has forgotten the meals at Oxhey Grange?) More pertinent to our present subject is the fact that he possesses in quite unusual degree the gift of epigrammatic expression. "I have no desire to leave the train to get lemonade," said Mr. Thornton, "when I can get plenty on it." Hear him again on the subject of coal-stealing (of which more below). "When I begin to steal it will be for myself and not for other people." Altogether I was most impressed by Mr. Thornton, both as a cook and as a man.

Mr. Bubb, too, is an excellent fellow, and his conversation enlivened what in solitude might have proved a dull task, that of polishing silver. Mr. Bubb has a mind given to speculative and philosophical enquiries, but is far more balanced than most abstract thinkers. I have to thank him for much valuable information on kitchen matters, for considerable inspiration, and also for benefits of a more material nature. I hope he may be induced to give his opinions to the world in the columns of this review.

Of Mr. White's work I cannot write at length, for he was nominally

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on holiday. He dropped in, though, for a considerable time, and gave us some useful hints on dogs. His affection for the kitchen reminded me of the Highland postman, who, having managed to obtain a short holiday after many years' faithful service, spent it in accompanying his substitute on his rounds.

Messrs. Douglas and Redfern paid us frequent visits from the Officers' coach, but their activities cannot be regarded as coming within the scope of this article.

The organisation of the work is magnificent. There is no useless labour, no undue waste of material, no overlapping; everything works with the regularity of a well-oiled machine. The simple method of dealing with the surplus food supply excited my fervent admiration, and even moved me to a feeble attempt at emulation. The drink question was handled in an even more masterly and quite as simple fashion. Throughout all the operations, the members of the kitchen staff remained in the best of spirits and even indulged in some most delightful small-talk, which, owing to private considerations, I am unable to reproduce here.

Before I close I must attempt to refute a charge which has been brought (surreptitiously, needless to say) against these excellent men. They have been accused of stealing coal. Mr. Thornton and Mr. Bubb both denied the charge, the former epigrammatically, the latter explicitly. That they had been incited to theft, they admitted, but considerations of morality and personal safety had prevented them from succumbing to the temptation. Readers will naturally desire to know the name of the unprincipled scoundrel who attempted to lead such noble fellows into the way of grievous sin. I know the name but do not at present intend to disclose it. I would prefer to leave the culprit time for repentance and amendment; but if these are not soon apparent I may consider it my duty to publish the rascal's name and expose his underhand dealings. At present, however, I content myself (and possibly my reader) by asking "What's in a name?"

From the above remarks I hope it will be evident to all men that "A" kitchen is in a state of splendid efficiency, but (I speak as a visitor) life is not all Maconochie even there.

C. W. T.

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From Railhead to Base Hospital.

DOWN in a hedged field at the end of the straggling mining village lies the Casualty Clearing Station; some two-score large tents, their sagging roofs bedaubed with mixed colours to give some measure of invisibility from above. Along one side stretches a line of tall elm trees, and a cold night wind is blowing through their listening branches. Up behind the little camp there rises a low hillock, holding up against the driving clouds a great stone Calvary that looks down on the mean little villages rather ironically. . . .

"Something big" has been going on up at the front since the early morning: you hear many rumours of a long-prepared attack, and the guns are still booming heavily a few miles away with deep, continuous reverberations. Since mid-day the clearing station has been full to overflowing, but still an endless line of motor ambulances moves down along the crowded road from the fighting line, through the village, and into the muddy field. It is night now, starless and dark as pitch, and a lashing rain is driven hard in your face before a bitter and rising wind; but still the cars are discharging their pitiful loads in dreary succession when the train is brought into the siding which serves this desolate little camp.

From the train itself you can see scarcely anything of the clearing station to-night; only the headlights of the cars as they turn through the gate, and a few hurricane lamps flickering here and there. Near one end of the train, at the wooden foot-bridge which crosses the stream separating the camp from railway track, there stands a powerful acetylene flare, casting a circle of vivid light on the deep mud of the path. Save three or four feeble oil-lamps on the ground beside the long darkened train, this is the only light at the loading place. A few moments of uncertain waiting, and the first stretcher comes down, its weary bearers slithering and stumbling in the watery mire. As you watch the flare you see them emerge from the utter blackness beyond into the fierce glare of the light; they halt for a moment, while a cloaked officer standing on the bridge raises the waterproof sheet which protects the wounded man's face from the beating rain; a name is given and noted; the covering is dropped over the head, and the bearers move on again, seeming to vanish as by magic as they pass with their burden out of the light into the enveloping blackness. A pause, and another stretcher enters the circle of light; the same words pass, the same motions, and it too moves on, blotted out as suddenly as it appeared. Watching this, time after time, you feel as if a picture were being cast on a screen, and flashed off, over and over again; for there is something cruelly mechanical about it all. . . .

Meanwhile, up at the far end of the train—a full three hundred yards trudge in ankle-deep mud—the lying-down wards are gradually filling up; more slowly than usual, for the bearers to-night have the gait of men worn out, almost disheartened, by prolonged and ceaseless toil. The long coaches, their interiors gleaming white, and dazzlingly white in contrast with the outer darkness, were clean and fresh smelling when the first patient was lifted in through the wide double doors. But now, after half an hour or so, the indefinable, but unmistakable, smell of wounded

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men straight from the trenches, is making itself felt, and the spotless floor is stained with muddy prints, and running with water where the rain has dropped from the stretchers or scudded in through the open doors. The beds are filled, but after such a day as this has been there are more men to be carried than the beds can hold; every available foot of space is needed. Stretchers lie all down the central corridor, and leave you a passage of only ten or twelve inches; in the dispensary and in the treatment room they lie side by side on the floor; at the end of the train, one of the fourgons, dark and ill-sprung, holds a dozen and more. Of the sitting-up compartments every one is used for lying cases, stretchers on seats and floor. Walk up the train from one end to the other, and there will seem to be not a corner that has not its occupant; everywhere the same inert shapes under the dark, rough blankets; everywhere the same all-pervading smell, thick, sickening.

It is a slow and weary loading-up, harder than we have ever had before, and when at last the doors are closed and fastened the clock of the village church will soon be striking three. Slowly the train pulls off in the darkness, grating sharply over the roughly-laid points of the siding, and the long journey to the base is begun.

The dawn comes soon, its cold grey light showing up the pallid, worn faces of the wounded men more relentlessly than did the shaded electric lamps. Outside the rain has ceased, and we are passing through a pleasant rolling country of green fields, curving woods and quiet streams, beside which rise the delicate silver mists of autumn mornings. With the floor so encumbered, the ordinary round of ward duties takes longer than usual; but the food has to be served to as many as can take it. The task of dressing the wounds of men who have had only the first field dressing is a severe one, and taxes the energies of doctors, sisters and orderlies for several hours on end. From the moment the loading-up begins until the last patient is off and the wards put straight, there is scarcely more than a few minutes' rest for the workers on so heavy a trip as this. On and on the train runs, slowly for the most part, and by routes none too direct; the constant motion seems to become almost rhythmical, and as the day wears on men whose strained nerves were jarred by every jolt grow gradually calmer. Some men lie listless and brooding all day, many are cheerful, talkative, and even nonchalant; some are silent only when sleep or drugs let them forget their agony, and some few are put off at halts on the route who will never travel further.

It is evening when at last the crowding spires of the old city of Rouen come into view. In half an hour the off-loading will be starting, and all these scores of men whose care has been a long day's work will disappear from your life almost as soon as they enter it. What becomes of them afterwards you can only guess: your part is finished.

* * * * * * * *

Slowly we move towards the great city lying among the steep river-side hills, and the train draws up, waiting for signals on the bridge.

"Beaucoup de blessés ce soir, m'sieur?" asks the weather-beaten old sentry, looking up at the ward windows inquiringly.

"Ah, oui," nodding.

"C'est malheureux, n'est-ce pas? Mais que voulez-vous?" with a shrug, "c'est la guerre."

J. E. M.

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SELECTED PARAGRAPHS.

REGRETFULLY we chronicle another loss: the departure of our matron, Miss Carr. During the three months that we have spent upon No. 16 we have watched her fill most ably a position of considerable responsibility, and we are happy to feel that to her efforts we owe much of whatever efficiency we may possess. Those who have worked in "B" ward have undergone a more personal loss. More than others they were in constant contact with Miss Carr, having gained thereby a full appreciation of her methods, her ideas, and of the interest she took in their individual well-being. Though it is needless we wish Miss Carr every success at Boulogne. May we be honoured by visits from her when in garage there!

F. M. M.

Why not consistency? Daily our corridors and aisles re-echo to the mumble of affectionate philonymics. We have to date Pear-John, Harry-John, and How-John. Henceforth we demand equal Johnsonian suffrage. There must be Simp-John and Gib-John, John-John and Tomkin-John. Certain it is that half measures will never take us further than an ambitionless era of Demijohns!

F. M. M.

Despite its serene and monastic detachment from outside affairs, life on an Ambulance Train cannot proceed with entire oblivion of external happenings or it would become utterly self-centred. The Government's grim determination to enforce economy has compelled many of our contemporaries to reduce the consumption of paper required for their publications. We therefore feel it incumbent upon us to show chivalry and public-spirited sympathy by following their example. In addition,

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we consider that the wide circulation of *The Orderly Review* will emphasize the importance of the fact that economy must begin at the Front—especially since charity begins at home.

Hence the tardy appearance of the present issue. (There are other circumstantial reasons for which we claim no responsibility). The longer we delayed publication, the longer might each succeeding number be postponed. It is a principle capable of far wider application than it at present enjoys. For example, and merely one amongst many, how much time, energy, paste, rag, and wear and tear might be saved by a *judicious* postponement of brass-cleaning until rain prevented its accomplishment or darkness obliterated its seeming necessity? (Corporals, please note.) We would emphasize the word "judicious." Storekeepers and cooks might otherwise be inclined to effect a false economy in the matter of food; some misguided individual might advocate the total suppression of *The Orderly Review*. But the subject suggests such infinite possibilities that we contemplate an article on "Scientific Procrastination," to be offered to the Government for issue in pamphlet form.

C. A. H.

"It tokeneth a man of very ill-nature when a prick of the skin maketh the flesh to rankle and fester. So it is the sign of a corrupt soul when every little trouble and affliction maketh a man break out into frettings and grumbles. The wound would be nothing but for the murmuring spirit." So Jeremiah Burroughs wrote in *The Rare Jewel of Christian Contentment*, published in 1652. Some will be inclined to ask: "Was he a Christian Scientist?" That concerns us not, but the dictum is not without its point for us, for have there not been murmurings at the illegalising of "pot" shots at disappearing targets; and has not the restricted use of "primus and other stoves" (a restriction with which we fully sympathise, apart from the fact that we live in "L") provoked many a storm in a teacup? A few moments back we were conversing with the cook on a neighbouring train, who expressed his complete willingness to stay where he was "for the duration." There's an example for you! But alas, even he *had* been a grumbler. He had been in a Field Ambulance until he was wounded at Loos. "Yer know," said he, "this 'ere war's all right, the actual fightin' and that's fun, but when it comes to sleepin' in mud and havin' vermin creepin' and crawlin' over yer, it's a bit thick, it is." It's difficult to please everybody, but let us counsel our readers to adopt the "spirit of sweet reasonableness," advocated by "The Friend," towards all things.

C. A. H.

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ORATER NOMANDA

PERHAPS one of the most remarkable occurrences on the western front this week was the catastrophically sudden descent of Mr. Tregenza from his upper bunk in compartment No. 7 at an early hour on Tuesday morning. According to a reliable account obtained from a gentleman sleeping in one of the lower berths, Mr. Tregenza afterwards explained that, in his dream of that night, he was engaged in cleaning the underneath portions of the coach, when, having stepped back to admire his handiwork, he fell into a deep pit, at the bottom of which he was naturally surprised to find Mr. Clemes and Mr. Harrison.

Our statistical expert assures us that the total cubic capacity of the rain which has fallen on the station and garage of Blendecques since 6.0 a.m. to-day would, if collected into the train's buckets, not only keep the tanks full for five weeks, but would supply bath water for the whole personnel coach on three occasions and drinking water for dinner for a fortnight. An impressive reminder of the wonders of Nature.

J. E. M.

Our readers will rejoice to learn that now that we are in possession of an engine and staff, a special fatigue is promised at an early date to clean and thoroughly polish the whole of the engine and tender. Special attention is to be paid to the funnel and all brass work, while the coal will be sifted, washed and arranged symmetrically in order of weight.

The staff will be bathed and barbered. For this purpose one orderly will be detailed from each coach (two from coach "B") for the first cleaning; but in future Orderly Chalkley will act as "Special Engine Driver's Orderly," and will have the engine staff ready for inspection by the O.M.O. at 9.0 a.m. daily.

H. R. G.

[The following paragraph is interesting in the light of later experience]:

Since our last issue we have made our longest journey. We had patients on board for twenty-four hours, and then did four or five hours' cleaning. We worked hard—so hard in fact that it is reported that one orderly who had dressed hurriedly retained his pyjamas to the end—nevertheless we all enjoyed the trip and only regret that Etretat is not a recognized garage. We could spend a week there very profitably.

We hear many rumours about Serbia. Our informants agree in saying that A.T.'s 16 and 17 are to be sent across, but seem doubtful if we are to be given a chance to accompany them. Whatever foundation there may

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be for these reports, we hope no opportunity may be lost of impressing upon the authorities our suitability for such service. If "16" goes, we must go with it. We will never desert Mr. Micawber.

Only after vainly searching the map for the station of "Beru," did one of our number realise that this was Tommy's version of "Bureau" —almost as common a name in France as "Télégraphe."

H. R. G.

Since our last issue we have had the honour of lying next the Royal Train. As His Majesty was unable to inspect us, we inspected him, and satisfied ourselves that his luncheon was well cooked and served.

Lest there should be complaints of lack of variety in food, the kitchen staff gave us some unusually powerful M. & V. ration while the medical staff ably seconded their efforts with castor oil.

Our sympathies are extended to the banished Duke. We hasten to assure him, however, that in his present isolated condition his only discernible enemies are winter and rough weather.

H. R. G.

The journey from Remy was by far the worst we have had. From one point of view it was sporting. To load in the dead of night to the whistle of shells is nearer to the sort of thing we expected when we came out than anything we had yet had. Unfortunately we had some very serious cases and were saddened by three deaths. It is notable that after having had a clean sheet for four months we have had four deaths in one week.

We are interested to learn that there is no night guard on No. 17. Our sergeant in reply to a spirited attack from Warey stated in defence of the institution that he had been awakened every hour during the previous night. As he was unable to suggest any useful purpose that this had served, his defence was considered weak.

H. R. G.

A week here in garage has raised the spirits of none of us. We understand that this dismal spot is known as "La Petite Vitesse." Few will dispute the propriety of the name. Compared with our present repairers the much-maligned British Working Man is a dashing, impetuous youth.

We offer our best thanks to His Grace, The Duke of Carpentaria, for *The Orderly Review* box in the Mess-room. We are glad, however, that he did not adhere to his first intention of suspending it from fish-hooks (hameçons).

It is a matter for profound regret that Col. Gallie's faith that "There will be no crime in this unit," has not been justified. Dress Parade found many of us—all the best people in fact—wanting. Buttons had hitherto been regarded as for use rather than for ornament; in the Army, on the contrary, it is "not so, but far otherwise."

H. R. G.

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Sister Cockburn has departed, and the loss of her ever-present cheeriness and kindness has already been most marked in at least one direction. The numbers on the sick list dwindle daily—the inducement to become a patient is so much less.

The ways of Providence—and Queer Street—are inscrutable, but sometimes strangely work together for our good. Thus we are now enjoying Christmas fare " via Vere Street," and the invalids are demonstrating the after-effects of a prolonged spell of light diet.

Our sympathies are extended to Corporal Young in his struggles with Army Form F.736. We understand that the strain placed upon his imagination in supplying details of the earlier trips was very real. The rearrangement of night guard was certainly providential. Had he still been obliged to find a reason each week for taking first guard it is feared that the effort might have proved fatal.

C. A. H.

The great Essay Competition is finished at last! We have not had the pleasure of reading all the solutions, but we suspect that the judges' report itself is the most curious document of the lot. The disquisition upon Zadkiel and Old Moore with which it starts is sufficiently remarkable, but what can be said when eight out of the thirteen essays were disqualified because the word " Problems " was put in the wrong corner of the envelope, and the remaining five because *red* ink was not used to tick off each hundred words? We are not surprised that the result was disappointing to the organisers.

To a detached observer, football seems a curious sport, at least as followed on 16 A.T. Simpson, bursting with vicarious enthusiasm, urges a more or less willing captain to arrange a match and the team, protesting bitterly, is harassed and goaded to the field. If any pleasure is derived from the game it is skilfully dissembled and the day closes in deep gloom. Personally we prefer some more cheerful diversion—night guard, for instance, or a funeral.

What merry wags our engine drivers are! What could be more delightfully comical than their sudden stops? Or more irresistibly humorous than their celebrated imitation of a terrier shaking a rat?

Misled by the reception of these favourite " turns " they have lately introduced a tug-of-war between two engines with an Ambulance Train as a rope. Unfortunately, A.T.'s were not built to stand the strain, and we would like, in all kindness, to warn our friends that this is a joke which will quickly pall upon the D.A.D.M.S., A.T., H.Q., I.G.C.

Will our friends in England believe us when we tell them that our engine driver ran along beside his engine at Etretat shoving stones under its wheels? Probably not.

H. R. G.

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For an A.T. manned by Quakers, Pacifists, Vegetarians, Esperantists, Fellows of the No-Conscription Ship, the Boxing Entertainment was passing fair. The Quakers fought, the Pacifists mafficked, the No-Conscriptionists were compelled, nothing was offered to the Vegetarians but raw beef, whilst the Esperantists revelled in the most horrible Chinese imprecations.

No longer may the ration tins be cast upon the line, though we know with an inward certitude that transcends the bonds of reason that this is the simple, obvious and proper thing to do. It seems, the authorities—those gods whose thought no man may search—have entertained some prejudice against the custom, though it is almost as hard to hit a sentry as a Taube, when the train is moving. And so, as the part of good feeling is to respect even prejudices we cannot understand, we have decided to discontinue the practice. For ourselves, good custom, we part from thee with sadness! The poetry of those rusting tins and the free Bohemian manner of their disposal were among the few uplifting influences of our life. The sense of loss o'ercomes us!

J. A. G.

Letters to the Editor.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Orderly Review.*

DEAR SIR,—May I make use of your pages for a public appeal? The F.A.U., as many of your readers are aware, has recently been lent a large and beautifully-appointed Ambulance Train. This magnificent new specimen is constantly being reviewed by large numbers of visitors, many of whom come from a considerable distance especially to see it.

Now the exhibit is at present travelling round France and in the existing state of French railways, it is inevitable that the roof should be covered with dust, while from the lack of discretion of the French oilers, the wheels and underframe are splashed with oil and dirt.

The attendants in charge feel that it would be well to provide some protection from these evils and we therefore wish to appeal for a GLASS CASE in which to keep and show our new possession.

Trusting that this may touch the heart of some generous reader,

I remain, Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

CURATOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Orderly Review.*

DEAR SIR:—Are the walls of Hell painted white? Do they use French coal?

Yours warmly—drop a line,

ANXIOUS.

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THE SPORTING YEAR

— A RETROSPECT —

INTRODUCTORY.

DURING our stay in France, sport has perhaps played a more important part than anything else in establishing and maintaining cordial relations with various branches of the Army. There was naturally a tendency for Army men to look askance at anything so opposed to all that they stood for, as a Unit of Conscientious Objectors, but on the playing fields of France they quickly realised that we were men very much like themselves, that, notwithstanding our beliefs, we could play football and cricket, and on the strength of that we were admitted into comradeship.

Besides improving our relationship with other units, games have done a great deal for us as a Train. Opportunities for exercise have been conspicuous by their absence, but while it has not always been possible for leave to be granted to take walks in which the personnel scatters in all directions, it is a very different thing to grant leave for a cricket or football match, for then everyone is in the same place and can be recalled to the train if a movement order arrives.

Active service football and cricket differ vastly from the peace-time varieties. Vigour and bustle have largely taken the place of science, chiefly owing to the condition of the grounds. These varied greatly. At Sotteville a good civilian football ground could be hired at exorbitant prices, most C.C.S.'s had fairly good fields which they were willing to lend, and failing anything else, any piece of ground, four field telegraph poles, and several yards of bandage have sufficed.

Football is the soldier's great game: to him, mud, sand and snow, inches thick, constitute no serious impediment, and we were always willing to oblige as opponents.

If the grounds were bad for football, they were infinitely worse for cricket; and whilst camouflaged tarpaulin and cocoanut matting hide a multitude of hills and hollows, they were not always available. Most of our playing pitches were composed of dried mud, and to make things yet harder for the batsman there were occasional oases of grass in all the most awkward places. The outfield was always either long grass or hard mud, and the one is as unsatisfactory to the batsman as the other is to the fielder. On several occasions trenches, railway lines and other obstacles added greatly to the enjoyment of the spectators and the discomfiture of the players. Chiefly because of the pitches, the ball always held mastery over the bat, and in a season when we won eight out of nine matches played, the highest batting average was only 9.6.

Another form of exercise which was indulged in by an enthusiastic

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few was running. This was very valuable when we were not garaged alongside another train, and also appealed to some who were not in the football or cricket teams.

During the summer, bathing was taken up by nearly everyone, and it is on record that some hardy, or foolhardy, ones bathed consistently all the year round, on every possible occasion. The bathing places varied as much as the cricket and football pitches, but while few people had sufficient confidence in the anti-typhoid inoculation to bathe in some of the streams used, the ponds at Strazeele and the sea at various places met the approval of all. One of the best inland watering places was Crouy, where we held our first and last Aquatic Sports in the Somme. Here also, our solitary water-polo match was played, and lost.

G. S. P.

FOOTBALL. Season 1915-16.

The formation of our first football team was a problem of great perplexity, not due to lack of enthusiasm, but more to the timidity of fellows in declaring themselves to be " working propositions " at the game. After much display of self-denial of the " You play, I cannot " style, a team was ultimately formed to oppose No. 10 A.T. at Blendecques. Despite immaculate F.A.U. trousers and brightly polished brown boots, we made a highly creditable display. Several more matches were played, by which time some players had managed to receive football shorts, so that when the team turned out it resembled a burlesque crew rather than a football team. Many changes took place in the team each match, for it was agreed that all potential players should be given a trial. We did not achieve much glory so far as results were concerned, but we had exercise, and created friendly feelings, which probably stand higher in order of merit than an undefeated record. In a month's time our professional rig-out arrived from Dunkerque, and as we turned out in our quaker-grey jerseys, notably patented by a huge " 16 " in red, we drew admiration from all whom we encountered. The first season was successful in giving us some idea of football grounds in France, and of the opponents we were likely to meet.

The team for this season was selected from the following :—Bracey, Clemes, Collier, Cooper, Gibson, Harris, Harrison, Hill, Howson, J.L., Hoyles, Lambourn, Moore, R.C., Muschamp, Pollard, Pumphrey, Stanley, Tiplady, Tomlin, Tregenza, White, J., and Young (Captain).

Summary of matches :—Played 13 ; Won 6 ; Lost 7. Goals for, 31 ; against, 25.

F. H. S.

CRICKET. Season 1916.

Our opening cricket season in France was not a success.

Our players, perhaps too used to true and level pitches, did not accommodate themselves so quickly as their opponents to the rough, crumbling, sun-baked mud of which the pitches were usually composed.

Our play at the commencement was too correct ; we had not then perfected the mashie-shot which was practically the only scoring stroke. Our bowlers also were slow to realise that, whilst the perfectly good length ball would probably be knocked for four, a yorker, a cannon from a handy

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mole-hill or other more unorthodox delivery would probably result in a wicket.

When once these elementary facts were firmly grasped, we did much better, for after losing six out of the first eight matches, we won the remaining four.

The regular players were :—Moore, R. C., Kitching, W.H., Pumphrey, Fry, Kitching, H., Young (Captain), Gibson, Pollard, Ellis, E. W., Carr, and Stanley.

Summary of Matches: Played, 12; Lost, 6; Won, 5; Drawn, 1.

G. S. P.

Debates.

SEVERAL interesting and amusing debates were held during the period, which were well attended and much enjoyed. Two of them, the debate on the N.V.S. and the Train Tribunal, are dealt with elsewhere. Of the remainder the Trial of the "Tobacco Trust" is most noteworthy. On this occasion we had the assistance of two distinguished visitors, Arnold Rowntree, M.P., and the Hon. J. W. Wilson, P.C., M.P., the latter of whom filled the position of judge with an admirable blend of solemnity and humour.

The accused were two members of the Train who had conceived the idea of cornering the available supply of tobacco by purchasing the rations of those who would part with them, in the hope that at a time of scarcity they might realise a handsome profit.

By dint of keen bargaining they had secured a large stock of cigarettes and tobacco, when they were brought to book for practices which were against the public interest. In the course of the proceedings it was proved that in some instances they had refused to pay cash, proffering instead worthless I.O.U.'s, made out on paper which carried with it its own condemnation. Felix Morley, for the Crown, attacked the accused with fiery eloquence, while the summing-up of the learned judge told heavily against them and a verdict of "Guilty" was returned.

All that remains of a discussion of the effect of the war upon the Intellect of Europe is a memory of Howson draped in a trench blanket, and of Holman's reference to him as "a type of intellectual rustic."

A motion in favour of Co-education was carried by a large majority, Sidcot scholars voting on both sides, after a very amusing discussion.

The proposition "That Individual Liberty should be sacrificed to National Expediency in times of crisis" was put to the meeting, after an inconclusive debate, when only a minority voted. At least two remarkable statements were made. Jack White declared that the best men were always elected to posts in the government, while Wallis assured us that "La République n'a pas besoin de savon," information derived no doubt from the French railway staff, who apparently live in that faith.

H. R. G.

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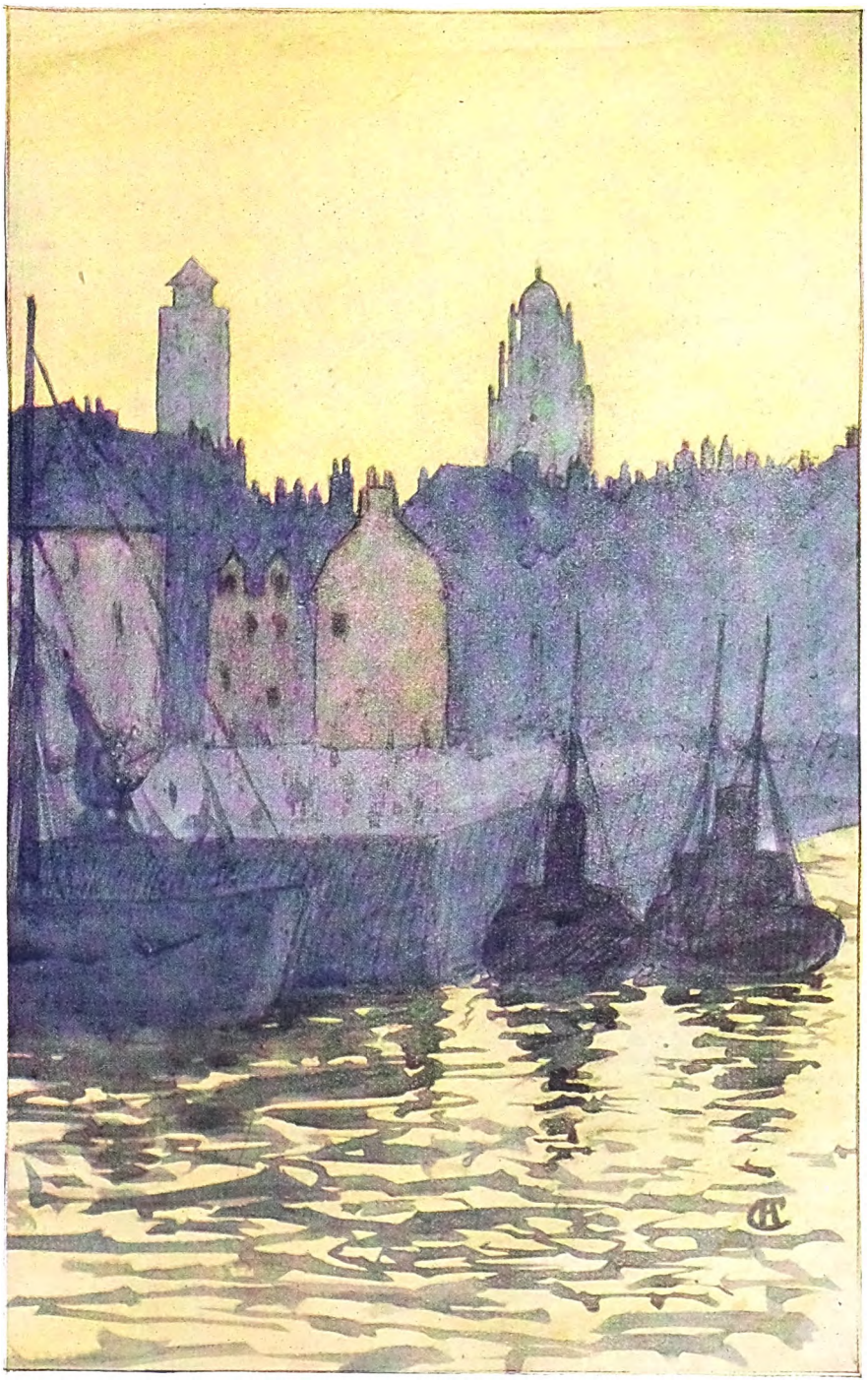

CALAIS. (From the Landing Stage.)

To face p. 103

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Period II.

BATTLES FOR POSITION.

1st JULY, 1916—21st MARCH, 1918.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE TO THE SECOND PERIOD.

THE Battle of the Somme was our first experience of what heavy continuous fighting means from the point of view of Ambulance Trains. Hitherto our life had been fairly regular with definite intervals between one load and another; but now began a period when trains loaded up as soon as they reached the front, at any hour of the day or night; and after off-loading, returned to the front by the first available marche. When fighting slackened they garaged at the front, usually alongside a clearing station, until such time as a load was ready.

This style of warfare—battles for position—continued until the great German offensive of March, 1918, brought a return to "open warfare," and, as a result, throughout this period the conditions of our life remained almost unchanged. The only big event was the German retirement to the Hindenburg line, which took us right across the old battle area into districts where at least grass remained. But despite slight changes of scene in various sectors, the general scheme remained the same, and save for occasional bouts of evacuation trips, we garaged at the front, staying at the various bases only long enough to off-load.

H. R. G.

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AMBULANCE TRAIN No. 16, AUGUST, 1916—AUGUST, 1917

A Medley.

A BROCHURE OF THE YEAR'S WORK READ AT THE CELEBRATION OF OUR SECOND ANNIVERSARY, BY H. R. GILL.

[NOTE.—This and similar articles were written for the personnel, and deal very freely with various incidents. They must not be taken as literally accurate, since in many cases truth has been sacrificed in the interests of art. This is particularly so where members of the personnel are concerned.]

HAT the first year of our life on No. 16 was chronicled by Howson and the second by myself is alone sufficient to account for a considerable falling-off in quality, when it is borne in mind that the material at my disposal is much less varied. I hope that this effort will not be judged too hardly. That I undertook the task at all is the fault of the Sports Committee who commissioned Harrison and Young to spring the request upon me. Their astuteness in sending the most persuasive with the most truculent man on the train as their representatives was undoubted; whether they were as well advised in their choice of a victim is less certain.

Last anniversary found us just settling down to a new way of life. Twelve of our number, most of whom had been with us since our Oxhey Camp days, had gone to Staff No. 5, and in their stead we had received the Twelve Apostles—high-minded, pure-souled boys, filled with zeal and energy from their strenuous training at Jordans and Dunkirk. Moreover, the departure of Collier had necessitated the appointment of a successor, and the present writer exchanged a modest industrious life for the demoralising position of critic, bearer of unwelcome tidings, etc. Just at this time too, certain changes took place in the Staff Coach, by which we suffered much tribulation for a month or two.

The Anniversary and all its rejoicings safely over, we went into garage at Boulogne. After the very strenuous six weeks, this holiday by the sea was enjoyed by all (even by those who did not admit it at the time). Bathing, picnics, sea-fishing, dinners, etc.—all tastes were catered for, and the glorious weather enhanced our pleasure.

One incident is worth recalling. The time: 10 a.m. of a Sunday morning; scene: "L" coach. Enter Col. Gallie with No. 17's new O.C. "Now this is the train to see. Always beautifully kept." To Caddis Pumphrey: "Where's your O.C., my boy? Tell him I've brought an Officer to see over the train." "Captain Rees has gone out, sir." "Oh, and where has he gone?" "I don't know, sir." "Had he a raincoat with him?" "Yes, sir." "Has he gone to Church?" "I couldn't say, sir." "Now my boy, tell me, do you think he's gone to Church? Do you think he has?" Pumphrey, reluctantly, "Well, no, I don't." "And neither do I, my boy, neither do I. He's gone

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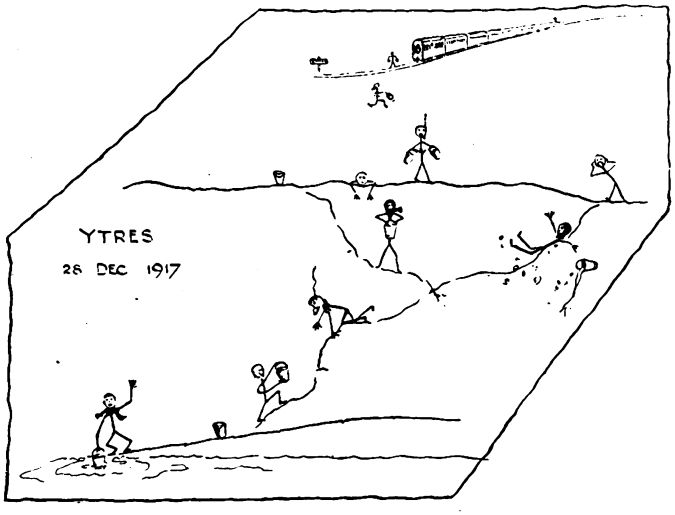
to the Officers' Club, I'll be bound, to get a drink. I can't have my officers going out for drinks at this time of day, can I?" Needless to say, the personnel were much cheered by this slander of their Commanding Officer, who upon his return remarked that as a matter of fact he had been to Church. As might be expected, the inspection was a success. "Beautiful, beautiful, wonderfully clean. This is still as good a train as any on the line. Now, this is how you want things on No. 17." Everyone was pleased, in fact, save the O.C., who had spent hours in preparing statistics of our doings in July with which to overwhelm the D.A.D.M.S., A.T.



Those days passed all too quickly for most people, and we left for Lapugnoy. A trip one day and blackberries the next was the rule for a week, until one afternoon when the entire contents of No. 4 Bunk were spread upon the ground outside the personnel, an order was received to leave for Doullens at 5 o'clock.

Now leave had been given till 8 o'clock, so that there was a good chance of leaving half the personnel behind. However, a timely thunderstorm, combined with No. 16's usual luck, enabled us to leave with our full complement, to finish up at Puchevillers in the small hours of the morning. After a week at St. Pol we took another load from Puchevillers to Boulogne.

That trip was the last quick run we were to have for many a day. From Boulogne we went to Heilly to pay our second visit. As we left Amiens we began to pass a long string of stationary trains studded with A.T.'s at short intervals. Little did we realise then the awful significance of this sight, but we were soon to learn.

We started loading about 7 o'clock that night, and got perhaps the worst load we have ever taken—forty-eight in each lying ward, and five a compartment. Capt. Rees selected light cases as the cars arrived, and sent down to the lying end only those who could by no means be got into a sitting ward. The result can be easily imagined by any of us who were not present at the time. It is pleasant to recall that members of

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the kitchen staff, and the officers' and sisters' orderlies were so carried away by enthusiasm as to offer very welcome assistance in the wards. Sergt. Young also nobly volunteered, although his ardour was somewhat cooled by his experience with the first patient he handled. We carried only four sick that trip, but as fate would have it, this was one. The C.C.S. was very full; the patient had dysentery. However, after an interval for repairs our hero returned and lent us his powerful aid, though now his enthusiasm was tempered by caution, and full enquiries were made before a patient was lifted.

Heilly was left at 11 o'clock, and Amiens reached at last at 12.25 the next afternoon, rather less than one mile an hour. As a result of this delay three of our patients died during the journey.

A few days later we set out for Contay, encountering another block of nine or ten hours, and loading at 2 a.m. At 5.30 a fearful bumping informed us that "L" coach was derailed. Agitated orderlies pulled the cord in "M" and "H" and after some delay the train was brought to a standstill. The N.C.O. on duty, like him who

> Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
> And would have told him half his Troy was burned,

informed the O.C. and the senior N.C.O. of the disaster, after pointing it out to the French, and patients and equipment were hastily transferred to the adjacent wards.

The Vecquemont R.T.O. was soon on the scene and very angry. He accused us of tearing up his track for nearly a mile, and seemed to think we had done so on purpose, a point upon which Capt. Rees very soon undeceived him. It was upon this occasion that Duke appeared for the first—and last—time in the combined rôle of officers' orderly and cook, entertaining Dr. Tisdall in his little coach, what time the orderlies on the front half of the train sought in vain for some place in which to make up their night's rest.

We gained some insight into the workings of a military board of enquiry. The accident was evidently due to one of two things: either the train was exceeding the speed limit fixed for that line, or the track was badly laid. Accordingly evidence was required as to the speed at which we were going at the time.

Two corporals and Howson were in "H" kitchen when "L" coach went off. They were not questioned, but enquiries were made of Brook, who was on the top bunk in the kit store, and the Q.M.S., who slept peacefully in the personnel, until wakened with the news. We yield to none in our appreciation of our senior N.C.O's qualities as a man and an engineer, but we admit doubts as to his powers as a speedometer during his sleep. However, having received estimates of 10—15 m.p.h., the R.E. Officer endeavoured with some success to make this read 20. The Board had sat to determine why five coaches of another A.T. had been derailed, and were about to take formal statements from Brook and Simpson and Pumphrey as to our mishap, when after twelve hours delay the train moved off, and the witnesses bolted out of the court. This did not end the matter, however, as at Etaples we found telegrams awaiting

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us with instructions that signed statements were to be forwarded at once. We understand that the Q.M.S's opened "I was asleep at the time but was told . . ." We heard afterwards that the accident was due to the fact that cavalry had been picketed in the neighbourhood—a satisfactorily innocuous conclusion.

We followed this trip with one to Havre, arriving at that cheerful spot at 4 a.m., to find it deserted, empty, echoing, chill. A faint light burned in the E.M.O.'s office, and a blear-eyed clerk produced a note asking that the patients should be fed, and relapsed once more into slumber. How nice for orderlies and officers who had been awakened at Harfleur at 2.30! At 9 o'clock the E.M.O. rolled up and asked if we were ready, and after our departure complained to the D.D.M.S. that we had spilled water in the station.

About this time the sisters' orderly left the train mysteriously. Could it be an elopement? Hardly, for no one else was missing. Had the troubles incident to his post driven him to commit the act of suicide he had often threatened? We shuddered in silence fearing to see his bald-headed corpse brought to our doors upon a stretcher. The night passed in anxiety, but on the morrow the truant returned in good health with two ducks, the companions of his wanderings, the solace of his sleepless night. The explanation was simple. We arrived at Abbeville en route for Longueau. While he rushed into the town we moved into garage; on his return, with laudable promptitude he boarded an Amiens express hoping to overtake us. As the Bosches chose that night for an air raid, he spent it in a subway in acute discomfort, and returned to Abbeville a sadder but more blasphemous man.

On October the 11th we arrived at Etaples from Contay, and proceeded to load for Havre before we finished off-loading. The two trips overlapped by some ten minutes.

On our return to Abbeville, Capt. Rees left us suddenly, and was succeeded by Capt. West, who, we are glad to say, is with us yet. His arrival ended the unpopular and somewhat ineffective system of giving leave to one half of the train at a time. If you wanted to go out it was always B's leave, when you had to search for some sluggard whose leave you could borrow. Messrs. Gill were useful at such times.

At this time Howson and Daws left us, ostensibly to go to hospital at Abbeville, but in reality to see a little more of France than was possible upon the train. This they accomplished, returning a month later after experiences at Abbeville and Rouen. For the whole of this period they had carefully hidden themselves, and it was only their betrayal by an enemy that led to their apprehension at No. 2 Red Cross Hospital, Rouen.

On October 21st, we visited Edgehill, and for the first time visited Albert; some daring spirits even got so far as Fricourt, returning laden with glory and shell noses. We were seeing life.

Early in October, we lost for a while our only inimitable carpenter, electrician, and anarchical socialist. For weeks, so he was told, he had suffered from acute indigestion, had been unable to eat anything tougher than suet, and was, in fact, breaking down. Duke himself had not known

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these things, but who was he to dispute the statements of the O.C.? Accordingly representations of his toothless state and failing health were made to the D.A.D.M.S. in piteous terms, and he was granted leave to get refitted, returning about a fortnight later with new dining-room furniture of which he made great display upon the smallest encouragement.

We were not without troubles. The sisters were presented with a dog, which deserted after one day's train life, but, alas, some well-meaning but foolish R.E's. or A.S.C. men found a substitute which stayed all too long. It was a practice in these days to visit "A" kitchen, steer the talk on to the subject of dogs and mark the progress on the downward path of the various inhabitants. Finally it was understood that the train must lose the dog or the staff coach orderlies. The dog went and the crisis was over.

Early in November we spent some days at Doullens, remarkable chiefly for water fatigues starting after breakfast and lasting well on into the afternoon. The train was surrounded by troops who besieged the kitchens for tea, and watched our meals with envy. The only compensation we had was in observing the efforts of an R.T.O., assisted by what appeared to be a Jew auctioneer's clerk, to sort the men of the various divisions into their proper coaches. Unfortunately, as he altered the destinations of the coaches on an average twice an hour the problem appeared insoluble. We were cheered on another night by various Scotch melodies from a party of Jocks, inspired, not, as some of us thought, by national sentiment, but by some dozens of bottles of champagne looted from a neighbouring truck. Chocolate also was cheap that night.

At Warlincourt a truculent Sergt.-Major, misled by his raincoat and gum boots, terrified H. R. Gill by mistaking him for an officer and addressing him as "Sir" at every sentence. For months the wretched corporal trembled at the thought of returning there in fine weather, but happily the time never came.

The taking of Beaumont Hamel gave us three loads. One preliminary clearance, one load of sitters which broke our previous record by three patients, and one load of stretcher cases which deserves fuller mention. We reached Varennes soon after breakfast, and were told we were not loading, so no one was surprised to see ten—(I almost said ten more)—lying officers appear outside "B" ward. These were followed by the bulk of No. 101's cases, which kept us busy till dinner time, when they had sent the number allotted to them. However, their S.-M., appropriately described by Pearjohn as the "agricultural looking gentleman," was losing no opportunities and continued to send on any patients he could gather in. At 2 o'clock No. 94 C.C.S. started with a fleet of laden trolleys and an R.S.M. who advanced rapidly from smartness to profanity as he realised the difficulties of sorting out cases for the sitting-up end. Owing to the tactics of our agricultural friend and the base conduct of the E.M.O. in telling us to expect 70 sitters and sending stretchers in their place at the last moment, it became necessary to remove half a dozen men from each lying ward to make room for still more serious cases—no light matter in a ward of 48 with only one orderly and two corporals to do it. Our sole satisfaction was in hearing the Colonel strafe the E.M.O.

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Some idea of this latter gentleman may be obtained from a slight account of our next visit, minus "B" and "C."

"We've got 90 stretchers and 150 sitters."

"Right, sir, we can get the stretchers into two coaches. Any officers, sir?"

"Oh, officers. Let me see. How many officers have you, Sergeant-Major?" "Seven lying, five sitting." "Oh, yes."

Half an hour later. "We've 60 stretchers coming from the other C.C.S., you know." "Yes, as well as the 93."

Q.M.S. departs to arrange.

"Any more officers, sir?" "Ah, let me see. How many have you, Sergeant-Major?" "Seven and five, sir." "And how many are coming from No. 11, I wonder?" "I have ten and five." "Oh, yes. How many is that?" "Twelve lying, ten sitting." "Yes, that's it, corporal, twelve and ten."

Later. E.M.O.—"Corporal." Corp. "In here." "Sick? 'L' coach?" "Yes, sir." "There's one officer may be coming late. I want you to keep a bed for him." "Yes, sir. We are keeping beds for twelve officers. Is this one of them, sir?" "Oh, I don't know. Let me see. How many officers have you, Sergeant-Major?" "Seven and five, sir." "I wonder how many are coming from the other C.C.S." "Five and five, you said, sir." "Oh, yes—see—seven and five. Yes, that is twelve—then this is one of them." "Yes, sir, I'll keep a bed for him."

Later.—"Oh, Corporal, you are in charge of this ward, aren't you? One officer may be late. He is in the theatre, etc., etc., etc."

It is pleasant to remember that Varennes is no longer on our list.

A day or two later we reached Tréport with our record load. Capt. West suddenly departed on leave, Capt. Forrest taking his place, and we loaded for Havre. There we lost a hundred blankets, and Harrijohn developed measles, which relegated No. 7 bunk to the isolation coach.

We have had few alarms on the train, but the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Mr. Carr among the Abbeville sidings caused us a good deal of uneasiness. Before we left for Doullens that night the triage was searched from end to end, and enquiries made of the A.P.M. and R.T.O's without result. Simpy drafted a letter to Carr's parents—or is reported to have done so—and we all spoke of his virtues and achievements in the kind way one treats the departed, but fortunately upon our return to Abbeville the wanderer rejoined us, none the worse for his adventure. He had been deceived by the shifting of the train and gone to Etaples in search of it.

On November 8th, we lost one of the most deservedly popular men on the train. "Father" Thornton, who had been with the Unit as cook since the first Camp at Jordans and who joined the train a few days after the rest of us, is a really remarkable man. As a humorist he had few equals, the swiftness and force of his repartee assured the defeat of anyone who dared cross words with him, while in what is usually known as "language"

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he was a true artist, inevitably selecting the most appropriate and telling phrase. Who does not remember with joy some of the stories of his past life, in business or in matrimony, while many of his epithets are still current upon the train. He might be described as remarkable above all for four things—his skill as a cook, his kindness of heart, his blistering tongue, and his uncanny power of catching an offender in the eye with a piece of raw steak or lump of pastry without any interruption of his work at the other end of the kitchen. The best of fortune to him! He has the good wishes of us all.

On December 19th, we went into garage at Boulogne, and were astonished to find the usually lethargic French roused to a state of great activity. They told us we were to leave in two days, and for their part they were ready. The R.E.'s were not. They moved "A" kitchen stove to the middle of the floor and spent much time in gazing at a new boiler. Failing to fix it by the power of the human eye, they apparently gave up the job, and we went out in the middle of the night to Edgehill, plus all their tools.

We left behind us (1) Dr. Burnham, who went on leave, and, alas, returned no more. (2) Three Sisters who could not be summoned in time. (3) The Q.M.S. who had gone to Dunkirk. (4) The kitchen chimney.

On Christmas Eve, "E" coach was derailed at Rouen, and the concertina between "E" and "F" so chewed up that we went into garage at Sotteville while it was repaired. Mr. and Mrs. Marsh at home to visitors, while on their unofficial honeymoon.*

Dinner was an unqualified success. Quality and quantity were all that could be desired. F.A.U. turkeys and Army puddings disappeared at a rate which left our appreciation of them in no doubt, while sweets most kindly provided by Sister Piza were enjoyed by all. Our Christmas holiday lasted a week, during which time many visits were paid to Rouen by members of the personnel who amused themselves according to their divers tastes.

After three more loads from the front, including a trip to Etretat, we entered upon a series of evacuations which lasted almost without a break until the middle of April. We evacuated patients in every possible way—to Calais and to Boulogne from Etaples, and to Le Havre from Etaples, Le Tréport, Abbeville and Rouen. For five weeks we stuck on Rouen—Havre trips, hardly ever taking fewer than 300 stretchers at a time. This period is looked back to with horror or with regret. On the one hand, for them as likes it, there was Sotteville, with a weekly drama upon the green and nightly song at the Chalet, and there were reliable numbers, ample warning of loads and short journeys. The Etat engines and rails even made an appeal to some enthusiastically mechanical minds. On the other hand the whole business was so flat, stale and unprofitable, without interest or satisfaction, that a movement order for Abbeville even was hailed with joy by others as putting a period to this term of exile.

* H. J. Chalkley was "Mrs. Marsh" after appearing most successfully as "Myra Bubbington" in "The Incinerator Man."

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For weeks we were without the use of "A" kitchen range. Time after time we received movement orders for Boulogne and hoped to be repaired, but time after time we failed to attain our objective. On one occasion we reached the station but failed to consolidate our position; a determined counter-attack driving us as far back as Etaples whence we retreated once more to Le Havre. We finally started repairs in the depths of the hardest and most persistent frost most of us remember. The first day found us at Edgehill where in obedience to orders "B" ward tried to scrub their floor, but merely converted the place into a skating rink. Pipes froze everywhere, even in the kitchens. The climax was reached when the big dixie full of boiling water, taken off the range at night and left in the kitchen with a big fire going, was frozen solid by morning, and, like the porridge left to cook overnight, had to be chipped out of the pot with an axe. Every bolt and screw was capped with hoar frost which melted not for weeks. In these circumstances the personnel naturally had a pleasant time. Even when loaded, the temperature remained well below freezing point in the wards, especially as the steam pipes froze and defied the best efforts of the French to thaw them out. Our invaluable Duke mended pipes which burst again as soon as finished, but owing to his labours it was possible to keep a little water in some of the tanks on the train.

Our spell of evacuations was broken at last by a visit to Bray. That afternoon the entire personnel set out for the Old Line in spite of threatening weather and a gale of wind. After an interesting inspection of shell holes, mine-craters, etc., they started back for the train in the teeth of the storm. The rain which had threatened, descended, and to give them some idea of what winter campaigning really was, turned to snow. By the time the train was reached, all were soaked to the skin, and "R" coach was festooned with dripping garments to the dismay of Mr. Robert Daws, who felt that the climax was reached when a corporal emptied not less than one pint of water from each boot into the corridor. We felt that we had tasted some of the horrors of war, put on dry clothes and went to bed after a large tea. How nice to be all night in a dug-out or shell-hole with sodden biscuits and petrol-flavoured water to refresh oneself with!

Followed a few trips to Edgehill, when No. 4 bunk again secured a sudden and unexpected movement order by indulging in a white paint strafe.

On April 10th we received a movement order for Miraumont—intense excitement—which we reached the following morning. For the first time we passed the lines of our old trenches and entered upon the most desolate region of God's earth, the Battlefield of the Somme and Ancre, made sacred for ever by the imperishable gallantry of British and German alike who endured that Hell day after day, week after week, until the predominance of our artillery and the persistence of our attack forced the German retirement.

There our friends, our cousins, our brothers, laid down their lives.

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In that valley by Beaumont Hamel they died, and there in the words of a recent poem of Kipling's—"The Children"—

> The flesh we had nursed from the first in all cleanness was given—
> To corruption unveiled and assailed by the malice of Heaven.
> By the heart-breaking jests of Decay where it lolled on the wires
> To be blanched or gay painted by fumes—to be cindered by fires—
> To be senselessly tossed and re-tossed in stale mutilation
> From Crater to Crater. For this we shall take expiation,
> But who shall return us our children?

Three days at Miraumont enabled us to see as much of a modern battlefield as will last us for our lives. A lighter touch was furnished by the mistake some of our number made in supposing the cavalry camp along the hill to be permanently deserted. They explored it accordingly with considerable freedom and were greatly taken aback to find it fully tenanted next day. From Miraumont we went to Grévillers, within easy distance of Bapaume, which historic town we entered exactly a month after the famous Mr. Beach Thomas.

Grévillers suited us all very well the first day. It had been the scene of a rearguard action, but in comparison with the horror of Miraumont the green fields were very attractive, while the neighbouring trenches and dug-outs afforded a good deal of interest and the whole district was scattered with shells and bombs of every description exploded and unexploded.

The next morning, however, our friends the Bosches sent over some few dozen H.E. shells which burst unpleasantly near us. One knocked out the engine which had brought us up the day before, and another pitched in the C.C.S., fortunately without doing any damage. We are all glad, probably, to have had the experience, even though we found it a little trying at the time. We can hold our own now with other trains, and in this we have received the enthusiastic support of No. 93 Australian C.C.S., who in return for our assistance in preparing a cricket pitch have spread the most highly-coloured stories of our peril, though they couple it with the base and unfounded story that the Q.M.S. came over every half hour to ask if they had not a load for us. Here occurred an incident which has been dealt with elsewhere—the breaking of the calm of a Sunday afternoon by an F.A.U. bombing party, whose curiosity got the better of their discretion. It was gently pointed out that schools of instruction were provided at various bases while a practical course could be taken a few miles further on. The net result was one fine soakage pit.

May 3rd saw us arrive at Grévillers about 9 o'clock where we found the load we had waited for since last July. Fifty-six stretchers we took, and 768 sitters. No. 93 Australian sent their patients on smartly in batches of fifty. No. 93 British were less well organized and kept us waiting. At the end they reported themselves unable to supply the last 35, accordingly Australian filled the gap. As these patients entered the train, along came another 35 from the British, giving us a total load of 824 which is understood to be a record for all A.T's.* Opinions as to the load may differ. The patients were packed in pretty tightly—too tightly

* We believe this record was surpassed in 1918 by another A.T.

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for comfort from the ordinary point of view, but as they themselves said—"Never you mind, chum, we'll ride on the buffers or the steps so long as we get down all right"—and as they slept uninterruptedly throughout the journey, our anxiety on their behalf seems to be misplaced. Moreover the C.C.S's were in no two minds as to the benefit conferred in relieving them of 800 patients when they were rushed off their feet with work.

The middle of May saw us back in Boulogne, where we spent a week, leaving for a week or two with the Third Army. Agnez was a new place and on the whole a pleasant one. The little stream hard by held numbers of excellent trout which made a very welcome change at the breakfast table, and furnished various members of the personnel with delightful occupation for the afternoons and evenings, even if they had not too much to show for their time.

It was now that an organized cleaning of the outsides set in, with great severity. An ancient fourgon started it. Only those who worked upon it can guess the extraordinary labours expended upon this wretched vehicle. Various materials, orthodox and unorthodox, were employed, upon which we will not dwell, merely remarking in passing that the Mines de Marles produce more things than coal and ballast. Some people evidently considered that a stream of forcible language directed at the portion they were cleaning removed the dirt rather as a blow-lamp removes paint. The staff coach and wards followed the fourgon, bogies, under-frames and buffer-housings coming in for a good deal of attention. It has been calculated that the energy expended in this work, would, if diverted into other channels, have sufficed to drive a mine shaft from Hazebrouck to Bruges, or to furnish stores fatigues for twenty-three years. The results, though gratifying as far as they went, were by no means commensurate with the labour involved.

The day after the taking of Messines Ridge we visited Remy for the first time since last August, and loaded up during the afternoon, taking down to Etaples a good many Germans.

Here, with our usual genius for convalescent trips, we loaded for Havre, which we reached the following morning. Our orders were for St. Omer, but to our regret we stuck at Abbeville, leaving that afternoon for Villers-Bretonneux, and finally garaging at Chemin Vert. Of our stay there enough has been said in the columns of *The Orderly Review*. Some of us found it attractive; others remember it with loathing. At least we had some good cricket. Our stay at Villers-Bretonneux was shortened, owing to an accident to Brig.-Gen. Seely, late Secretary of State for War. Largely on his account we went up to Tincourt and got a small load. Our distinguished patient told us we were bound for Boulogne in fulfilment of Sir Arthur Sloggett's promise that he should go to Wimereux. In his honour a tin of Mr. Maconochie's chicken was opened and lime juice flowed in profusion. The General was a pleasing guest, thanking the orderlies for all they did, and, by his mere presence, suppressing one or two Second Lieutenants who had been very trying before his arrival. Not everyone could look at all impressive while wrapped in red blankets, with a blue and white sunshade slanted coquettishly over one shoulder, but here the true greatness of the man was apparent. His unusual costume

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served but to enhance the dignity of his appearance and threw into relief the lofty majesty of his face. He left us, swathed in red blankets and propped up on pillows, a corporal accompanying him right to the hospital—whether in the interests of the patient or the pillows was not definitely stated; if the General understood one thing and the Q.M.S. meant another, no harm was done.

As a reward for our trouble we went to St. Pol instead of returning south and spent a quiet fortnight in the Third Army Area. A little later we went to Lapugnoy where we had another rest, garaging on one occasion by a derelict orchard which swarmed with small pear-eating French children, whose acquaintance some of us developed. Their poetic names, Jeanne, Fossaine, Fernode, Miraine, were in striking contrast to their behaviour, and went strangely with their prodigious appetite for small, hard pears.

Upon moving out suddenly one morning, we left Paddy Marsh to collect five days' mails, hoping to pick him up upon our return en route for Rouen. As it happened, however, we got a full load of shell-gas cases at Merville and went straight down to Etaples. In view of former experiences we half expected to find him waiting for us when we arrived, but it was not until the following day that we picked him up at Calais, whither his homing instinct had directed him.

The eve of the next push found us at Le Darras, which we left at 6.30, an hour after No. 28. At St. Omer we received orders for Dosinghem, to which we went, cutting in ahead of No. 28 at Borre. If we had been left out of the previous pushes, we were in the front row of the orchestra stalls on this occasion, and when the curtain went up at 3.30 we knew all about it.

At 8.20 we were told we were not loading for an hour, and started to clean windows and brasses. At 8.30 the first stretcher appeared, closely followed by our old friend the Lieut.-Colonel commanding No. 94 C.C.S., who came up under forced draft, all four funnels sparking briskly, as Emanuel Pycroft says. After doing his best to disorganize matters, he retired for a time, but could be heard afar off raising Cain in the hospital. In the end he kept us waiting nearly an hour. We went off with a load consisting mainly of stretcher cases en route for Dannes-Camiers.

The beauty of Etaples is that there is always an evacuation ready for No. 16. We were usually the last train to off-load and so got the evacuation which earlier trains had missed. On this occasion we were the first train down. Did we go back empty? Bless you, no! "You see, you're the first train down, *so* you will be loading at one o'clock."

The off-loading at Calais was the wettest we have yet experienced, and that is saying a good deal. It was equalled in unpleasantness though by the loading which followed it at 2.15 a.m. at Mendinghem. At this pleasing hour of the night we were awakened with the news that the stretchers were at the door. The rain poured down, the place was pitch dark, and the stretcher bearers, some of whom had been on for over twenty-four hours, were not at their brightest and best. As they came along stumbling and cursing, it seemed to them hard that cases should go from

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A to S, and others should come from S to B. Our difficulties with the sitting-up wards are little understood at such a time. For nearly six hours this continued, the bearers getting more blasphemous and the train N.C.O's more and more dispirited as time wore on.

We gathered that there was some difference of opinion between the E.M.O. and the D.M.S. about us. If reports of the conversation are to be believed, it was not lacking in spice. In the end we went off with what the E.M.O. described as a—well—an unimpressively large load, shall we say. This gentleman, who affected the garb of a deep-sea fisherman, said their nerves were "jangled, jangled." It seemed an inadequate comment upon the stretcher bearers' language, but perhaps he had in mind the attitude of the D.M.S.

To make up for delay, our driver took us down to Remy at a reckless speed, pulling up with a jerk that broke the A-B coupling. The train rocked like a ship in a cross-sea and we finished up with "G" coach buffer riding upon the fourgon.

Abbeville was our lovely destination, and we off-loaded there, always in pouring rain, and went over for water, thus losing our chance of returning direct to St. Omer.

Two days later found us at Etaples, where the French made a spirited attempt to give No. 21 our load. Only Capt. Cunningham's refusal to consider such large numbers saved us.

Since then nothing noteworthy has happened, save perhaps our visit to Blendecques after a year of absence, when W. H. Kitching and Tomlin went off to Marlborough House to challenge the H.Q. Staff of the B.E.F. to play us at cricket.

This concludes the survey of our second year's work. It is one upon which we can look back with some satisfaction. Although we shall never feel we were as busy as we were in July, 1916, we have actually done very many more trips than we did in the first twelve months, and our loads have been considerably heavier.

We have lost many who were with us a year ago. Capt. Rees left us for a Field Ambulance and a few months later we were all truly grieved to hear of his death. We remember him with the kindliest feelings. Dr. Burnham, better known to us as "Gunk," is universally regretted, with his kindly manner and somewhat sardonic humour. We have the pleasantest memories of him with hat over one eye and his sleeves rolled up as he dressed patient after patient last Autumn. Dr. Tisdall also has gone, while, when we consider the Sisters we have loved and lost, our hearts fail us and we cannot continue.

Of our own personnel two notable characters have left us. The departure of Howson and Tomkinson within a few weeks of each other, dealt us a blow from which we have hardly recovered. From the days of Oxhey Camp they had been leading lights among us. Wu was for long the sanitary authority among us—witness the professional admiration expressed at Arques—and his striking personality kept him in the forefront of train politics. Towards the end of his time among us, he fully earned the title bestowed upon him by Howson of "The Tribune of the

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Plebs" by the fearless way in which he voiced mess-room grievances. Watter in a recent visit alluded to his reception of Chinese patients at Dunkirk. We can well imagine the scene!

Of Howson what can be said? No description of ours can do justice to the most intellectual of our number. Besides his more serious attainments, he excelled above all in the gentle art of leg-pulling. There was no one he could not "draw" in one way or another; no attitude he could not assume for the purpose of argument, no absurdity he could not invest with the appearance of plausibility. The kitchen was indeed the intellectual centre of the train. We mourned our loss when he left us to join the R.A.M.C.

This departure necessitated certain changes. Our friend Angus left "A" kitchen to preside over "H," assisted by Lupton, torn from the dispensary. Engineering seems more akin to cookery than mental and moral science, and the personnel assumed a plumper and more cheerful aspect. At this time, rice began to figure very largely in our diet. We had it in soup, with beans, alone as a vegetable, and served in many ways as a pudding. Two of these dishes we had at every dinner, often three. It says much for the cooking that if the rice pudding was omitted there were complaints even from those who before the war regarded rice as Lord (then Mr. George Nathaniel) Curzon regarded the *Daily News*:—"I *nevah* see the *Daily News*."

Many incidents worthy of mention have doubtless been omitted while others have been passed over lightly. There are, for instance, the circumstances in which various members of the train have been stranded. Whitby, who was apprehended by the police, wandering hatless in the outskirts of Havre; Capt. Carter and Woodhead deserted at Edgehill; Cooper left slumbering at Calais, and lastly Sister Pike, who travelled from Le Darras to Bergues in a T.A.T. in hot pursuit of her moving home, returning to us in romantic circumstances in the small hours of the morning at Mendinghem.

Well, we have been out here two years, longer than most of us expected—and we cannot say the end is yet in sight. We look forward to our work in the future with the confidence borne of experience. A.T. life can surely have few surprises left for us, while we are by now thoroughly inured to the strange life we lead with its spells of work, when there is hardly time to eat, and its times of rest, when the trouble is to find enough to occupy the mornings. We have acquired facility in our work. Have we justified Col. Gallie's daring experiment? We think we may say we have.

H. R. G.

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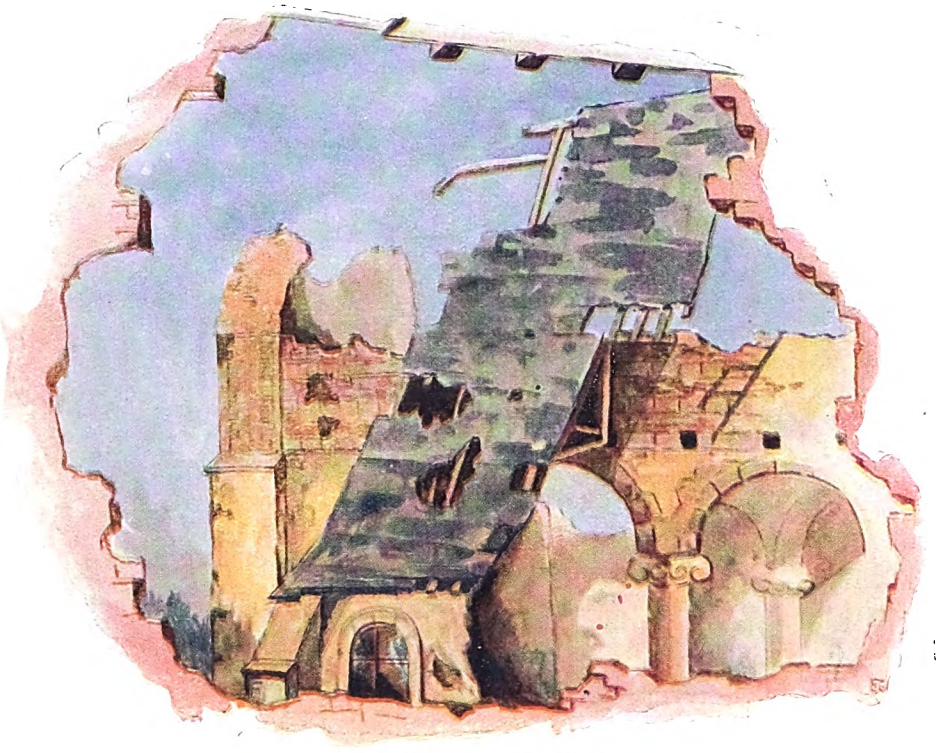

GRÉVILLERS CHURCH.

To face p. 117

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The Song of the Skulls.

[A shell has burst in the crypt of Bapaume Church, scattering the skeletons contained therein.]

"DEEP down below
Wind, rain or snow,
Hid from the eye,
Blind to the sky
Or light therefrom,
Perpetual gloom
For five score years we've known.

"No more, canaille,
With curse and cry
And torch and spear
Molest us here,"
Murmured the skulls,
The grinning skulls
In the crypt of Bapaume Church.

"Rare was the sound
That pierced the ground,
Sometimes the moan
Of the organ's drone,
Or the faint beat
Of people's feet,
Like patter of Autumn leaves.

"Until the roar
Of bloody war,
The thunders loud
Of armies proud
Shook e'en the crypt
Wherein we slept,
But even that passed o'er.

"But—*grande douleur!*
There came an hour
Of blinding flash
And deaf'ning crash,
And there we lay
I' the light of day
For all the world to see.

"Oh, men in brown
Who hold this town,
And Bapaume shake
With the war you make,
Our wars are done,
For ever done,
When may we sleep again?"

W. G. H.

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The Battle of the Somme.

THE Battle of the Somme looms so large in our memories and so modified our whole life as to merit a fuller description than it receives elsewhere. On June 29th, 1916, we reached Etaples with a load from the First Army, and were told unofficially that from that day trains would be running experimentally as though an offensive had opened. We were to remain with the First Army, while Nos. 5 and 2 were to take Calais evacuations. We were innocent or unobservant in those days, for we had no definite expectation of any attack, and were mildly pleased with the route allotted to us. It is in keeping with later experience that we should have wakened at St. Pol the next morning, instead of Lapugnoy. No. 17 was in the station garage, and we had some joint tea-parties, and strawberries and cream. That night we received orders to leave for Doullens at 9.0 a.m. Now Doullens was a well-established loading-place and not a garage, so we had a hasty water fatigue after breakfast and prepared for a load. To our surprise we were put into a siding, where we found No. 24 still eating up the food prepared in similar circumstances for their expected patients four days earlier.

They told us No. 23 had gone out that morning, and though the checker thought his orders about trains were unusually emphatic, no one seemed aware that anything striking was taking place. We had leave till 5 o'clock and upon our return we found that No. 23 had passed through loaded, that No. 24 had gone to Warlincourt, and that we were to follow as soon as she came down the single line. There had been a big attack, and we had broken through the German lines on a wide front. This news from a balloon observer was confirmed by the sight of Field Ambulances going up, and columns of troops and supplies. From the bank above the train aeroplanes could be viewed circling round in larger numbers than we had before seen, and excitement mounted higher and higher.

We left Doullens about 9 o'clock, reaching Warlincourt an hour later. As we neared our destination, above the noise of the train we heard our first big bombardment, and the dusk was torn with gun-flashes. From the crest of the hill we could see the actual flame of the discharge and the hundreds of Verey lights in the distance. The bombardment—we had not learned the word "barrage" in those days—was intense. Earth and sky shook with the concussion while the ear could distinguish nothing but a fierce inchoate roar of sound. The train shook and rattled, and occasionally the thunder of a neighbouring "heavy" drowned all other sound and made the coaches rock. It has been confidently asserted that some of these "heavies" were in a wood beside us, and that shells were coming over from the German side as well. However that may be, we had enough to occupy us as soon as the train stopped. The little siding and the neighbouring fields were covered by a dense crowd of "walking wounded," and as we drew up they made a rush for every

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door in such numbers that many had to be turned out to await the next train.

All the accommodation was used for "sitters" except the top beds of the lying wards, and a part of "B" ward which was used for "lying officers." Altogether 693 patients were taken aboard, several of them in a very bad state, and we moved off as a heavy thunderstorm burst.

None of us will forget that night. Many patients had come right through with but little attention; their wounds dripped blood and needed instant redressing. One officer, with a fractured thigh, incredible as it may seem, had dragged himself two miles before he was picked up and taken to a dressing station. All down the wards was a welter of arms and legs sprawled across the corridor, their owners lost to everything but the blessed consciousness that here, at last, they could sleep undisturbed.

Le Havre was our destination, and was reached the next afternoon after a hard journey. On our way to the Gare Centrale for water—the last time we visited it—we passed our first train of German prisoners, and viewed them with considerable interest. Our movement order bore the names of Sotteville (cancelled), Abbeville (cancelled), St. Pol (cancelled), Doullens. The Stores, with their usual kindness, arranged for a ration fatigue at 11.30, so we were ready for bed by the time we got there.

Doullens was reached about tea-time, and we started to load up at once with an all-stretcher load, using our fullest capacity—five in each sitting compartment, stretchers down all the floors, dispensary and treatment room full. Our second journey down to Le Havre was far more tiring than the first. The patients were feeling the reaction from the excitement that had buoyed up their predecessors, and were more seriously wounded. Their wants were many, and by the time we got to our destination we were all absolutely worn out, and ready for a row with anyone. The E.M.O. who came worrying round got a very short answer from one of our number, and apologised, saying that at such a time everyone's temper was out of order, which was no more than the truth.

The journey up was remarkable chiefly for water fatigues, notably one at Longpré-les-Amiens in which we were assisted and encouraged by many of the inhabitants. Egged on by them we bore water at a smart run and made the most of our time. At St. Pol that afternoon we started again in earnest, passing the dixies under two trains and finishing up in a state of collapse, to be revived only by arranging a burnt offering at the incinerator.

A few days later we visited for the first time a spot which became only too familiar in the months that followed—Puchevillers. A military line, following its bends and contours, had been laid along the top of a desolate ridge, and here with clearing stations on one side and an ammunition dump on the other, we have spent many weary days of waiting, and there we have taken on many a heavy load. The country was bare and uninteresting and the frowsy villages were crammed with troops, while it seemed to us that it was at Puchevillers we got all our worst patients.

Vecquemont was another busy spot, with C.C.S's on both sides. The

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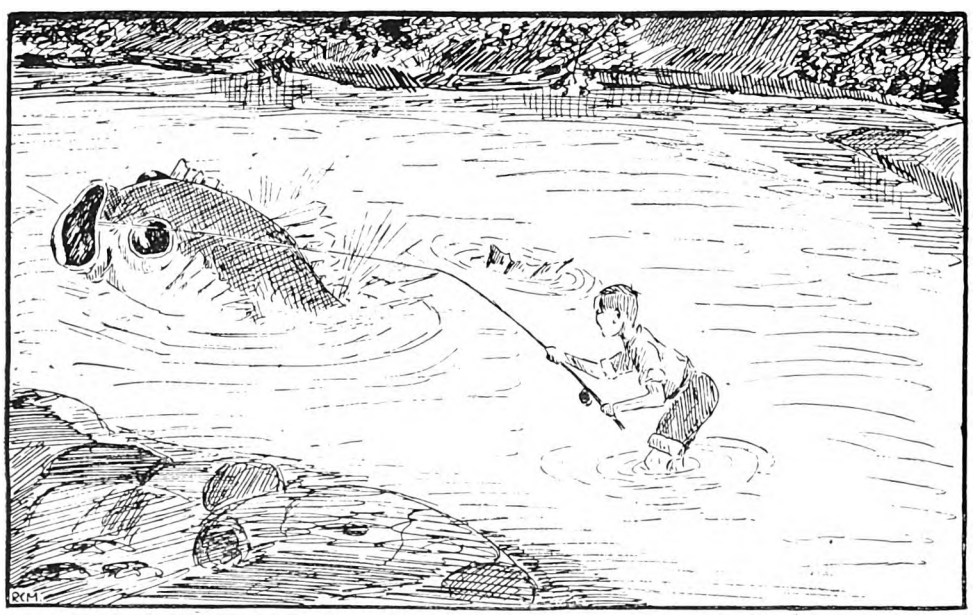
name recalls midnight loadings; scorching noontides, with a swirling of dust above the road through which troops and transport moved as in a fog, while strings of lorries thundered past seeming to shout for joy at the choking clouds they raised; a cricket match against a C.C.S., which we won by a narrow margin amid terrific excitement; lines of patients converging upon the train, and Indian bearers "weak but willin'"; the E.M.O. audibly reporting the evacuation state to the D.M.S.—"Yes, sir, 10 o'clock to-morrow morning," and another night's sleep.

Throughout the month we moved backwards and forwards—Puchevillers, Vecquemont, Gézaincourt, Heilly, load after load, with patients packed in closely in stifling heat, always as many as we could take, and always bad cases; we shall not quickly forget July, 1916.

Romescamps we visited—delightful spot! Miles of sidings, with Annamese laying fresh tracks, and goods trains shunting day and night. We had some cricket though, and acquitted ourselves well, and once we were beside a train of prisoners, and at the request of the officer in charge supplied them with drinking water. Their gratitude is a pleasant memory.

That was the beginning of the Battle of the Somme from our point of view. Early in August we went up north and went into repair garage, so that finished off that period. Our experiences after this date are dealt with elsewhere.

H. R. G.



HOW I HOOKED HIM—AN AUDRUICQ DREAM.

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The 'orrors of War.

HAVE made for you a song,
And it may be right or wrong,
But at any rate it's all about our train.
And I think it might be best,
If I got it off my chest,
For the bally thing's a'running thro' my brain.

Well, of course we understand
We're quite fit to beat the band,
In great request we always seem to be.
For we rush up from the Base,
To what d'yer call the place,
And next moment we're unloading by the sea.

Though it may seem quite absurd,
I should like to say a word
On the method of our running to and fro.
For from Base to Front we tear,
Like a Waterloo Cup hare,
But when we're full of wounded, lor! we're slow!

They start us off in style;
But before we've gone a mile
We stop, to look around and mildly curse.
For while other trains go past,
Mails and luggage, slow and fast,
Some poor beggar of a Tommy's getting worse.

Then at last we near the end,
And the station's round the bend,
But the darned old train's another trick to play.
For as sure as you've a case,
Throwing fits about the place,
You'll settle down outside, and there you'll stay.

Now we sometimes have a spell
In a siding with a smell
Fit to paralyse the average human nose.
And as evening comes each day,
From the pond across the way
We get a friendly swarm of mosquitoes.

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There's another little thing,
And great pleasure it doth bring
  As we slumber in our garage over-night.
For our sleep is interspersed
With the shriekings of the cursed,
  From the locomotives revelling in their might.

How they sizzle! How they groan!
Then the trucks begin to moan,
  Till you'd think the whole of bedlam was let loose.
But you musn't curse or swear,
And you needn't tear your hair,
  It's the custom of the land, so what's the use?

Now I think it is quite clear
That the engines over here
  Are especially devised to make a din.
For they shriek with might and main,
When they pass a khaki train,
  By Jemini! They fairly rub it in!

It must occur to you,
There are many drivers who
  Delight to give us all electric shocks.
For the way they stop the train
Fairly dislocates your brain,
  And shakes your bones like pebbles in a box.

And when he goes ahead,
He flings you out of bed.
  (Your language by this time is pretty rank.)
But you needn't get a fright,
Oh! it's perfectly all right,
  He's only trying to find the water tank.

But when all is said and done,
By the time the war is won,
  And the personnel of Sixteen must disperse,
There'll be nobody but knows
That, in spite of all our woes,
  There are scores of other jobs a dashed sight worse.

C. J. T. (Dr.)

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Impressions of an A.T.

IN future, goods stations, sidings, waggons and engines will possess a peculiar and unique attraction for me, including the music of the French whistle and the soothing effect of their shunting, the switchback motions of starting and drawing up, in which art, I must confess, the British engine driver excels, defeating the Frenchman, which every true Britisher thinks only right and proper. . . .

. . . . Patience and philosophy are useful on an A.T.; life is a bit irregular and there is a sweet uncertainty as to time; one may rush madly along to cheerful whistling or saunter a few inches, then *dolce far niente* and again saunter, according to the whim of our Phaeton. When one ingenuously fancies that because yesterday the journey was made in a given time it will be the same to-day, let us not be depressed because it takes exactly double, but consider it "linkèd sweetness long-drawn out." A sudden jerk reminds one we are still *en voyage*, and if all the bowls and plates descend gracefully to the ground, we breathe a grateful benediction to the Powers that be who provided us with enamel. Also there is a charming variety as to temperature, one enjoys by turns the delights of the Torrid and Frigid zones—so stimulating! . . . .

. . . . One has seen the fringe of war watching the trains pass, laden with troops, horses, and martial requirements, the horse camps and the bivouacs, the C.C. Hospital with its emblem of succour stirring in the breeze, telling of pain and suffering; the wooden crosses in the rude God's acre, making us pause and think of those cheery ones "gone west." We see the long roads with columns of soldiers marching, motor transports lumbering along in their offensive style, which we forgive as they are feeding our armies with bread and ammunition. We hear the hum of the air-scouts and view their graceful circling, invaluable and busy all the time, though they appear to be only joy-flying. Then there is the awesome rumbling and vibration of the big guns, softened by distance; at night the star-shells and the vivid lighting of the sky, which tell of the ingenious and diabolical contrivances for the destruction of life. By day we see our friendly saucisses suspended in space, then what brings war to us closer than anything else, is to see the hundreds of brave men we carry day by day to the base, all bearing signs of the struggle England is going through; their pluck is amazing, and longing for "Blighty" sublime; we cannot fail to honour them and be amused by their quaint humour. . . .

R. M. C. (MATRON).

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"The Tribune of the Plebs."

TOWARDS the end of 1916, *The Orderly Review* was at a low ebb. Several of its best and most regular contributors had left the Train, and the Editorial Board had become so lethargic, that only one number was published between August and December, while in the absence of Harrison nothing more was done until the end of the following March.

At the spring General Meeting of the Sports Club an attack, skilfully engineered by its Editor-in-Chief, was made upon the Editors of *The Orderly Review*, on the grounds that they were undemocratic and unrepresentative, and that the Magazine was published too infrequently. The reply to this charge, which was not wholly unfounded, was that if the Train wanted *The Orderly Review* published at shorter intervals, they must contribute more articles to it. As a result of this discussion a deputation from the personnel met the Editorial Board and arranged that two Train Representatives should be elected semi-annually as Members of the Board. This was done with excellent results and from that time publication, at least, was fairly regular.

Meanwhile the Editors met secretly and in one busy afternoon wrote *The Tribune of the Plebs*, a publication which professed to meet the demand for a really popular and democratic journal. Its principal contents were attacks of the most violent description upon *The Orderly Review* Board; but beside these were one or two more general articles, of which we reproduce "Our Chief" for its humour and general excellence. For the benefit of those who do not know the subject, it may be said that hardly any of the statements bear any relation to fact.

H. R. G.

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Our Chief.

(From *The Tribune of the Plebs*).

I CALL A. Herb. Dixon our "chief" though we all know this is not his official designation. Perhaps at this point it may not be inopportune to mention that it is highly characteristic of the undemocratic spirit of the moribund *Orderly Review* that no sketch of our "chief" has ever appeared in the pages of that august but effete journal. In this, our inaugural number of *The Tribune of the Plebs*, we feel that this is a subject which we cannot refrain from writing on even if we had wished not to, but we don't. Our chief was born in Shropshire, a county which has produced many great men. Robert Clive, if I mistake not, was born in Shropshire, and in many respects there are interesting parallels in the lives of these two great men.

From there he went to Harrow School, where he had as his predecessors Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley, though Shelley, I fancy, was expelled. It is interesting to note that the great Duke of Wellington, on re-visiting Eton years after his famous victory and on looking on the spacious recreation grounds there, remarked :—"That is where the Battle of Waterloo was won!"

The child is father to the man and there is no doubt that Harrow-on-the-Hill with its playing fields and ducker and the ever-haunting refrain of that most beautiful of school songs, "Play up, play up, and win the game," had its due effect in forming the character of our worthy chief, and in helping him to win his Waterloo.

Well, but too soon the golden days of school and youth were over and the next few years found our chief totally immersed in prolonged scientific study and research which he finally abandoned in order to take a prominent part in a big commercial and scientific venture.

Here again notice signs of his strong and vigorous intellect at work.

No inventory, it is said, of the works was ever held. It was unnecessary. Our chief knew of the existence of everything in the works down to the exact number of brass screws. A casual visitor to the works chanced to say on hearing of this: "I wonder, Mr. Dixon, that you trouble yourself with such trifles." A query, light and inconsequent, which was put to the blush by the answer immediately given: "Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle."

The true democratic spirit he fostered to the best of his ability, and to him are attributed those noble words: "I expect every man in my works to be loyal to his Trade Union, for I know that if 'e his loyal to that then 'e his truly loyal to me." This surely is the acme of Democratic Spirit, and *The Tribune of the Plebs*, which is privileged with the effort of attempting to herald in the era of democracy on this train, is proud in its inaugural number to put before its readers this brief and unworthy account of such a leader.

J. L. H.

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A Letter.

To the Editors of *The Orderly Review.*

DEAR SIRS,—I would humbly crave space in the columns of your esteemed and respectable organ to call the attention of your readers to the crisis with which the Train is faced. We are but part of the great world and we cannot escape the influence of the events which are taking place in all parts of the globe. To me it appears that we have indeed fallen upon evil days. The forces of disintegration and destruction have broken loose. It would almost seem as if the machinery which had produced this highly-organised world and our advanced civilization was being reversed and that law and order were departing to give place again to chaos—that ere long the world will be once more without form, and void.

The ancient Autocracy of Russia—the rule of the great House of Romanoff, the authority of the worthy descendants of the illustrious Peter the Great—which for long has stood before the world as almost the only surviving example of stable and immovable, concentrated and centralised authority, has been swept away by the forces of lawlessness and disorder. In our own beloved country the Irish rabble has not hesitated at such a crisis in the world's history to make another unfilial attempt to cast off the beneficent authority of the Mother of Parliaments. The violent changes in the French ministry show that in that land too the same terrible forces are at work; while America, which, in spite of its lamentable origin and constitution, throughout its history and even through two years and more of war, has preserved one element of constancy in its immovable adherence to the Monroe doctrine, has suddenly cast that policy aside.

And now to come to our Train. The jealous mutterings of the proletariat have become more and more audible. The Cabinets are the stronghold of that unpolluted aristocracy which is a necessary element in any healthy body of people. Two of them, at least, have shown a stability and changelessness which are a cause for admiration in a personnel and mode of life where all else is flux and change. A sense of their duty has caused them to seize a considerable political power, and to provide a large number of the Train officials. Consequently the unenlightened masses, infected by the spirit to which we have referred, have shown signs of dissatisfaction. The leaders of the rabble, realising the inconvenience to the whole body which would result from the overthrow of the whole system, have suggested modifications. A time limit of a few months (like the Triennial, Septennial and similar Acts, perpetrated through the efforts of such-like lawless men in the Home Country) is suggested as a "remedy."

Another object of their dissatisfaction is "H" kitchen. Through all the changes of the past year, the staff of this department is the only one that has remained unchanged, except, it is true, in its lowest rung.

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The scum of the train have manufactured many paltry " causes " of complaint. Men on active service, amid scenes of desolation, when the need for economy is being emphasised in all quarters, have dared to complain because their meat has not been carved or their food cooked. When a crisis seems on the point of arising, they say (falling back on the usual tactics of their like) a temporary improvement appears, and then again the old state of things returns. On these pretexts they are demanding an entire change of the staff. We would almost wish it might be brought about, that they might experience the ghastly results, and repent.

In the last Sports Meeting these disintegrating forces took shape in an attack on *The Orderly Review* itself. An attempt was made to condemn the paper as a Cabinet organ and to re-organise its Board on a popular basis. It was even suggested at one point to supplant it by a revolutionary organ, through which the elements of disorder might work havoc. The movement, we are thankful to say, did not meet with entire success, and except in exciting the rabble it may prove to have been entirely ineffectual. The disappointment of the leaders found vent in the issue a day or two later of an infamous rag entitled *The Tribune of the Plebs*, produced in a secrecy which belied the principles it claimed to uphold. The split infinitives with which the " paper " was riddled may be taken as an illustration of its policy: the destruction of all things which give promise of permanence.

Finding their production but poorly received, the popular leaders with low cunning invented a story of a patrician conspiracy, attributing the authorship of the fiasco to their opponents, hoping thereby to produce on the train a situation similar to that brought about in the United States by the revelation of the German-Mexican plot.

As I write, disquieting rumours come to my ears of the resignation from our finest Cabinet of two members, infected with the restless spirit that is abroad, with a view to giving others a share of Cabinet privileges. I can only implore those who remain to stick to their guns, to remain true to the highest welfare of the train, and though mere malnutrition should be succeeded by actual starvation, to maintain at all costs the *status quo*.

Yours truly,

PATRICIAN.

[NOTE.—The above reply to *The Tribune of the Plebs* was actually taken seriously by some readers of the magazine, and in consequence considerable animosity was aroused against the unfortunate amanuensis—until the author revealed his identity.]

L. T.

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[In the Spring of 1917, a few days before the half-yearly meeting for the election of the officials of the Sports Club, *The Orderly Review* Editorial Board thought added interest in the subject might be induced by publishing anonymously a second number to *The Tribune of the Plebs*, containing lively attacks on the retiring officials—including several of their own number.]

PLEBIS TRIBUNUS REDIVIVUS

OR

THE TRIBUNE OF THE PLEBS

Revived and Resurrected to be a Scourge and an Affliction to the Amalekites and Perizites

being

a Setting Down of a Few of the Shortcomings and Failings of the late Degenerate and Corrupt High Officials and Members of the Sports Committee

together with

a Scheme for the Better Governance of the Lawful Sports, Amusements and Recreations of the Train.

Compiled with Regard neither for Persons nor for Verity by Sundry Members of the Simple and Innocent Folk called in Derision—Levellers.

NO SPLEEN!

FOREWORD.

We make no apology whatsoever for the reappearance of *The Tribune of the Plebs*. It was the child of crisis; it vanquished the forces of reaction and peacefully passed away. With the dawn of a new combat between democracy and the old régime it has awakened from its grave and will once more lead the way to further triumphs. The old committee of the Sports Club has resigned; within a few days an election will be held. Now is the time and now the hour to awake, O People! from your lethargy and ensure government by the people, for the people and answerable to the people.

For how much longer will you be bound by the shackles of convention, and elect practically the same collection of moribund fossils, who don't care a tinker's cuss for you, but merely fatten on your occasional franc

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levies. Like the great Horatio we want a change, we want a business government, we want many things, and you will find in our columns what they are.

We publish our own selection, but not being a richly endowed body like *The Orderly Review*, we have adopted the policy of spoiling the Egyptians, and our advertisement columns are free to all party organizations—at a price.

The Old and the New.

"MEN of your intellectual calibre." These were the words of one of the greatest men of to-day, and, gentlemen, they referred to the personnel of A.T. 16. On another occasion the same hero, speaking of the accomplishments of the Train exclaimed, in irrepressible admiration, "It's the brains that does it." But where are these brains? Where is the unusual intelligence? Surely you would expect to find them concentrated in the officials of the Sports Club, but anyone looking round on the blank and vacant faces of the assembly of these gentlemen in the mess-room for a committee meeting, would look long for signs of these inspiring qualities. Indeed, we would be prepared to offer a substantial reward to anyone who could afford us evidence of the slightest sign of intelligence or energy evinced by any one of the whole bunch. Because we are on a train and run on rails, we do not need to move in grooves in all our affairs, but our present officials are incapable of initiative or originality. Moreover, they are entirely without the slightest technical qualifications for their special posts. We do not say they never had any, but if they have they have allowed them to fust in them unused, until the faculties have become moribund.

The men whom A.T. 16 should elect to its posts of honour are men who are specially fitted both by nature and training for these posts, and are at the same time men of energy and mental alertness, who can have some hope of commanding the respect and confidence of the train, instead of being objects of contempt or at best of pity—like the present set of curios and antiques.

Below will be found some suggestions which we believe would be of great help to the personnel in its task of building a new edifice, when it has cleared away the mass of unpicturesque ruins and rubbish which forms the present Sports Committee.

INDOOR CAPTAINS.—Messrs. J. A. and H. R. Gill are well known upon the Train for their tireless energy and their almost passionate interest in its every activity.

K

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Mr. J. A. Gill is a life-long " marbles " enthusiast and is full of schemes for the systematic organisation of this sport upon the Train.

Mr. H. R. Gill has outlined a course of concerts and recitations in several languages which he will deliver at the rate of four a week (trips permitting).

VOTE FOR {J. A. / H. R.} GILL—Bed and Bridge Specialists.

CRICKET CAPTAIN.—Mr. Duke may seem a strange choice for a cricket captain, yet who is there who has shown his enthusiasm in a more practical form? Who has made a bat or a ball? No one; but Basil has himself constructed the weapon with which we won so many victories last year. We refer to the score board, for while that lasts we can always win.

FOOTBALL CAPTAINS.—The man we want for a footer captain is one who will inspire his men and who will at the same time be capable of diplomacy and tact in dealing with the referee and the captain of the opposing side. What better man, then, could be found for the post than Harold J. Chalkley? To assist him as vice-captain we would suggest " Wu," who claims to have inspired Chinese students with enthusiasm for the game and should have learnt from them various Eastern devices and tactics which should be of material assistance to our team.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.—Mr. Brook is a director in the well-known engineering firm of Gyb-Brook Car fame. His experience will stand him in good stead in the difficult position of Treasurer. We have no doubt at all that Brook will do excellently in the spending line, whilst to act as a slight check we have nominated Mr. Peter Garwood as Secretary. Mr. Garwood will be specially remembered in connection with his fearless exposure of a discrepancy in the Sports Club accounts. Whether we gained by it or lost, we do not remember (only his little book will show), but we are sure that such a financial genius is necessary, and we are also sure, is willing, to employ his fertile mind and ever open note-book in the cause of the people. It is suggested that all disbursements be signed by the Treasurer and countersigned by the Secretary before payment.

RAMBLERS' CLUB CAPTAIN.—The Ramblers' Club is a new institution but one which supplies a long-felt want. In putting forward the name of Mr. K. W. Hutching for the post of captain we have no hesitation in saying that he is the Man for the Job. Who has his detailed knowledge of the countryside we visit? Who is so well fitted as he, to guide us to the spots where are found the earliest flowers or the best beer? In rain or shine, by Summer or Winter, when once leave is granted, the Train knows Hutching no more. His bald pate may be seen shining like a heliograph on the distant hill-top, but " B " ward and " P " cabinet are searched for him in vain.

VOTE FOR HUTCHING.

RUNNING CLUB CAPTAIN.—Readers will see that we have made a new departure in proposing that the officers of that popular and energetic

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body, " The Running Club," should be elected by the Train. Our nominees, Messrs. Whitby and Pumphrey, are perhaps not very well known to the members of the Train, but that is merely the Train's misfortune. No more energetic member of the Train than Mr. Pumphrey could be found. They say it is a sight to see him on a water fatigue, whilst the more temperate Whitby will, we are sure, moderate the former's ardent spirit and produce runs suitable to the pace and stamina of the Train.

ELECTION ADDRESSES.

We, the undersigned members of " P " cabinet, feeling that none can dispute our outstanding merit and capacity, make no apology for proposing these names for the various offices now vacant :—

Cricket Captain – – –	KITCHING.
Cricket Vice-Captain – –	STANLEY.
Football Captain – – –	PITCHLEY.
Football Vice-Captain – –	WUMPHING.
Indoor Captain – – –	HOWSON.
Indoor Vice-Captain – –	WILLIAMS.
Librarian – – – –	PITCHING.
Assistant Librarian – –	PUMPHREY.
Secretary – – – –	STOWSON.
Treasurer – – – –	HANLEY.

Signed : G.S.P., W.H.K., E.S.W.,
W.G.H., F.H.S.

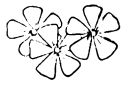
MEN OF A.T. 16 ! Who can be more suitable to direct the destinies of the Train than those who have been with it from the start, who are familiar with its traditions and its glories.

WE do not trust these upstarts and apostles ; men who came on the Train the day before yesterday. No ! The only hands into which power can safely be placed are those of the ORIGINALS.

VOTE FOR " THE ORIGINALS "—the men of August 14th, 1915.

DEMOCRACY BEFORE ALL ! ! You have successfully demonstrated the Majesty of the People. You scorned the suggestion of an elected Committee to meet the O.C., F.A.U. Rise in your strength and destroy for ever the illusion that one or two can represent the masses. For each post elect a committee of the whole Train. Let the whole Train be Treasurer. The money is yours. The power is yours. Keep them both.

B. M. DUKE (Organising Secretary,
Democratic Party).



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Some "Thoughts at a Day's End."

OTHERS do joy to look upon the fields of ripening corn,
To watch the farmer ploughing, and hear the cock at morn.
They love the fertile wooded plains and find them fair to see,
But neither smiling countrysides, nor smoky towns for me.

Mine are the lonely marshes and the bare, bleak, rugged fells,
The ling and reeds instead of crops, and whispering becks for wells;
No crow of cock nor low of ox, but the curlew's whistling cry,
And the plash of trout in the moorland stream, as it rises at the fly.

Let me forget the noisy marts where men aye strive for pelf,
And the places soiled by the hands of man for the profit of man's own self;
I seek the waste spots of the earth, the desolate and wild,
Where I may stray in loneliness, wilderness undefiled.

W. G. H.

Occasional Quotations.

READ BY THE COMPILER AT THE CHRISTMAS DINNERS.

1916.

AN ORDERLY: "Morning's at seven" (*Browning*).
"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more.'" (*Macbeth*).

DITTO (about 9 a.m.):
"Rightly to be great is not to stir without great argument." (*Hamlet*).

DITTO (in reply to the usual Corporeal orders):
"Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
And such an instrument I was to use." (*Macbeth*).

DITTO (a chipped bit of paint having been indicated as dirt):
"There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business that informs
Thus to our senses." (*Macbeth*).

THE COOKS (gazing at meat brought from fourgon):
"That it should come to this—not two months dead." (*Hamlet*).

G. H. ELLIS (in bed):
"I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in." (*Hamlet*).

(in letter): "But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold that would harrow
Thy soul, freeze thy young blood." (*Hamlet*).

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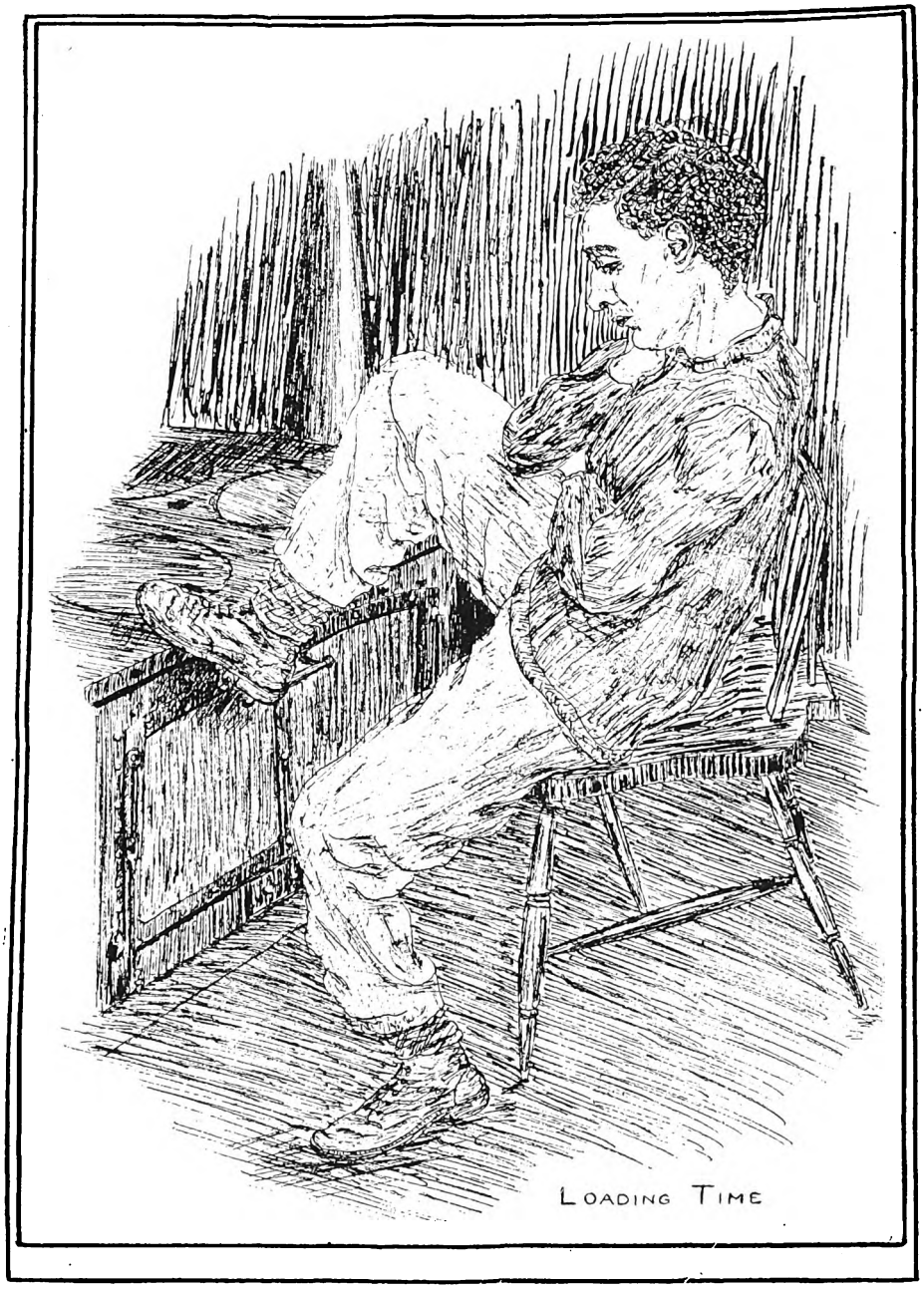

LOADING TIME.

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JOCK FRY (taking up bet of 100–1):
"How can man die better,
Than facing fearful odds?" (*Horatius*).

DAWS (to clerk preparing Sick Report):
"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever." (*The Brook*).

GUARD (to Engine driver, as block begins to clear):
"Half a league, half a league, half a league onwards."
(*Tennyson*).

M. McM. (to M. K.—thinking of C. A. H.):
"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest and youthful jollity,
Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek." (*L'Allegro*).

ORDERLY (thinking of bill for "Hôtel de France"):
"Oh, the wild charge they made." (*Tennyson*).

THE OLD BUS was recently heard to complain that it was:
"Checked like a bondman, all its faults observed,
Set down in a note book, learned and conned by rote."
(*Julius Cæsar*).

DEVEREUX (of old, addressing, *e.g.*, a hot water bottle):
"Tell her that wastes her time and mé
That now she knows, when I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be."
(*To a Rose—Waller*).

CORPORAL (to orderly slacking off about 11 a.m.):
"We weep to see you haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun hath not attained his noon."
(*To Daffodils—Herrick*).

GIBBY (on suggestion of waking fatigue for tea):
"There let them lie
Till famine and the Ague eat them up." (*Macbeth*).

HOWLITTLEJOHN (concluding meditations on his last serving of the orderlies in the Mess-room):
"And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action." (*Hamlet*).

J. W. (on receiving complaint from E. M. O. *re* blankets):
"But they are honourable men—all honourable men."
(*Julius Cæsar*).

No. 1 BUNK (on famous occasion during load):
"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

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PETER (being entertained in "H" kitchen):
"Drink to me only with thine eyes." (*Ben Jonson*).

DITTO (solemnly, to Jock Fry):
"Swearest thou, ungracious boy?
Henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace; there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion . . . Where is he good, but to taste sack and drink it?" (1. *Henry IV*).

GIBBY: "You know that I held Epicurus strong
And his opinions." (*Julius Cæsar*).

ORDERLY (during trip, as train heels over round sharp corner):
"Now might I do it pat, and now I'll do it." (*Hamlet*)

L. T.

1917.

FENIMORE (at a late hour at the entrance of P 8):
"How now, you secret, black and midnight hags,
What is't you do?"

CARR (in reply):
"A deed without a name." (*Macbeth*).

ORDERLY (in bunk with one eye on shirt and the other on ——):
"I have thee not and yet I see thee still." (*Macbeth*).

NEW ORDERLY (at end of first day's work):
"All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." (*Macbeth*).

OLD HAND (comfortingly, in reply to above):
"You see but our hand
And this the bleeding business they have done;
Our hearts you see not." (*Julius Cæsar*).

H. R. (on his bunk after dinner, on being awakened by someone who, however, has brought news):
"Take thy face hence, Seyton, I am sick at heart
When I behold—Seyton I say—this 'push'
Will cheer me ever." (*Macbeth*).

ON READING new orders *re* saluting:
"There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life." (*Hamlet*).

THE LATE DAWS (in a moment, perhaps, of self-realisation):
"For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood. I only speak right on."
(*Julius Cæsar*).

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ORDERLY (in sitting-ups, explaining prompt appearance in ward):

"I have heard the cock,
. . . . . and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine." (*Hamlet*).

To a STRETCHER CASE for the sitting-ups:

"Stand and unfold." (*Hamlet*).

ORDERLY (meditating on the advisability of spreading out his work or not):

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly." (*Macbeth*).

ORDERLY CORPORAL (10 p.m.):

"Out, out, brief candle." (*Macbeth*).

CURLY (to his colleagues):

"And now about the cauldron sing
Like elves and fairies in a ring
Enchanting all you put therein." (*Macbeth*).

ORDERLY (hurriedly dressing for parade on morning of Christmas Eve, to his frozen boots and socks):

"You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things." (*Julius Cæsar*)

The UNDERSIGNED:

"Ah, for some retreat,
Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat." (*Tennyson*).

L. T.

Don'ts for Patients.

DON'T call the orderlies "Sir," "Doctor," or "Corporal." They answer to "Orderly," "Jock," "Chum," "Mate," "George," or "Charlie."

Don't ask for "an old tin." Properly constructed vessels of cut glass or porcelain will be provided on application.

Don't flirt with the sisters. It's a waste of time.

Don't tell the orderlies fairy tales about the war. They are innocent youths and will believe anything you tell them.

Don't wake up (if you are asleep) till it's time to leave the train.

Don't ask the orderly more than once if the train goes to Blighty.

Don't have an attack of internal hæmorrhage. It's an awkward thing to deal with.

Don't let any of your arteries start bleeding. This is almost as awkward, and much more messy.

Don't infect the blankets with lice. Be careful to take away all of these little pets that you bring in.

E. A. W

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The Beauties of A.T. Architecture

[This article, written specially for an Anniversary Number by the author of a series entitled "The Beauties of Gothic Architecture," is a skit upon the regular style employed throughout that series.]

IN the whole of Architecture there is nothing to compare with the beauty found along the corridors of an up-to-date A.T. The train it has been my pleasure to study (and none finer has yet been found upon the rails of France) is one of exceptional interest. One is impressed at the outset by its undoubted stability; one is inspired with confidence by the stateliness of the arched roofs and the firm curve of the sides; one is filled with pleasure at the sight of the manifold decorations of the builder; but one is shamed, almost to the verge of madness, by the vandalism of the utilitarian.

To fix the date of the creation is no easy matter. There are many pitfalls for the beginner. To distinguish between the original work and the later additions (of different periods) needs care and a true knowledge of the subject. May I deal with a few of the characteristic features which have led me to a decision. To judge solely by the mouldings (Fig. i, a), which run the whole length from "A" to "S," one would say that the train was originally constructed in the fourteenth century. But this moulding covered by the Perpendicular (ca. 1450) four-leaved flower (Fig. i, b) causes one to suspect that this decoration is a mere copy of the work of the architects of the Middle Ages. The pendants (a feature of the fifteenth or sixteenth century) with the Billet moulding of the Norman (ca. 1100) period, which are found attached to the roofs of all the coaches, again suggest copied work (Fig. iii).

The basis of my estimate, however, is the predominating "rod and chain" moulding (Fig. ii), which was never found before the late nineteenth century, and is used extensively in the twentieth century.

There is no doubt that the train has been much altered, the marks of the restorers being easily discernible on the two sides of the coaches from "A" to "H." This restoration would probably take place in 1914 or 1915, at the commencement of the European War. There is evidence of a much later restoration in the rests (are they corbel tables?) of coaches "L," "M," "N," "O" and "P," which, by their irregular shapes and the lack of skill shown in their fixing (very few are fastened in a true horizontal position), point to a later date in the present century (Fig. iv).

The mural decorations (interior and exterior) are plain and effective, but are obviously modern work—the quality of the paints used is ample evidence of this. The crosses (in red) on the exterior are good and quite symmetrical, while the stencilled characters of the interior produce a fine effect on the white background. The painted windows of "F" are below the general standard but are none the less interesting, and are worthy of more than a mere passing glance.

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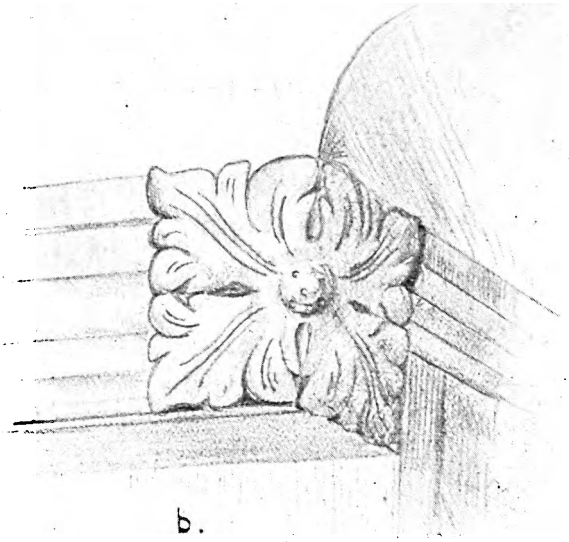
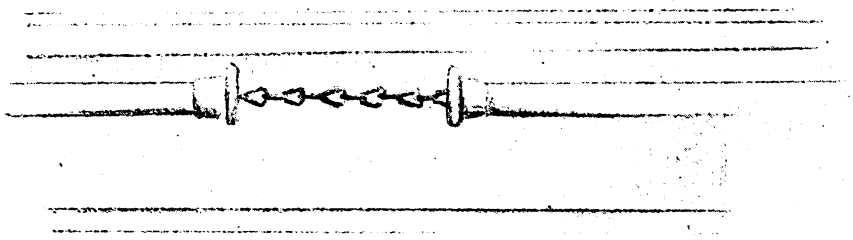
i





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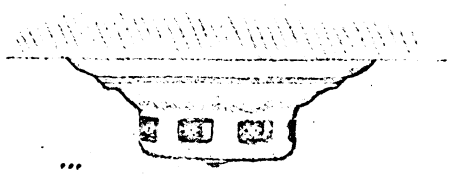

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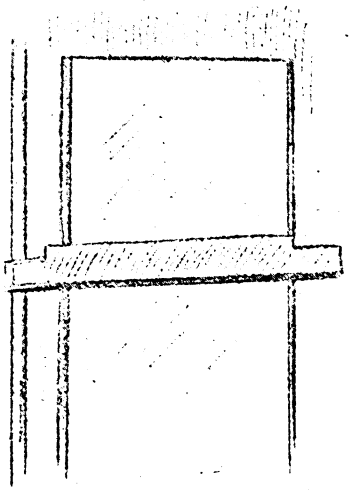

iv

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A great deal has been lost by the painting over (in true continental fashion) with a hideous green of the bread bins and fire buckets. The original metal work would have looked much more handsome.

But in spite of its defects, the train as a whole is pleasing and inspiring. There are many things of interest to see, and a visit should never be made unless there is full time to view at length the various beauties of this twentieth century product.

R. C. M.

Extracts from "Nature Notes."

II.

THE past month (May), with its alternating rain and heat, has made a striking difference to the aspect of the woods and fields. Already the trees have arrived at that full summer greenness which follows on the first tender shades of their budding foliage. The meadows are a magic carpet of white and green and gold, while birds and insects openly rejoice in the glorious sunshine. Butterflies of several species are to be seen on any warm afternoon, and the abundance of smaller insects is sufficient to survive the depredations of the swallows, which are kept busy from morning till night in satisfying the appetites of their voracious youngsters.

Several nests with eggs have been found during the month, including those of the Magpie, Meadow Pipit, and Waterhen, not forgetting that of a Green Woodpecker, discovered in a hollow tree near Pont de Briques.

An even rarer bird, the Golden Oriole, is reported to be breeding in the woods at Lapugnoy, and should the opportunity present itself, anyone at all interested should make a special effort to see these birds.

Many interesting flowers are now to be found, and the earlier orchids are just coming into their own.

The months from May to August just about cover the flowering period of this most interesting order, and a number of beautiful species occur in the districts through which we pass. The striking resemblance which some of these orchids bear to insects may be plainly seen in the Fly Orchis, which should now be fairly abundant in the woods at St. Pol.

June has fulfilled its promise once more, bringing in its train hosts of roses, both wild and garden, and being until the last day or two a truly royal month as far as weather is concerned. The great heat during the middle of the month was responsible for a perfect orgy of wild-strawberry picking in the woods near Chemin Vert, those who could refrain from devouring their spoils on the spot being able to enjoy, at tea-time in the mess-room, the fruits of their self-restraint.

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SEPTEMBER.—Though the trees have not yet begun to shed their leaves, and though the days are as sunny and warm as ever, there are on every hand evidences of approaching Autumn. New-turned furrows make broadening stripes across the fields of stubble; the hedges are painting themselves with the scarlet and black of hawthorn, sloe and bramble; and dusk surprises us at an earlier hour each evening. We have another summer to look back upon—a wonderfully pleasant summer in spite of the war—and now that it has gone we may begin to take stock of all that it has brought us. The countless activities of Nature, carried on before our very eyes during the last six months, are having their results. Heavy crops of wheat and oats have ripened and been harvested, the hops of the Flanders area have climbed to the tops of their poles and been gathered, while the sunshine of the last few days has been putting the final touch of red into the cheeks of the apples in the district between Amiens and Rouen.

Flowers having fulfilled their functions are giving place to seed, preparing already for another summer. The swallows have successfully concluded their season's housekeeping, and with their young ones are forming flocks soon to go into winter quarters in the South. Even the most unobservant of mortals will have noticed the potato plants withering in the fields, sure sign that the tubers under the soil are ready for lifting. For many of us this is our third experience of Autumn in France. We have watched the procession of the seasons through two complete cycles, and our interest grows as we watch. It is pleasant to compare any moment with "this time last year," or to look for some particular sight which we "saw here soon after we came out." This summer has developed on the train a considerable interest in Nature, and has had an endless variety of wonders for any who cared to see them. We have missed some things that were found last year, but on the other hand have seen much that is new.

It is no easy task to give a summary of the work done during the past twelve months, as so many observations remain unrecorded. It is only natural, considering the profusion of wild flowers with which we have been everywhere surrounded since early Spring, that botany should claim a large share of the train's interest, and at least three hundred different species of plants have been identified. This is quite a creditable number, though it still leaves many which we hope to account for next year.

The study of pond life, too, has its devotees, among whom we must include our train fishermen. They have a particularly wide field for exploration—birds and beasts, flowers, fishes and insects. Wandering along stream or canal bank one cannot help noticing the graceful flight and brilliant colouring of the numerous dragon flies, so aptly called by the French, "demoiselles." Butterflies also have been much in evidence, often flying in at the open windows of the wards. Three such, worth special mention for the beauty of their colours, are the Swallowtail, Peacock, and Purple Emperor.

Though Winter is generally looked upon as "the dead season," a good deal of Nature study may be done along certain lines. Birds are

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then much tamer than in Summer, and during frosty weather large numbers come around the train in their search for food. A Nature diary, too, is a good deal easier to manage in Winter than in Summer, when impressions and discoveries follow one another in such rapid succession that it is difficult to make any note of half the interesting things one sees.

The ornithologist will remember that now is the time to study the skeleton remains of many of our larger birds, notably the turkey and the goose, and much good work can be done in the dissection of those two species. To the botanist also is given excellent chance of examining that interesting parasite *Viscium album*, more commonly known by its popular name Mistletoe. This is quite a common plant in France, and may often be seen growing in large bunches among the upper branches of various trees. Though not mentioned in the list of medicinal plants, mistletoe is stated by some authorities to be of great value in cases of transient melancholia. As a sedative or febrifuge, however, we cannot recommend its use.

E. W. E.

Rara Avis Blendechii.

[Opposite the station yard at Blendecques was a large paper factory from which by day and night arose a high, weird cry on three notes. Dr. F. W. E. Burnham remarked one morning at breakfast that he had been listening to the song of a bird during the night, but had been unable to identify it. Captain Rees and Dr. Tisdall, delighted with this opportunity of "getting at" their Canadian colleague, who gave them few openings, contributed this entertaining article to the Train magazine].

THIS morning at 12.30 a most wonderful discovery was made by the celebrated linguistic expert (used in the polite sense) from the "wild and woolly West." Needless to say we refer to Dr. F. W. Burnham, who hitherto has had no claim to distinction as an ornithologist. The bird was first noticed on account of its extraordinary song and on investigation was found to be a superb specimen weighing about 85 tons.

It was at once named Avis Itis-alekevalve, and belongs to the Genus Enginus steamii, class Horizontalis Tubclass Bumphus factorius. The habitat of this remarkable creature is the Blendechial region of St. Omer. It was discovered perched on its nest, which covers an area of over half an acre.

The eminent discoverer had, at 1 o'clock the previous morning, first noticed its song, which he was convinced proceeded from a bush; but he failed to track it to its nest, although he approached with the utmost caution trusting to capture the specimen with the aid of a butterfly net.

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The habits of this remarkable bird require a few moments' consideration. As far as can be ascertained at this early stage of the investigation, its diet appears to consist entirely of bituminous substances. It is capable of performing an immense amount of exertion, fatigue being almost unknown to it.

Its song consists entirely of variations on three notes of which the pitch alters at various periods, and, like the nightingale, it continues to raise its tuneful voice far into the night.

Details regarding its nesting and breeding habits are as yet unknown, but the far-famed discoverer, we understand, is already engaged on the closest and most detailed research, and promises to publish his results in the near future.

A. A. R. (Captain).
C. J. T. (Doctor).

A.T. 5.

[The two following sets of Verses were written while No. 5 A.T. was engaged in carrying patients from Etaples to Calais, and are an attempt to record the immense blow to their self-esteem delivered by the A.D.M.S., A.T., when he made his crushing criticism of the train at Abbeville, and stated, among other things, that No. 5 was a disgrace to the line. The verses were forwarded by the Editor of *The Fourgon*, A.T. 5's Magazine.]

I.

LINES WRITTEN BEFORE THE INDICTMENT.

MY screed's of the deeds of 5 A.T.
The top-notch train we strive to be,
And we're all agreed
That we all succeed,
For we're some hive, we're No. 5.

We're the Etaps-Calais boat train,
We're the Colonel Gallie show train,
We're the pet express
Of the D.M.S.,
We're sure to thrive on No. 5.

We're the record-breaker boat train,
We're the only Quaker Oat train,
The D.R.T.
Goes wild with glee
When we arrive—for we're No. 5.

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We're the Straits of Dover boat train,
We're the Glove and Overcoat train,
When the E.M.O.
Sees our train in tow,
He looks alive, for we're No. 5.

We're the Maritime express train,
We're the good old Grande Vitesse train,
When 5 he sees,
E'en the starved S.B.'s
Dead hopes revive, for we're No. 5.

II.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER THE INDICTMENT.

My song's of the wrongs of 5 A.T.,
A failure we contrive to be,
And the gods opine
We disgrace the line,
A drone-staffed hive is No. 5.

We're a darned old dodgast dud train,
We're the "nip it in the bud" train,
Our behaviour's rotten
And our paint's forgotten,
We're dead-alive on No. 5.

We're the worst of all the French trains,
We're the first of "please don't mench" trains,
All the Abbeville staff
Turn out to laugh
When we arrive, for we're No. 5.

We're the yellow, green, and red train,
We're the "always seen in bed" train,
We're the stock disgrace,
Of the A.T. base,
But we'll sure survive, we're No. 5.

We're the d——d old F.A.U. train,
We're perhaps a ragtime-crew train,
But we're bulldog breed (loud cheers)
And we're good to lead,
But we're hard to drive, on No. 5.

R. S. P.

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Scenes from Cabinet Life.

"L" CABINET.

Enter PEARSON: Hullo, hullo? What's this? Who's on duty here? (*Hurried departure of* PRIESTMAN *and* JACKSON *to fetch viands.* DEVEREUX *hastily puts up the table.* PEARSON *busies himself with sterilisation.*)

(*Re-enter* PRIESTMAN *and* JACKSON).

PEARSON: By the way, you fellows, it's a curious fact that monocotyledonous plants such as Arrhenatherum elatius . . . .

PRIESTMAN: What's that?

DEVEREUX: Now then, not so much of your bally big words. What do you mean by monycotolodenous?

PEARSON: Well, you've noticed . . .

PRIESTMAN: Shall I finish up the sugar?

PEARSON: You're a little pig, sir, a little pig—a small thing with four legs, curly tail, and a ring in its snout.

(*Silent departure of* JACKSON, *who returns with bully and tea*).

PRIESTMAN: I say, Pearjohn, are we loading to-day?

PEARSON: That, sir, you will be told in due course. It would facilitate operations on this train if orderlies concerned themselves with their immediate duties and indulged less in ethereal speculations regarding matters which are the business of those unfortunately set in authority over them.

DEVEREUX: Oh, I'm fed up with the flicking cabinet. (*To* PRIESTMAN:) Hi, steady on there, Edgar wants those pickles.

PRIESTMAN: Why doesn't he fetch them, then?

PEARSON: Don't you think, old cock, it would be a little act of courtesy if you took them along to him.

DEVEREUX: Hear, hear!

PRIESTMAN: Do I blazes.

(*Departure of* JACKSON *with pickles*).

DEVEREUX: I say, Pearjohn, what about that daisy we found under the engine.

PEARSON: What's that, old cock? (DEVEREUX *produces bedraggled flower*). Ah, yes, Bellis perennis, but a miserable little specimen. Now that's a very interesting example of . . . .

(*Here follows a ten-minutes lecture, which lack of space compels the Editor to omit. Vide* "HAYWARD," *passim.*—ED.)

PRIESTMAN (*after spirited attack on bully*): I say, if I finish up the jam we can get a fresh tin.

DEVEREUX: I've had enough of blooming cabinets.

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PRIESTMAN: I suppose we'd better finish up the butter.

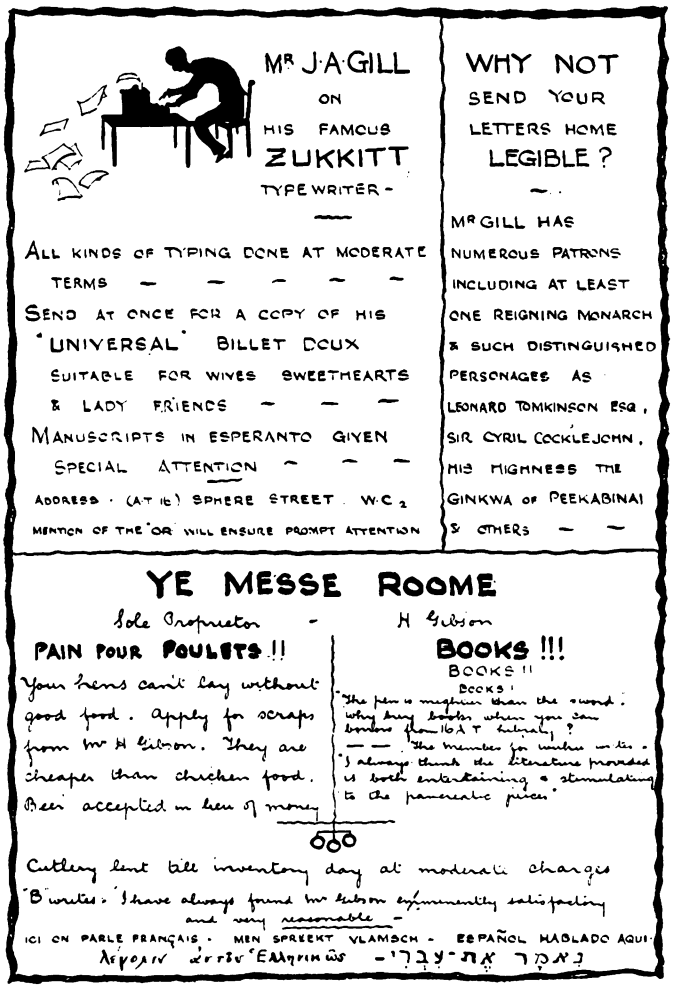
JACKSON: Yes—no.

PEARSON: I think, old cock, if you were to talk a little less, and think before you opened your mouth instead of contradicting yourself, other people might have a chance of making themselves heard. (*To* PRIESTMAN:) Sir, you're nothing less than a veritable human incinerator, a human incinerator, sir, for the disposal of ——

DEVEREUX (*attempting to rise*): Now then, push off, or I shall never get the flopping place clear. I'm going to chuck up having a beastly cabinet.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

O. R. ED. BOARD.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HIS FAMOUS
ZUKKITT
TYPEWRITER -
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SEND AT ONCE FOR A COPY OF HIS "UNIVERSAL" BILLET DOUX
SUITABLE FOR WIVES SWEETHEARTS & LADY FRIENDS
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MENTION OF THE 'OR' WILL ENSURE PROMPT ATTENTION
WHY NOT
SEND YOUR
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LEGIBLE ?
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NUMEROUS PATRONS
INCLUDING AT LEAST
ONE REIGNING MONARCH
& SUCH DISTINGUISHED
PERSONAGES AS
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The Spy Danger.

A TRUE STORY.

I HAD read much about spies. I had waded through the light, inspiring narratives of Baroness Orczy, the sombre, impressive ones of William le Queux, and the multitudinous magazine stories on this subject—yet I must say that what happened on a recent visit to Rouen surprised me. Perhaps it was because I had, through much reading of the subject, relegated spies to the realm of fiction and so was surprised and slow to recognise them in the flesh. Well, anyway, this is what happened. A costume was wanted for the play we proposed to perform on the Train ; we were short of garments more or less befitting an English Nonconformist clergyman.

Accordingly I set off one evening from the Sotteville garage to Rouen in quest of the togs.

I saw an outfitter's shop at Sotteville and although it was not one of the second-hand variety I thought I still might happen to get there what I wanted. The shopman was a boy of about 16 or 17—a nice obliging kind of boy. The patron was out, he said, but all the same even if he were in, he (the boy) did not think he would loan me what I wanted. I then asked the boy if he could direct me to any second-hand clothes dealer or "revendeur" in Rouen.

He opened a directory and, on consulting it, told me there was a "revendeur," one M. Levik, in Rue Jean Bart. Where was the Rue Jean Bart, I next enquired, and was told that after crossing the Pont St. Pierre I should bear to my right for a hundred yards and then ought to be quite near to it. I thanked the boy and set out again for Rouen and twenty minutes later crossed the Pont St. Pierre and then took the street to the right by the riverside.

My directions from the shop-boy proved to be admirably correct, for, after walking a hundred yards, I turned to a street entrance at right-angles to the one along which I had been walking and saw the blue street-sign "Rue Jean Bart."

It was a dingy, narrow, ill-lit street and about half-way along it I spied a shop lit by a single oil lamp inside, with the inscription on the outside :

LEVIK—REVENDEUR.

I entered the shop, moving my feet noisily so as to attract the attention of the shopman, presumably present in the back-room, and in response a woman came out to serve me.

"Madame," said I, "Je désire des habits comme pour un prêtre anglais."

It took a few minutes for the woman to take in my clumsily-expressed French but when she did so, instead of answering my request, her face lit up, and she said :

"Sie sind Johann Swart, nicht wahr ? "

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Not waiting to hear my reply she hurried into the back-place and after a little whispering a man appeared.

He glanced at me shortly and then gripped my hand, murmuring: "Deutschland über alles, Gott strafe England."

Now all this frankly puzzled me. Was this an exhibition of a highly-developed sense of humour on the part of M. Levik, or—what was it?

In the meantime the woman undid a parcel and displayed black trousers, dress-coat, waist-coat, black tie and collar—all just the things required to costume a man as an English Nonconformist clergyman. I saw these were just what I wanted and proceeded to try to drive a bargain for the hire of them.

"Monsieur," I said, "Je désire louer ces vêtements—combien?"

But as he heard my voice I saw him give a start and then his bearing absolutely changed and he spoke quickly in slowly-enunciated but perfect English: "You evidently are trying to procure a disguise in order to desert from the Red Cross. I am a friend to England and will not help you. Leave my shop or I will send for the English Military Police."

As a piece of acting extemporised on the spur of the moment it was quite well done. However, at the moment I did not understand it, but merely stared at M. Levik, and then I—I left the shop and walked down the Rue Jean Bart towards the Seine.

I looked back once and saw the woman with her head round the door-post gazing anxiously after me. What did it all mean? I was always slow at doing riddles, but after thinking this over there seemed to be only one solution. I had asked for some clothes for an English clergyman; the woman had then greeted me as Johann Swart and then, on telling her tale to her husband, he too evidently accepted me as Johann Swart and extended a pious and patriotic wish for the welfare of Germany. Thus as I figured it out, there must be a spy, one Johann Swart, disguised in British Red Cross uniform, and the Leviks had been instructed to have ready for him, whenever he called, the clothes of an English clergyman. Hence when I called in my Red Cross uniform and asked for the clothes in question, the woman was at once convinced that I was Johann Swart. Her husband also shared the illusion till it was dispelled by the tones of my voice.

After having come to this conclusion I was rather elated and wished I had had William le Queux with me and I pictured myself telling the facts to William and then saying, "How's this for a bit of all right?"

And then I thought of the other aspect. Swart was a spy, the Leviks if not spies were aiders and abettors of spies, and they were all engaged in getting information to the end that they might send hundreds of my brave fellow-countrymen to their death.

What was it my duty to do?

Should I go to the A.P.M. and denounce the Leviks?

I did not like the prospect of all the fuss and trouble it involved and, still pondering on the matter, I resolved to return to the train and get advice there.

On my way back I wondered who could give me the most suitable advice. It seemed to me I ought to consult someone fairly old and mature and my thoughts naturally gravitated towards old Duke.

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I found Duke in " S " coach, told him my tale and asked what I should do.

But Duke only wrinkled his face, looked worried and said, " Lumme, I don't know," and just then a Movement Order came along and we very soon moved out of Sotteville up to the Line, so I came to let the matter glide.

But if anyone is at all anxious to know what spies are like in the flesh I advise him next time he is in Rouen to pay a visit to the Rue Jean Bart.

J. L. H.

Field Service Post Card Competition.

[A competition for a new Field Service Post Card, adapted to Ambulance Train use, brought several suggestions, of which the following was considered the best.]

I am well.
I am sick wounded

with { Impetigo / German Measles / Over / Under } feeding by { Shell / Bomb / Bully Tin / Bread Machine.

It is — not — a Blighty touch.

Your last parcel did — not — arrive { safely / squashed / half-eaten / decomposed.

To-day I have been { on my bunk / bathing / bombing / burying / walking / working } German dead

This morning I turned up on parade { First / Last / Not at all.

To-day I have caught { no / under ten / over ten } lice upon my { blankets / shirt / trousers.

E. C.

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The Rag Picker.

STRAZELE—mph! not a bad place—excepting of course when you are put on some undignified work as I was. It was the morning after the great anniversary celebration and I well remember being "told off" by K.D.O.C. Pearson to pick up the bits of paper, and "bannanna" skins on the line. I had that "morning after" feeling, so well known to the members of the "Casino." Little did I think at the time what joy and happiness this thankless task would bring to me. I commenced my labours at "A" coach and wended my way to "C," where I had a great haul of such trifles as bits of secret vanities from the glorious costume of Gaby, and wisps of flaxen hair from the Dresden Shepherdess.

Opposite the home of our well-known friends in —— coach, the window was violently opened and a piece of paper shot out accompanied by a voice, "—— the —— train rhymes."—I stopped, and I looked and I listened. Muttering some gentle words of reproach I picked it up, and my eye fell upon these few lines :—

There was once an orderly, who loaded a ward,
Who "came over queer," thro' sweating too hard;
He went over to "Blighty," his stomach to rest,
He's not come back yet, but we'll hope for the best.

I thought of those eloquent words of Shakespeare and sighed :—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Farther on, after capturing other valuable trophies, I found another spasm:—

Higgledy-piggledy, "B" ward in a "faff,"
The "old firm" working, that means a "straffe."
Whenever they work it always gets "breezy,"
And yet they say their motto's "Go easy."

A scrap of paper you say—yes, perhaps so, but who can tell what tortures this man's brain has undergone, what feverish brow, what grief and disappointment are hidden behind this priceless work of art. I treasure it and always shall. Following these glorious efforts I came upon two more "Human Documents" :—

Four "fed" orderlies cursing in a coach,
None dare speak to them, none dare approach.
"Woody" in the pantry cutting up the bread,
"Kitch" feeding "Jimmy," who is absolutely "fed."

and the second opposite No. 4 bunk of the personnel :—

Hi-diddle-diddle,
Bob, and his fiddle,
Pity the poor personnel.
Through the screeching and whining
Hear "Cocky" consigning,
Both Bob and his fiddle to H—ll.

I shall keep these souvenirs as they will bring me many happy hours and pleasant memories.

Ought we not to discover these unknown "genii," and find out whose is the Hidden Hand. In the words of Ben Jordan

Despised and rejected by some they may be,
But the spot where I found them is sacred to me.

R. H. B.

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King Richard IV.

[Being a fragment of a Shakespearean Tragedy].

Persons Represented.

KING RICHARD IV.
SIR CYRIL COCKLEJOHN (A Captain of Foot).
BEERY (A common soldier).
JEHUSIA (A female charioteer beloved of KING RICHARD).
A SISTER OF MERCY.

Other Soldiers, Messengers, etc.

ACT II.

Scene I.—An ante room in the palace. Without: thunder, lightning, and hail.

(*Enter, from opposite doors,* KING RICHARD IV *and* SIR CYRIL COCKLEJOHN.)

COCKLEJOHN: How doth your gracious Majesty desire
My men should occupy their time withal?

KING RICHARD: Yest'r e'en, as I did take my 'customed walk
Outside our city walls, I did behold
A sight which gave me great displeasure. The length
And breadth of the same space, which friend or foe
Approaching first doth see, was all begrimed
With mud and soot and filth unmentionable:
Wherefore I do desire and order you
To have 't upon the instant straightway cleansed,
That so it may befit the dignity
Of this the puissant city that doth hold
The palace of the great and mighty Dick.

COCKLEJOHN: But—an it please your Majesty—the weather——

KING RICHARD: But me no buts, your chunterings
Please me not. What I have said I've said.
My orders are to be obeyed, and that
Upon the tick. What's the weather or sky
Or sea or wind or all the elements
Against the orders of the Lord's Anointed?

COCKLEJOHN: Your orders shall be obeyed e'en to the letter—
(*Exit* KING RICHARD.)

(*Aside*) Though I be cursed for it.

(*Enter two Soldiers.*)

FIRST SOLDIER: How must we occupy ourselves upon this blustering day?

COCKLEJOHN: His Majesty, King Richard, doth desire
That you should scour the walls that do surround
This glorious, great and awful city.

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SECOND SOLDIER: Zounds! Would he have us murdered? I'd sooner scour that brazen face of his.

FIRST SOLDIER: But surely this is but the wit or humour of his Majesty?

COCKLEJOHN: His humour, perchance, it may, ill humour;
He hath no wit. But there's no arguing
Against the kingly orders. Get you hence,
I'll follow later to oversee you.

FIRST SOLDIER: Oh, I warrant you, you'll follow.

COCKLEJOHN: Aye, that will I; and do you remember
There is a sure and certain way to deal
With those that do offend against the law.

(*Exit* SIR CYRIL COCKLEJOHN)

FIRST SOLDIER: The law, verily the law of nature which thou and thy precious master offend against. Nathless, my friend, we will at least betake ourselves thither.

SECOND SOLDIER: At most, thou meanest. (*Exeunt Soldiers.*)

Scene II.—Outside the city walls. Wind, snow and mud.

(*Enter* BEERY *and two other Soldiers.*)

BEERY: This is no pleasant task the king hath bid
Us do. The wind chills me to the marrow,
And snow so soaks my wretched garments
That, being frozen, all hang like armour
About an ancient knight. Yet for the honour
Of our glorious city I'll gladly set
About the filthy work. And you, my friends,
I take 't will do the same.

SECOND SOLDIER: Dost hear him, old pint-pot? He takes it that we shall really do this job even as—by the Lord Harry!—he begins to do himself.

FIRST SOLDIER: Aye, what a truckster is this same Beery! He hath no more guts than a yard pole. He would suck the very toe of my lord that but motioned him thereto with his little finger.

BEERY: Your remarks do seem to me a trifle rude,
But let that rest, and, for the city's honour,
We'll at the work. Good friends, let's to 't.

(*Exit* BEERY.)

FIRST SOLDIER: I' faith, I'll to it—to the end of yon road and back again and then again and yet again, that so my bloody veins may hold a flowing course and I not be a frozen corse. (*Exeunt Soldiers.*)

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Scene III.—An ante room of the palace.

(*Enter* KING RICHARD IV.)

KING RICHARD: Without my palace portals the wind howls
Like a pack of ravening wolves, but within
All's comfortable and warm as doth befit
The dwelling place of so great a sovereign.

(*Enter a Sister of Mercy.*)

I greet you well, gentle and holy Sister,
For I have much desired to talk with you
Of your great plans for the relief
Of the poor and outcast of this city.

SISTER OF MERCY: I thank your Majesty. But I beheld,
As I was coming hither, a sad sight.
Several of your soldiers, heavy laden down
With instruments for cleaning walls, methinks,
Were wending their fearful, painful way
Through snow and wind so awful that, I fear,
E'en had they been on some less chilly errand,
Scarce could they hope to keep their blood from freezing—
Wending their way, I say, outside the city,
And at your orders, it is said.

KING RICHARD: Aye, these base slaves must be kept down with toil,
Suffering and travail hard, lest they begin
To question into things too deep for them.
(*Enter a Messenger in haste.*)
Whence comest thou in such unseemly haste
Into my royal presence? Speak, varlet,
What is thy business?

MESSENGER: Most mighty and most gracious Prince, I come from Sir Cyril Cocklejohn to tell thee that one of his men, a fellow man called Beery, as he was scouring the city wall, was sudden taken sick, and from his lavish and most wasteful mouth poured forth upon the walls and all around, his lately eaten breakfast.

KING RICHARD: The naughty villain thus to befoul
The approach to my imperial city.

MESSENGER: And thereafter, your Majesty, the wretch fell down in a swoon, and since he hath not moved.

SISTER OF MERCY: Oh, woeful story! Sad and piteous tale!

KING RICHARD: What, then, did Sir Cocklejohn?

MESSENGER: Why, my Lord, he doth await your orders.

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KING RICHARD: Go bid Sir Cocklejohn that straightaway
He send for a physician, then find means
To convey the sick unto the porter's lodge,
Until I find occasion to have him ta'en
Into the care of these same holy sisters.

MESSENGER: I shall bid him straight. (*Exit Messenger.*)

KING RICHARD: I do mind me of this Beery, a knave
That hung upon my very slightest nod.
I would it had been some other villain,
Yet it ill befits a king that the calm
Surface of his wise, great, imperial mind
Should by the merest wrinkle ruffled be
By mishap to any base and wretched slave.
But, good my sister, let us go and see
The plans of which you lately spake to me.
(*Exeunt.*)

ACT III.

Scene I.—A lonely place outside the palace.

(*Enter* KING RICHARD IV.)

KING RICHARD: The clock upon yon tall and lofty tower
Hath lately told the awful hour of midnight.
How all occasions do conspire to aid
My sweet and secretest designs! The day
At morn was cold and wintry, and Beery
Fell thus sick that he must be conveyed
Hence for further care; and dear Jehusia
To bear him hence comes in her chariot.
So shall I have occasion, as long hoped,
To hold sweet converse with my lovely lady
'Neath the seductive light of winking stars
Amid the whispers of the now calm zephyrs.

(*Enter at a distance* JEHUSIA *in her chariot.*)

(*aside*) Soft you, now see where my beloved comes!

JEHUSIA (*aside*): Now shall I have the chance to probe the truth
Of the strange and horrid slanders I have heard
About my dearest Dick.

KING RICHARD: Hail! Great Jehusia, Goddess of my heart,
Most lovely, fair and beauteous charioteer
That doth make the famed glories of the queen
Of the Icenian peoples pale and wan
By thy comparison, long I've sighed for thee!

JEHUSIA Your Majesty doth honour a simple,
Humble subject. I thank you heartily.
But I have come here on an errand
Which troubles my poor heart. How comes a man,
A soldier of your Majesty, to such
A wretched state?

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KING RICHARD: Why, Jehusia, the day was very cold,
And this poor, simple clown, wand'ring aimless
Outside the town, was sudden taken sick.

(*Enter two Soldiers carrying* BEERY *on a litter.*)

(*To Soldiers.*) Place him straight within this chariot.

FIRST SOLDIER: For that purpose came we hither.
(*Soldiers put him in the chariot.*)

JEHUSIA: But, tell me, was he not there by your orders?

KING RICHARD: Why should I wish my soldiers so exposed
Unto the fierceness of the elements?
How could he be there but by his own wish?
(*Soldiers snigger.*)

(*To Soldiers.*) What! you vain, idle varlets, stand you here
To cackle at your king! Get you gone straight,
And see you scour well the palace halls
Before you give your eyelids gentle sleep.

FIRST SOLDIER (*looking towards* BEERY):
Once again we do obey Your Majesty's directions.
(*Exeunt Soldiers.*)

JEHUSIA: Ah, now I know the truth. Thou, who hast bid
Thy soldiers, wearied with a long day's toil,
That now, past midnight, they could scarcely walk,
Stretch out their endless toils until the dawn,
Didst doubtless send forth this poor wretch this morn
To carry out your whim amidst so dread
And terrible a storm that any man
Who had a human heart would have thrown wide
His doors to gather in the freezing sufferers,
Not send them forth. For evermore—Farewell!
These eyes of mine shall nevermore look down
Upon thy loathed form. I shall so school
My mind, that it shall lose the very mem'ry
Of thy most royal, beastly deeds. Farewell!
(*She wheels her chariot.*)

KING RICHARD: Oh! Stay, Jehusia, my life, Jehusia!
(*Exit Jehusia.*)
She's gone. Break, break, thou proud majestic heart.
(*Going towards the moat.*)
My turn is come—Beery, thou art revenged.
And so, at last, I see my top is spun,
And I, though king, am quite, quite, quite undone.
(*Exit* KING RICHARD.)

[*Here the fragment ends.*]

L. T.

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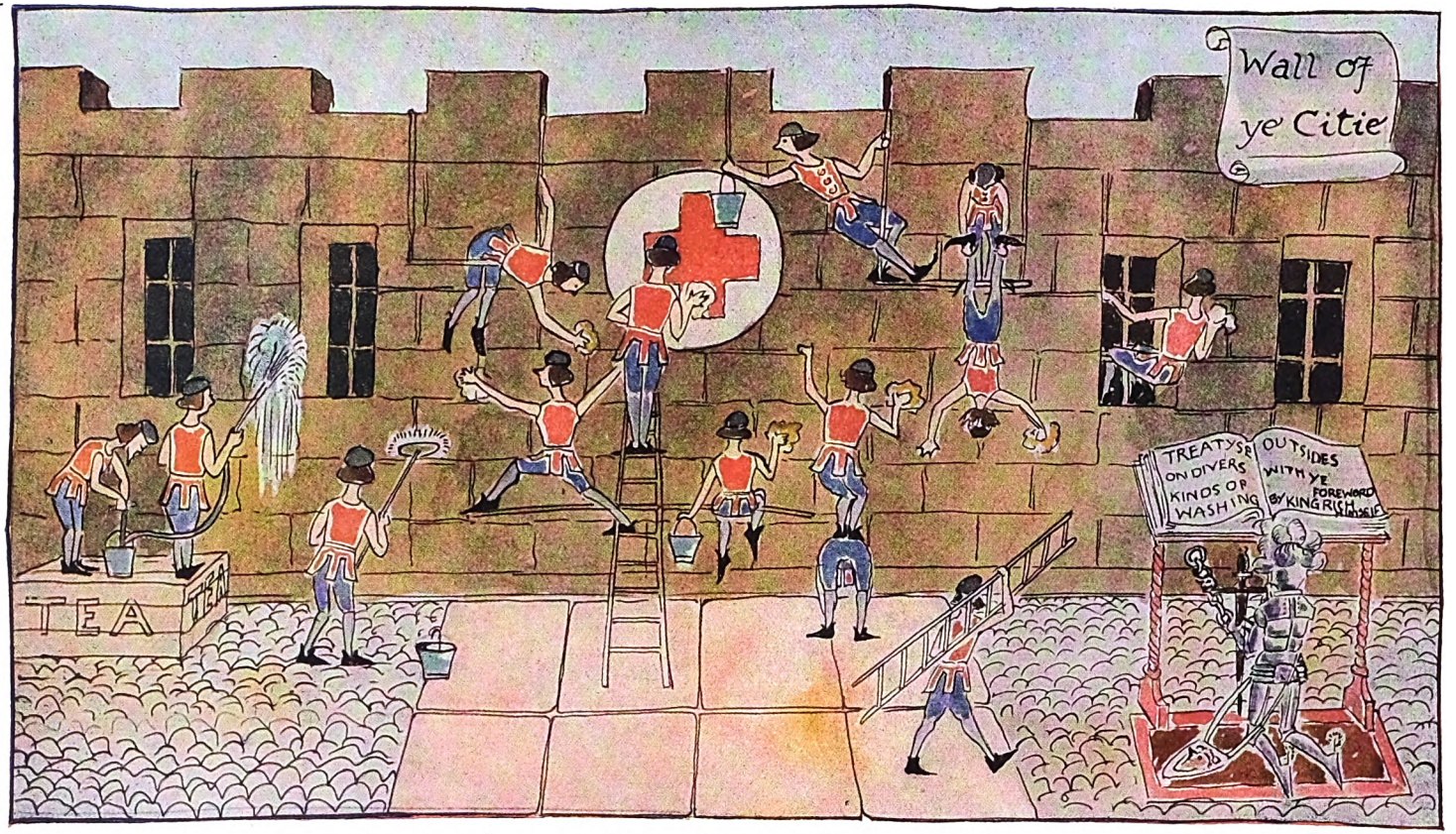

WALL OF YE CITIE.

To face p. 151

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A Prize Solution of the Problem Picture.

THROUGH half-closed lids he sees the lightning blaze of the electrics and hears the thunders of the night-guard—and then—"Quite soon" afterwards he rises, searches for lost denture and executes perilous laceration before the glass. Attempts to "look-out" of a closed window and—more lightning.

Through the shattered pane shows the pitiless face of authority (Q.M.S. as his stripes denote); he wears the frown of disappointed hopes—also the shoulder straps recalling military discipline.

"You were late on parade!"

"Please I didn't hear the whistle."

"Where are your ears?" Who can answer unless the razor perchance. "I must report you to the Captain."

In dire extremity the culprit remembers toasted cheese of the night before—also his wounds. "I was just going to report sick ——."

Here the M.O. (and Orderly Corporal) restore him to his bunk and safety—for this time.

R. E. W.

"YOU WERE LATE ON PARADE".

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A Corporal's Day.

(Compiled from the note-book of the Unseen Eye-Witness).

No. I.

A.M.	6		Called by G—bb—.
	6.45	..	Rises.
	6.45—7.20	..	Serial washes in cresol, carbolic, and formalin.
	7.25	..	Calls the roll.
	7.26	..	Closes the book.
	7.27	..	Sprays breakfast compartment in D—v—r—x's coach.
	7.30—7.45	..	Brekker. Elucidation of Hygiene principles to careless and incredulous. Demonstration of same by absorption of tea, keeping his lips entirely uncontaminated by contact with enamelled mug.
	7.45	..	Retires to wash.
	8.45	..	Begins explanation of morning's working, starting with "P."
	8.50—9.15	..	Mildly expostulates with Ch—lly, who firmly announces his intention of joining the German army.
	9.20	..	Issues revised instructions to sitting-ups.
	9.30	..	Startling discovery of two loaves abandoned for three days in X Pantry. Interviews Q.M.S., Stores and Cooks *re* disposal.
	10.30	..	Issues supplement to instructions to sitting-ups.
	10.40—11	..	Relaxation from strain. Discussion of Irish Question in "H" Kitchen.
	11 —11.15	..	Paints faint abrasion with iodine.
	11.15—11.25	..	Is called a hygienal maniac and strongly resents same.
	11.25	..	Rumours reach him of missing feeder.
	11.25½	..	Examines L.M.N.O.P.S. Finds he also has a feeder missing.
	11.45	..	Summoned by Q.M.S. to restore feeder obviously borrowed by sitting-up wards from lying-down wards.
	11.55	..	Triumphantly vindicates his position by presentation of written statement (BLOCK TYPE; figures in words) showing that he also is one short.
	11.59	..	Tense situation. Inspection intervenes.
P.M.	12.10	..	Further conference on feeder question, finally interrupted by St——l's discovery of two in the Kit Stores.
	12.25—12.40	..	Q.M.S. demands further explanation. Question of respective ownership of the twin feeders arises. Provisional allocation of same.

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P.M.	12.40	..	Wash (hurried).
	12.55	..	Arrives late to dinner.
	9.45	..	Bed (first removing boots, in accordance with Train Regulations).

No. II.

	7 — 7.25	..	Theological argument with Gr—n—gh (and Pr—stm—n).
	7.30	..	Begins brekker in " H " kitchen.
	7.34	..	Shrieks from Mess-room; attends to bread-cutter accident.
	7.39	..	Re-starts brekker.
	7.50	..	Retires to Dispensary and extracts two teeth from French soldier.
	8	..	Select Committee composed of Messrs. D—ws, Pr—stm—n and Fr— present their festering wounds for treatment.
	9.3	..	Begins scrubbing " F " corridor.
	9.4 — 9.11	..	Twenty-nine interruptions owing to traffic. Temper unruffled.
	9.15	..	D—ws arrives to announce intention to see M.O., and settles down to monologue.
	9.35	..	Another start at scrubbing.
	9.42	..	Arrival of first patient from neighbouring troop train.
	9.55	..	Resumes scrubbing.
	10	..	Procession of " Tommies " begging pills, Mist. Expect., etc.
	10.5	..	D—ws reports progress, and decides to wait.
	10.20	..	Returns to scrubbing. Temperature rises.
	10.30	..	Prescribes for French civilian with meningitis who distrusts his own doctor. Calls for aid from office *re* the language difficulty, which remains unsolved.
	10.45	..	Another attempt at scrubbing. Getting hot, breathing hard.
	10.50	..	Arrival of M.O. Sick Parade.
	11.15	..	Drawn into the Feeder maelstrom. Partial extrication from same by verbal statement that only feeder in his possession is gift of a grateful patient. Discussion adjourned pending arrival of patient's affidavit.
P.M.	12.25	..	Finishes scrubbing. Breathes freely.
	12.25—12.30	..	Dusts, polishes, tidies up and arranges everything in " F " coach, and gives windows and outside a cold douche.
	12.30	..	Dinner.
	2 — 5	..	Preparation of " Trois Contes " with Curly.

[N.B.—The Editors emphatically decline to vouch for the accuracy of the above observations of "Eye-Witness," and do not hold themselves responsible for his veracity.]

O.R. ED. BOARD.

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Blighty Leave.

AN ESSAY COMPETITION.

No. I.

BLIGHTY leave is a phenomenon that has come into special prominence during the last three years, although its history extends over a very much longer period. That such an institution has existed from the very earliest days of organised warfare we can hardly doubt, and evidence to that effect may be found in the literature of various periods. One sentence in Virgil's Æneid obviously refers to leave, and is worthy of note. A messenger comes to Turnus, a private in the Rutulian army (the context tells us that the messenger was a young and charming girl, from which we deduce the existence of some corps similar to our W.A.A.C.) saying: "Turnus, what none of the Gods would have dared promise to thy prayers, to-day in its course has brought thee unasked." Evidently in that war, leave was not easily obtainable. It was futile to apply at the office and even the Deputy Adjutant was powerless. Wangling was out of the question, and the only thing to do was to sit down and await your turn.

Many centuries have passed since the Trojan wars, but now, as then, the chief end of man is to obtain "leave." How is it to be done? As Hamlet so aptly remarks, "That is the question." The ancient method of awaiting one's turn would work quite satisfactorily if only that turn came round at shorter intervals. An elementary precaution tending towards such a state of affairs is to make careful choice of one's sphere of labours. And, as having special reference to that particular point, let me quote that well-known saying: "Any H.Q. is better than none." A post at H.Q., however, is not in itself sufficient, and it is advisable to exercise a nice discrimination in one's choice of jobs.

A form of work which necessitates the wearing of a red band round the hat is a great favourite in some circles. The efficacy of such a method of obtaining the desired end is disputable. Statistics have been compiled shewing that 78 per cent. of those employed in such positions may be found at any given moment either on leave, proceeding to leave, or returning from leave, and these figures speak for themselves.

But there are those who consider red to be an undesirable war-like colour. These may try the effect of a few blue rings worn round the lower part of the sleeve. This precaution, however, is not of such proved value as the preceding one, and there is some doubt as to whether it works so well in practice as in theory. For the multitudes who can wear neither red nor blue I have no advice to give. Their case is almost hopeless. By the exercise of great ingenuity and importunity a little may be accomplished, but the man is more than fortunate who can obtain two leaves within twelve months.

E. W. E.

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No. II.

Dear Friends, I have chosen as my text for this evening "Blighty Leave." It is to be found in the mouth of every member of the British Expeditionary Force. As you will perceive, if you look carefully, it consists of two words. The first, "Blighty," according to most scholars, is of Indian origin, and signifies in that tongue a, or the, foreign country. Now, as the foreign country in the eyes of the Indian (see Kipling *passim*) is England, the phrase has, by a peculiar irony, come to mean the native country—the mother country—home.

The second word has, commonly at least, two meanings. The first is permission, and therein lies much of the charm of leave to the man in the army. For a space he is free, no longer bound by a thousand and one, or, if I may venture to use the language of the day, the "umpteen" regulations by which he is here hedged in—the interminable list of things which "have been noticed with regret" by our great men, from Caradoc to Haig. Then leave also means abandonment. It is true, alas! that it all too often means this in more senses than one. But it is the fact that on leave there are left behind all the untold, innumerable and indescribable horrors, major and minor alike of life at and behind the "front," that appeals to us.

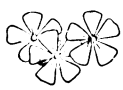
These fundamental considerations I put in the forefront, for it is this which, to use the language of a dear Australian brother the other day, has caused even the Colonials to get hold of the ruddy phrase. But to the natives of the "tight little island," it means more still. Not only will he be, as that grand old hymn reminds us, beyond the reach of the "Allemand" and the roar of the "Maxim and Johnson," there are those he will be within reach of and sounds which the happy recipient may hear. In short, he has in actual realisation all those things which the mouth organ of St. John of Morgan has only been able to bring him in vision. Can you not see him, my beloved brethren, as he stands under the portals of the family mansion, bursting forth with eager questioning into the words of the psalmist:

"How's old Uncle Joe?
What's become of Auntie Flo?"

But good friends, tender and true though his affections for the old people, surely it is sad if he has not a place in his heart for the young people, nay for a young person. Herein surely lies the supreme joy of Blighty Leave, and I want each of you here to ask himself simply and honestly—you need not tell me, nor anyone else—if you have experienced it.

But my time I see is almost up, and I will not detain you longer than to sing the closing hymn, and let it be the true expression of our heart's desire, "Take me back to dear old Blighty."

L. T.



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Our Return from Leave.

HIS is not an essay on "Blighty Leave," but rather a pendant to those written. I start with the time when Carr and I met at Charing Cross on December 19th, cheered and refreshed by a fortnight of home food and open fires. At Folkestone I was the first to greet Captain W—rth, who, genial as ever, handed me my new passport. "Woolly" was close behind me, but when I reached the boat he had disappeared, and at Boulogne I reluctantly realised he had not got across. An air raid, which held us rocking at anchor outside the harbour for two hours, prevented me from reporting that night, and it was not until 1 p.m. the next day that Captain Cr—ss said laconically "Third Army, can't send you. Come to-morrow."

That evening Carr turned up with the information that he was one of a party of twelve who were setting out at 1.6 a.m. for Abbeville. After some hesitation I decided to attach myself to them as a stowaway, and in this manner arrived at Abbeville at 5 a.m. "You can have three blankets each. The coaches are full up, but the tents are empty." So we knocked the snow off the tents and stamped it off our feet on to the floor and slept on it for an hour or two, awaking chilled to the bone.

It appeared that my lawless action was almost incredible to the A.T. Depôt and death seemed the lightest penalty which outraged officialdom must exact. Meanwhile, "Woolly" spent an hour or two helping in the kitchen, while for the rest the day was spent pacing up and down in the snow. The only incident was a pleasant chat with Captain West, very pleased with his new Italian train and life in general. We are the bearers of his cordial greetings and good wishes to the train. At 2 o'clock we were told to parade at 6 p.m. for the purpose of proceeding to Rouen, and at the appointed hour we were sent to the Y.M.C.A. till called for. The hours passed slowly. The stove would not burn and weak tea and hard boiled eggs lost their charm. At 11 o'clock the guide came to take men for Rouen all through the town and back to the station. Him we evaded and went across to wait by a brazier for our train. En route I picked up a small brazier, of which more anon.

About 12 o'clock the train came in and most of our party climbed into a cattle truck which filled up rapidly. The great thing to do is to lie down at once and leave others to settle themselves as they like. Somebody kindly arranged his stomach over my snow-sodden boots and kept me beautifully warm. At Romescamps coal was obtained and with the aid of wood, which a Canadian had carried about with him all day, a fire was lighted. The smoke was more than noticeable, but when it is a choice between freezing and stifling I am all in favour of a fire. At this place most of our companions changed, leaving us fire and fuel so that we finished the journey in comfort, reaching Rouen R.D. at 11.30 and repairing to the A.T.S.S. Rive Gauche.

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In the absence of Q.M.S. S—ms, Sergeant N—bl— was in charge. He appeared to be a man of originally kindly nature, whom Army life had robbed of every emotion save gentle and unrelieved gloom. He sent us down the platform to our barrack room, where we remained for ten days.

After our experience of Abbeville, life at Rouen was enjoyable. At about 8 o'clock some energetic person arose and lit the stove, and usually got some hot water from an engine. At 8.15 breakfast appeared—tea and a rasher of bacon. Between 9 and 9.30 we strolled down to the A.T.S.S. to see if fatigues were wanted. They, in any case, were light and of short duration so that the rest of the morning was spent round the stove. This stove was in all respects the centre of our life at the R.G. It was an old French pattern shaped like a barrel and rapidly falling to pieces. When it was full it held about a hundredweight of coal and gave out a tremendous heat. We sat round it on forms and smoked and told stories of train life and Colonel Shipley, or life in the Guards barracks at Caterham before the war. A large proportion of our companions were long-service men who had come out with the original force and were full of stories of train adventures. The coal? Well, coal came in buckets and sacks, the box in which we stored it, like the Widow's cruse, was never empty. I think that is enough about coal.

Two men went to the cook-house at 12.30 and returned with a dixie of excellent stew—except on Boxing Day, when the cook was keeping Christmas and sent a choice assortment of language instead.

Of course the trouble with us was that we had no canteens or mess tins. We could wait until one of our companions had finished—at the risk of faring rather badly, or eat our stew from cigarette tins or similar receptacles. After a visit to No. 11, we returned with a mug, out of which we consumed stew and tea alternately.

By the special favour of our melancholy friend we could get passes from 2 o'clock when we liked—a privilege not shared by our companions—and accordingly saw a good deal of the city.

Tea arrived at 4.30 and was followed by bed when we liked. The lights burned all night for the benefit of three P.B.M.P.'s who were on duty at all hours. These gentlemen, did space permit, are worthy of a page to themselves. They had a vested interest in the fire and shared our responsibility for its upkeep.

Christmas Eve was celebrated lavishly. One man came back from Sotteville with a bottle of rum and a ration party appeared with a bottle each of rum, whisky and brandy, to the almost delirious joy of Private M—rr—s. Almost the entire company passed rapidly to the various stages of intoxication, but to the end several of them exerted themselves to ensure that I and my companion were not importuned with offers of hospitality which we were unable to accept. One man, a Welshman, after singing two verses of an emotional hymn at the full pitch of a powerful tenor voice, broke down in the third verse and five minutes later was dropped on his stretcher like a log. The last thing I heard was " Come all ye faithful " sung with more spirit than harmony.

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Our Christmas dinner on No. 11, whose hospitality we shall not soon forget, was magnificent, but this is not the place to enlarge upon it.

Meanwhile where was 16? When we reached Rouen we were told that she was probably doing an Abbeville-Tréport-Havre trip that day, thus we correctly assumed that our train had passed through Abbeville the night we left. We next heard it was at Edgehill, and likely to stay there some time, but without orders the A.T.S.S. would not send us. The best we could do was to send a message by No. 3. A few days later 16 was reported—incorrectly—to have been at Abbeville on Christmas Day, so we didn't know what to think. On Saturday morning we were told we were to go to Abbeville, but it finally appeared there was no train till Sunday night!

On Sunday at 8 o'clock we found the train with an empty truck which the French had provided, instead of the coach ordered by the R.T.O. Into this we clambered with 20 or 30 very drunk R.E.'s and in bitter cold reached Romescamps at 2 a.m. We went to the Y.M.C.A. till 9.30. Among other remarkable men we made the acquaintance of Mr. J—cks—n, of Southend-on-Sea, bombardier, R.F.A., who announced his intention in slow impressive tones of committing a murder after the war—apparently upon the person of a German child.

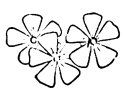
Our new train left about 11 o'clock for Abbeville *via* Aumale and Eu. At 3 p.m. we reported at the A.T. depôt. "Have you only just got here? Well, you'll have to report here at 6 o'clock to go back to Rouen to-night." My God!

Soon, however, we met the two Kitchings and had a merry tea with them in Dukie's old coach. Of the many stories told, Captain T—yl—r's disavowal of 17's powers at Contay was deemed the best.

Our train was earlier that night and we had the good fortune to get into a roomy truck complete with brazier so that our only inconvenience was smoke. At 8.30 we reached the R.D. black as sweeps and worn out with fatigue and hunger, but warm and fairly happy. We could hardly believe that 16 was really at Sotteville, but an hour later we actually reached that haven of our desire after fourteen days' leave and fourteen days in the wilderness. We hope our next leave may be in the summer.

We have appreciated the opportunity of seeing more of our R.A.M.C. friends, especially such notable characters as Private M—rr—s and Corporal "Posh" Pr—c—, and have the warmest remembrance of their kindliness and sympathy as well as of their resourcefulness and humour.

H. R. G.



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Numero Seize A.T.

NOW old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, he called for his grog,
And he called for his Quakers three.
Now every Quaker did jolly good work,
But he didn't say "thou" or "thee."
"We pat ourselves on the back," said the Quakers,
"Merry, merry boys are we,
And there's no other train that can compare
With Numero Seize A.T."

Now old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, he called for his grog,
And he called for his Train Clerks three.
Now every Train Clerk was always in time,
At addition hot stuff was he.
"Twice two are five or six," said the Train Clerk,
"Merry, merry boys are we,
And there's no other train that can compare
With Numero Seize A.T."

Now old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, he called for his grog,
And he called for his Train Cooks three.
Now every Train Cook sweltered in the heat,
Father and the Parson D.D.
"Boiled water's our masterpiece," said the Train Cook,
"Merry, merry boys are we,
And there's no other train that can compare
With Numero Seize A.T."

Now old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, he called for his grog,
And he called for his Corporals three.
Now one of the Corporals slew a lot of bugs,
The other drowned worms, did he.
"With flesh I fill my gills," said the Corporal,
"Merry, merry boys are we,
And there's no other train that can compare
With Numero Seize A.T."

Now old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, he called for his grog,
And he called for his Sergeants three.

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Now the Sergeant thought he could bowl a cricket ball,
And he did quite frequently.
"I bowl to help your score," said the Sergeant,
"Merry, merry boys are we,
And there's no other train that can compare
With Numero Seize A.T."

Now old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, he called for his grog,
And he called for his Quarters three.
Now the Q.M.S. he looked about the train,
"I'll boost 'em up," said he,
"Pay up for the Hotel France," said the Quarter,
"Merry, merry boys are we,
And there's no other train that can compare
With Numero Seize A.T."

Now old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, he called for his grog,
And he called for his Sisters three.
Now every Sister had a kind heart
She smiled on the blessés, did she,
"If you're good you'll have a pill," said the Sister,
"Merry, merry girls are we,
And there's no other train that can compare
With Numero Seize A.T."

Now old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, he called for his grog,
And he called for his M.O.'s three.
Now the O.M.O., the language king,
From the wild and woolly West came he.
"I can swear in fourteen tongues," said the M.O.,
"Merry, merry boys are we,
And there's no other train that can compare
With Numero Seize A.T."

Now old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, he called for his grog,
And he called for his O.C.'s three.
Now every O.C. spoke a lot of words
On nominal rolls, did he.
"Dot your I's and cross your T's," said the O.C.,
"Merry, merry boys are we,
And there's no other train that compare
With Numero Seize A.T."

A. A. R. (Capt.)

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East and West.

[A Franco-Wuhevian Tale with a moral.]

THE ancient Psalmist tells us that in his day he beheld the Wicked flourishing like a green bay tree. A sceptic (an ignorant man, of course) once asked me with a sarcastic leer if the tree was a sort of pie-bald green and bay. I replied by asking him if he had ever heard of the Bay of Biscay or of the baying of hounds, and added that his remarks recalled both to me. Now, after several millenniums, I have observed many examples of the same Phenomenon as the following may make clear.

Once upon a time a certain district on the banks of the Great River in the distant land of Cathay was ravaged by a fearful famine. Now there were dwelling in the land certain strangers from far countries, and their hearts were smitten with pity as they beheld the sufferings of the people, and they wrote movingly of these things to the people in their home lands. Thus it came about that large sums were subscribed and sent to these strangers for the relief of the famine refugees; wherefore they formed a committee to discuss the matter, and decided that the food and money should be given to the wretches as wages for work in the construction of dykes and roads around the ancient city of Wuhu. (For up to that time there was no road outside the town, whereon two men on foot might pass each other in comfort.) The Commissioner and the Consul, therefore, notified the Taotai of the scheme, and he referred it to the Hsien magistrate. Now the Hsien was an unscrupulous man and cunning withal, and he said that the scheme was good, and furthermore added that it would be well if the foreigners took entire charge of the work, that they might assure themselves that the money subscribed by their compatriots was well spent. Thereupon, he issued a proclamation in his magistracy, which, after dwelling on the sufferings of the famine-stricken, stated that he had decided upon a scheme of relief which would take the form of road and dyke building by the refugees, and that he had already engaged foreign experts for the work. He concluded, of course, by stating that special taxation would be necessary to defray the expenses of the scheme. Even the better sort of people had been hard hit by the famine, but it was a sound scheme, and so the taxes were paid without rioting, and to this day the Wuhevians know that they alone are responsible for the roads. In course of time the work was satisfactorily completed, and then the Hsien memorialised the Pekin government. He drew a moving picture of the ravages of the famine, and described how his heart had been touched by the sufferings of his people. Accordingly he had employed the refugees in building dykes and roads, which would greatly increase the prosperity of the district, to the increase in due time of the Imperial Revenues. But the expenses had been heavy; he had made sure that his work should be sound, had even employed foreign engineers, and consequently he had spent his all; the very savings accumulated by the economy of his ancestors

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had been swallowed up, so that he could no longer maintain the dignity and style proper to the Imperial Representative. He therefore humbly desired to be relieved of his office. The Ta Ching government, delighted at his patriotism, immediately ordered all the expenses of the work to be refunded to the Hsien from the Imperial Exchequer. In a short time he was promoted to a higher position, and there, no doubt, he continued to flourish—until the days of the Revolution—for, as the Psalmist saw, there is a "latter end."

Again, there dwelt in a certain coach upon an Ambulance Train a man called Redshade. Now this Redshade was an astute man and careful. But it chanced upon a day that a careless man arrived in the coach, and at the end of the day a scrubbing brush was missing, and a great outcry was raised. Then Redshade bethought him and betook him to the end of the train, where dwelt one Chaunticleer Stele, and to him he told his sad tale. Now Chaunticleer was of a kind heart, albeit rough of speech and withal "no spring chicken," and he said to Redshade, "Behold, I have here one brush which has escaped the inventory. Take it and go thy way." So he departed, and shortly after, the lost brush turned up. Now it chanced that in the next coach dwelt two young men of a generous and unsuspicious disposition; and it befell that one of them, on going to empty his bucket, left his brush in the concertina. And while he was gone Redshade remarked to his companion (a simple and honest fellow), "Behold, here is our lost brush," so his companion took charge of the same. Shortly after, hearing that there was to be an investigation of scrubbing brushes, Redshade betook him in haste to one of the great of the train, and told how a careless assistant had lost his brush, but he, desiring that his ward should be kept worthy of the train, had gone and purchased a new one, and thus he was reduced to penury, so that he could not even pay his share of the Christmas levy. And the great man was moved, and said: "I say, old son, just come along to the office." So Redshade went and smole an oily and a smug smile. Yet shall there here, too, be a "latter end."

L. T.

A Fragment.

[Lines written at Grévillers, while under fire from "Whistling Willie," a German railway gun.]

I HEAR some say they enjoy
The shriek of "Whistling Will";
But the sound of the thrush, my boy,
Near sunny old Sotteville,
Floating sweetly down Spring's scented breath,
Better is than the message of death.

L. T.

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The Scrub Brush.

HAVE you ever lost a scrub-brush ?
If you haven't, well, then don't,
For you'll never get another,
That I'm very sure you won't.

I lost a brush at Calais,
Tipped it calmly o'er the quay,
Watched it, with my empty bucket,
As it floated out to sea.

Tracks I made at once for Pearjohn,
Thinking I'd be treated well,
Would he please get me another ?
Oh dear, NO ! and my face fell.

So I thought I'd try old " Cocky,"
Told him my brush was in " the deep,"
But no, he couldn't give another,
" Why not try a rubbish heap ! ! "
(Good old " Cocky.")

Twelve long months I've been in " O," Sir,
Never lost a thing before,
And when I lose a paltry trifle
I'm up a tree to scrub the floor !

Then, of course, I had to borrow,
And I borrowed left and right,
First from Major, then from Angus,
Who had pity on my plight.

That could not go on for ever,
Trading on their kindness thus,
And, of course, I wouldn't steal one
As I hate a lot of fuss.

So I've gone and bought a French one,
And this brush I shall present
Till the end of the " duration,"
To a generous Government.

R. T. G.

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Lines of Communication.

[From the Christmas Number of *Lines of Communication*, the magazine of A.T. 17].

THERE was no light in the room save the glow reflected from the fire-place. The proverbial yule-log crackled merrily and threw strange shadows on the walls and ceiling: but for the spluttering of the burning wood, the room was wrapped in a strange, somewhat uncanny, silence. A bunch of mistletoe hung from the ceiling and on its branches little goblins played and kissed and played again. One might almost see their shadows when the firelight lit up the leaves and berries. In the far corners, shrouded in a mysterious half-light, one could imagine more fantastic little figures, dancing and kissing. . . . Then a bit of charred wood fell into the fire's red centre and, spluttering, sent out a shower of red sparks. The room was brilliantly lit for a minute; the little figures fled to the darkest corners and the goblins hid themselves in the folds of the ribbon which held the mistletoe; flickering silhouettes were suddenly transformed into weird, black masses which darted merrily from the wall to the ceiling and back again. Then, suddenly, the room reflected that warm, red-coloured, glow; the wee mysterious figures went on with their happy games, and the strange silence came over everything—broken only by a half-muffled spluttering from the hearth.

A girl was sitting on the rug before the fire; she was oblivious of all surroundings, for she gazed at the centre of the fire, the part where it was reddest. Deeply in her brown eyes glittered that warm red light, and her beautiful face was lit up with a wonderfully delicate glow. But her whole being seemed wistful and her face wore a longing and sad look. As the bright flame went out and the room was once more hushed and quiet a little sigh escaped her lips and she gazed more earnestly into the fire.

* * * * *

In another room also was everything hushed and quiet, save for the steady purr of a "Primus," whose blue flames lit up a somewhat mixed scene. In appearance it resembled a railway carriage compartment; the door, the blinds, the windows, the seats, were unmistakably those of a railway compartment; and yet there were, along the walls, shelves full of knick-knacks and books; and the flame was reflected on pictures and photographs which adorned the compartment and gave it an air of cosiness. There hung from the ceiling, which was shrouded in semi-darkness, a bunch of mistletoe: but one could not see the shadows of flitting goblins in its branches. There was no atmosphere of romantic strangeness and glowing warmth in this room . . . . Something made the "Primus" to splutter and a white flame shot up for a moment, exposing, in their bare nakedness, a khaki jacket and a kit-bag lying on a shelf just under the ceiling. Then, as quickly, the "Primus" resumed its usual, dreamy, purr.

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A youth sat over the "Primus" trying to warm his starved limbs. He gazed intently into the flame: now and again a smile would pass over his face, only to be succeeded by a look of wistful longing . . . . As the flame once again settled down, a sigh escaped his lips, and, in the stillness, he thought he heard the echo of another sigh. He smiled and he was no longer sad; for he was spurred on by the many pictures he had drawn in that blue flame, and was resolved to make the best of his Christmas—even though it was to be spent on an Ambulance Train.

A. G. M. (A.T. 17).

A Tale of W "O" E.

THE DRINKING TANK.

THE trip is o'er,
My tank I fill
With water pure
For those who're ill.

Yet hours ere we
More patients take,
That water does
"Evaporate."

Men come at night
With bent wire keys,
And draw it off
Just as they please.

I lie and hear them
While in bed,
I hold my tongue
But I'm jolly fed.

And then next trip,
Though it I hate,
The patients must
Have "chlorinate."

May I then make
A strong appeal
To those who seem
Inclined to steal?

Young men beware,
Nought comes but woe
To those who pinch
The patients' eau!

R. T. G.

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Ten A.T. Orderlies.

TEN A.T. orderlies locked in sleep divine,
One was late upon parade,
Then there were nine.
(*Chorus as may be expected*).

Nine A.T. orderlies, one a man of weight,
Tried jumping ditches,
Then there were eight.

Eight A.T. orderlies, talking about heaven,
One got a parcel,
Then there were seven.

Seven A.T. orderlies playing midnight tricks,
One met the Q.M.S.,
Then there were six.

Six A. T. orderlies trying a high dive,
One didn't drop straight,
Then there were five.

Five A.T. orderlies talking of the war,
One said: "The last five years" . . .
Then there were four.

Four A. T. orderlies, cutting bread for tea,
One cut his thumb instead,
Then there were three.

Three A. T. orderlies tried champagne to blue,
One saw the bill and dropped,
Then there were two.

Two A.T. orderlies to Amiens had gone,
One met a café girl,
Then there was one.

One A.T. orderly, feeling hope was done,
Tipped a bucket at Le Havre,
Then there was none.

W. G. H.

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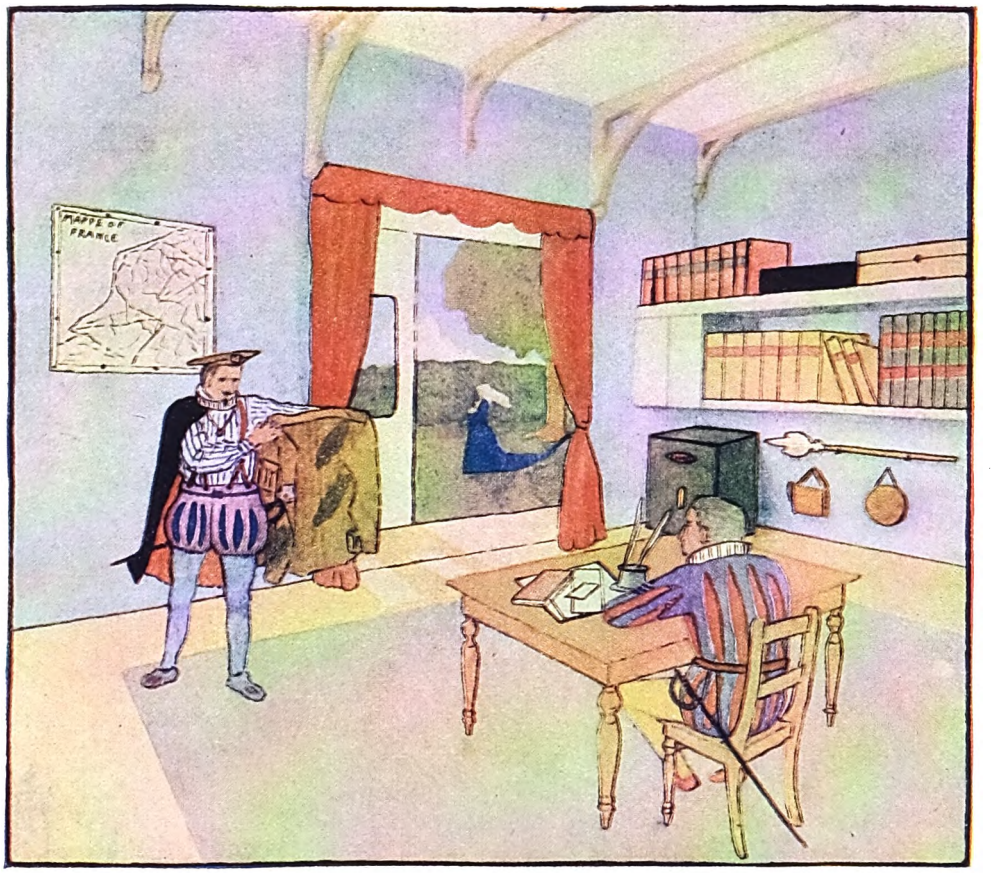

THE MODERN RALEIGH.

To face p. 170

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The Train State.

[The "Train State" is an elaborate form, showing the number and description of every variety of patient on the train. It is made out each trip in duplicate; one copy being handed to the E.M.O. at the detraining station, while the other is forwarded to the A D.M.S. (A.T.)]

HERE, my dear Sir, is the State of the Train,
Prepared by the Clerk through the might of his brain,
Assisted no doubt by the Train Personnel,
And signed at the bottom by the O.C. as well.
Nor should I forget the two Ward-Masters
Who've saved our bacon from many disasters.

Our total load is four fifty seven:
Of Officers Lying we have but eleven;
Though Officers Sitting attain two score;
(And lucky for us there aren't any more!)
The Others Lying are just two hundred—
Now from their long-loved trenches sundered;
And Others Sitting make one-sixty-six,
Inside of our Ambulance Train "de luxe."

A few of our cases I ought to mention,
Because they merit your special attention.
A religious case has got melancholia,
Sick with the thought he can never be holier.
Nevertheless, he downed the doctor—
The Sister, too, and nearly socked her.
So look after him with particular care,
Or nobody knows how your honour may fare.

In five of the skins lays acara scabei;
(A strange world opes to acarus baby-eye!)
One of the Huns has got rosacea:
A man who hails from far Croatia;
Whilst impetigo contagiosa
Has marred the beauty of three, we trow, Sir.

The remaining specials I speak of with shame
For they've only got just themselves to blame.
First come the Huns in number forty,
But not looking NOW so remarkably naughty.
And afterwards ten who have worshipped Venus
And except for that would ne'er have seen us.

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That, dear Sir, is the State of the Train,
Prepared by the Clerk through the might of his brain,
Assisted, I grant, by the Train Personnel
And signed down below by the O.C. as well.
So pick them out gently and sort them with care,
Pop them to bed with the best of good fare:
I hope you will find them as merry a crew
As Medical Officers generally do!

J. A. G.

I Don't Think.

THERE was a full house; nineteen of us were seated in the mess-room; our faces tanned by exposure to the elements, our clothing, once khaki, now bleached to the colour of new-mown hay by the great gas attack at Valenciennes barely a month before. The mess-room was the same, but would hardly have been recognised by former members who left us in 1915 or 1916, for the neat mess-room of former days, with its white and black paint and its neatly-scrubbed tables and forms is only a fragrant memory. The white paint is sadly chipped and burnt and also discoloured in many places by the tea which spilt when three coaches rolled down that big embankment just this side of Douai, and alas! there is one bigger and more ominous stain, just below that patch in the roof, surmounted by a real wooden cross bearing the inscription: "Here Smith, J. G., 12756 B.R.C.S. was crushed to death by a dud at Cambrai, September 31st, 1917. He died doing his duty." We however heed none of these things, for we are hungry and thirsty, and devote ourselves with an enthusiasm worthy of better food to the usual tea and biscuits that await us. We are half-way through the second cup of tea, when an awful noise comes from the kitchen. We hear someone carefully skirting the shell hole near the cooks' bunk, and then a figure enters the mess-room, and shouts "I don't expect you chaps to believe me but peace is declared." Nobody took the slightest notice except Brown, who, always polite, said "Oh, is that all? I thought somebody had spilt the tea, by the row those cooks were making."

"That's all, well, I should think that ought to be plenty, the only thing is that those fools don't believe me." Then raising his voice he shouted out: "The war's over, all you chaps will be sitting on your office stools, spanking cheeky boys, or whatever you do for a living, in six months, and you will then get NO MORE BACCY RATIONS!" The last words did it. Everyone stopped eating, most people started swearing, and then everybody laughed, "Come on, Sergeant, who told you this lie?" "It isn't a lie, Jones had it from the E.M.O.'s corporal, who overheard the E.M.O. telling our O.C." "No! another 'A' kitchen rumour!" The sergeant

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still held his ground, but fled on someone saying, " Who told us Cambrai and St. Quentin had fallen, when they hadn't ? " . . . . .

. . . . Many speeches were made expressing dissatisfaction at the state of affairs. It was felt that many people had not had a chance to collect souvenirs. A certain corporal pointed out that A.T. 57 had broken our record load of 1,227, by three, and that probably, nay almost certainly, if Peace had broken out we should not be able to beat them, and it was finally decided to draft a letter, to be forwarded to the Premier, praying and beseeching him to continue the war until :—

1.—We had managed to accommodate more patients than any other train.

2.—We had carried a load of Germans part of the way to Switzerland.

3.—We had done at least one trip from Marseilles to Le Havre.

4.—We had sold out the stock of the canteen.

5.—We had re-learnt what was necessary for taking on our pre-war jobs.

6.—We had had time to get another indent from the B.R.C.S.

7.—We had had our wheels turned.

The letter was written, approved, signed and sent off in a green envelope, after which the Q.M.S. announced his willingness to take indents for any B.R.C.S. clothing we might want to take home. We then went to bed at 11.30, hardly believing the news yet, and feeling as if it was all a dream—it was.

G. S. P.

[This article has several points of interest. Contrary to expectation, the places mentioned--then mere names to us—became quite familiar. Eight coaches *were* derailed near Douai, while the " hole near the cooks' bunk " was caused by a bomb at Amiens (March, 1918). The whole reception of the news of the Armistice was much as described, and similar hopes were expressed that various things might be done before we left the train.]

Hey=diddle=diddle.

Hey diddle diddle, Bob Waites played the fiddle
And Peter the old bassoon,
And Whiskey shrieked keener than any hyena,
While Dukey was mourning his spoon.

W. G. H.

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My Favourite Garage.

[Among the competitions promoted by *The Orderly Review* was one for a short essay on the above subject. The following are two of those sent in.]

I. CHEMIN VERT.

NEVER since I came to this unhappy country have I had for my surroundings a more satisfactory district than that of which Chemin Vert is the topographical centre. All around you lie the green fields of nodding crops. There are no stinking works nor noisy labour gangs, nothing but the camp of a handful of engineers and your own train, set in the midst of a quiet gently rolling land of crops and farmsteads. The most striking feature of this garage is the absence of the military. Beyond the engineers and an occasional member of the French Ravitaillement Service—*non est.* It is a noteworthy thing to see even one of that renowned and ubiquitous body, the Military Foot Police. "Tant mieux," say the worthy café keepers of Guillaucourt and Harbonnierès, and so say all—I mean some—of us.

Chemin Vert is the centre of a cluster of villages. To the south of the line lie Harbonnières, Guillaucourt, and Wiencourt, and beyond them Caix and Cayeux; northward lies Bayonvillers, the least visited of all these villages. Wiencourt is the dirtiest and least interesting of them all, but a little beyond it there is a wood well known to most members of the train, where grow in profusion the finest, sweetest wild strawberries I have ever munched in dozens. Many a delicious meal of this fruit has been eaten in the mess-room before the envious gaze of those whose inertia keeps them in and about the train.

Harbonnières is the largest and pleasantest of the villages. In it there are at least half-a-dozen people who give me a "Bonjour, m'sieur" and a friendly nod of recognition as I pass by. I cannot say so much for any other town or village in France. The architecture of the parish church excited keen interest in at least one of our youthful comrades. He has been sitting silent and motionless in the church steadfastly studying this monument of 18th century art. Even while suffering from a physical disablement he was a frequent visitor to Harbonnières, no doubt to secure a permanent mind picture of the gorgeous interior of its church.

I have lately noted with regret that there is one of us who has not made the most—or even tried to make anything—of his stay at Chemin Vert. He remarks pathetically, that not being a cricket player, nor having the acquaintance of certain ladies of the neighbourhood, the place has few attractions for him. Of a certainty, this gentleman has never bathed in the limpid depths of the stream at Caix, nor feasted from strawberries culled in Wiencourt wood, nor even sat in the "arrière-boutiques" in the evening discussing the behaviour of the Uhlans or the peculiarities of the Picard dialect with good people of Guillaucourt. I think I hear him assent reluctantly to all those indictments as I mentally expel the air from my lungs and raise both thumbs toward the blue vault of Heaven.

W. G. H.

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II. NESLE.

The subject given by the Editors of the *O.R.* for competition this month seems to me to have been the result of careful thought, and to have been inspired by the officials of the "Intelligence Department" of the F.A.U.; for in what do people betray their real selves more than in describing their favourite garage, and giving their reasons for the choice.

The secret drinker, if there should by any chance be one on the train, would naturally choose a garage where his favourite beverage could be obtained with the least cost, trouble, or, in the case of certain liquids, where the absence of M.Ps would enable it to be procured at all. The reasons he would give for his choice of garage would probably be ingenious, but the skilled men who have chosen the subject for competition would read between the lines, and the luckless one who had unwittingly given himself away would have a black mark against his name in the secret records of A.T. 16. The squire of fair damsels would choose a garage where the fair sex are much in evidence, and so on. Even the not giving of sufficient reasons for the liking of a place would probably tell against a man, as that would show to officially-trained minds that there is something to conceal.

And yet, despite all this, I am going to attempt the task, for there is something very fascinating about laying down the law on paper and giving reasons on paper where none can refute your arguments or show how fallacious all your reasoning is. When thinking first of this subject, my mind turned at once to "Sunny Sotteville," and yet, even there, there are great drawbacks. We hear tales that it is necessary to obtain a pass signed by the O.C., and countersigned by the A.P.M. at Rouen, to go as far as the incinerator, and we know for a fact that St. Adrien and all the delightful places on the other side of the river are "out of bounds."

Certainly Rouen itself is still pleasing, and I know several quite nice little restaurants where it is possible to get a decent civilised meal at a moderate price. Sotteville stock rises at once when I think of this, it is just after we have had rice for the 137th time running; but just as I pass the Office, I see my name up for train guard. Sotteville stock immediately falls below par, and keeps on falling at the thought of the telephone box in the early winter mornings, when you must either shiver in air, fresh but for the taint of incinerator smoke, or become warm at the cost of kippering from a smoky biscuit-tin fire. No, Sotteville is certainly not the place.

Blendecques, then. Alas, what was once an earthly paradise is spoilt while advanced G.H.Q. exert their malign influence. I had meant to write much more, and would have explained in detail my reason for rejecting many places, but five hundred words is not sufficient; so I will give you my final choice, and the reason, for there is only one.

The garage is Nesle, and the reason, that we have never been there, and so do not know what a rotten hole it probably is. There are other places to which we have never been, but we may go there, and ideals will surely be shattered, but to Nesle we shall never go, and it therefore will always remain my favourite garage.

G. S. P.

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La Tour de Saint Bertin.

SAINT BERTIN was the first Abbé of the Cistercian Abbey which afterwards took his name. It was due to the efforts of the monks of this abbey that the surrounding marshes were conquered and the site upon which modern St. Omer stands was freed for habitation. To-day this stately tower, standing amidst the ruins of its former church, speaks plainly of the wanton destruction carried out by the revolutionaries of 1789.

Lovers of mediæval architecture cannot fail to appreciate the beauties of this pile, and Old Sixteeners will for ever recall the times when the sight of this tower in the distance indicated their approach to G.H.Q.

R. C. M.

To——————————

(AFTER A TRIP).

FOR thee I have worked through the hours never ending,
For thee have I laboured with muscle and heart;
My life has been wasted thy beauty defending,
A lustre more bright to thy face to impart.

To thee I have given more love than a brother,
O'er thee have I watched with a fatherly care,
In thee I have felt all the pride of a mother,
And wooed with a fire with which none can compare.

But now where's the love that I've lavished unpitied,
And what the result of my dutiful toil?
A myriad foes have attacked thee—and flitted,
And all, all around is the trace of turmoil.

My love has brought hatred, my wheat but a tare.
'Tis thus thou repay'st me, O dirty White Paint.
Thy spirit is evil, thy life spreads despair,
I'm sick of the sight of thee, d——d if I ain't.

J. W.

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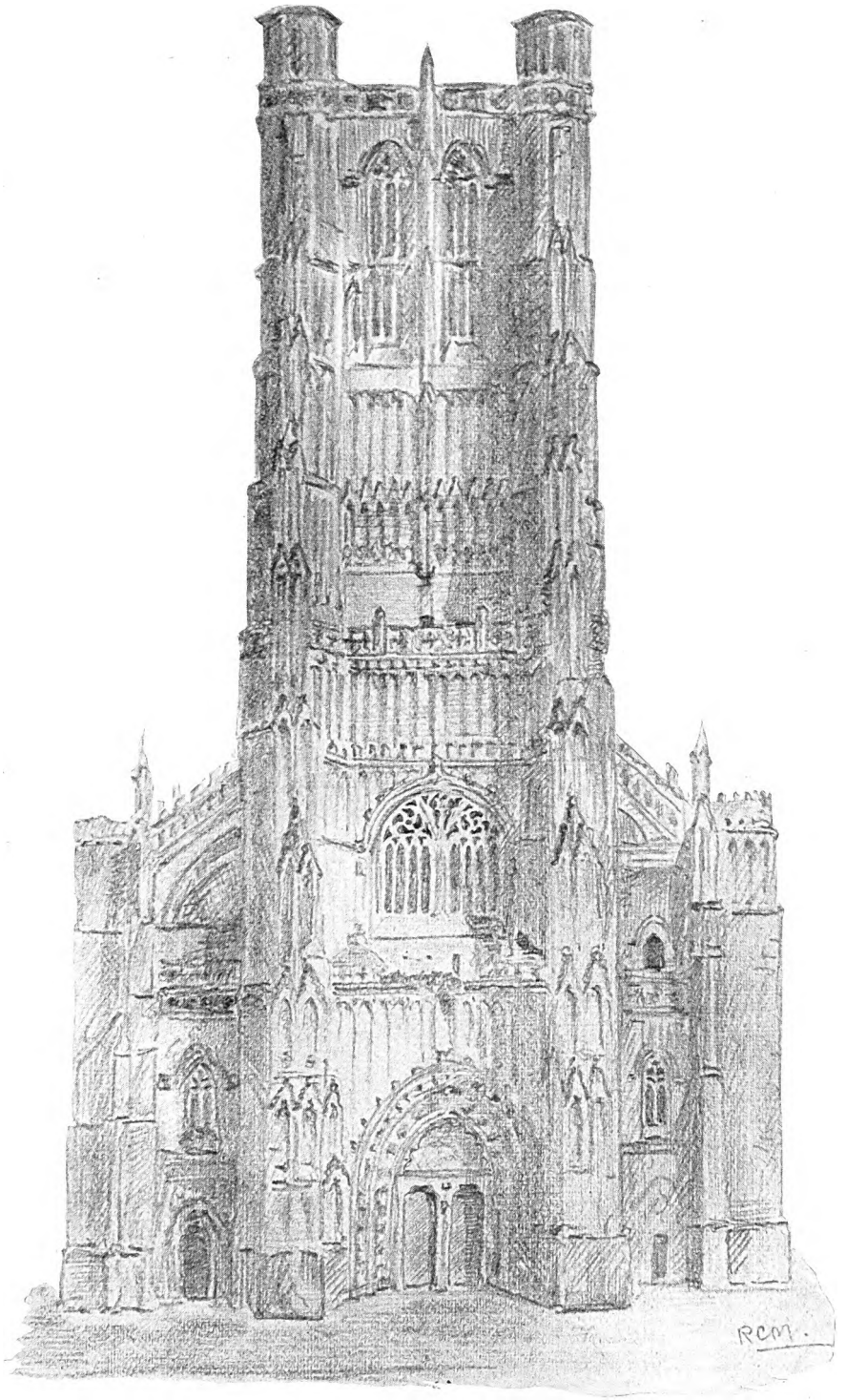

LA TOUR DE ST. BERTIN.

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Lines Written between 8.30 and Noon.

PRIZE VERSES IN A RECENT "ORDERLY REVIEW" COMPETITION.

AT half-past eight on Number 16 Train
Two Corporals interview their merry men
And, after fixing up the morning's work,
They slip unnoticed to their bunks again.

The work goes on, unhastened but unstayed,
The men are skilled as any kitchen maid
At cleaning brass, and windows, and white paint,
And each one knows the tricks of his own trade.

Some men, for instance, use their polish (brass)
For cleaning outside coachwork, while, alas!
Full many hide the furtive monkey-brand
If down the train by chance the Corporals pass.

At "twelve" is heard that slow and solemn sound—
The footfall of "Inspection" on its round.
One thinks of all the things one hasn't done
And hopes no dirty places will be found.

A dirty plug, an uncleaned spoon, a speck
Of dust reposing on a bottle-neck—
At finding such things in unlikely place
Inspection out-detectives any "'tec."

And so the Orderlies, who watch and pray,
Are proud to state on each succeeding day,
"I have once more survived the dread ordeal,
Inspection—without comment—passed this way."

E. W. E.

CHEMIN VERT Beautiful Breezy Bracing
The Resort *par excellence* for tired A.T.'s.

Try the Fourth Army and no trips, or none worth mentioning. Cricket and Bathing. Excursions arranged by R.O.D. Engines to places of interest. Half-an-hour from Amiens, the great French Pleasure City . .

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An A.T. Examination.

Conducted by the "Orderly Review."

SELECTION FROM TYPICAL QUESTIONS.

Cooks.

1. Confronted with accusations, how, short of absolute denial, would you justify the following? —
   (*a*) A flavour of soup in the tea.
   (*b*) A flavour of paraffin in the rice.
   (*c*) A flavour of rubber in the jam.
2. What attitude would you adopt towards the use of the kitchen as (*a*) A salon, (*b*) a boxing ring, (*c*) a school of experimental cookery ?
3. Given rice, pork and beans, "maconochie," and "bully," devise six dinners of two courses each, remembering that some refuse "bully," some "maconochie," and some both.

N.C.O.'s.

1. On arriving at a C.C.S., how would you act if 800 sitting cases rush the train with the personnel in bed ?
2. How would you while away a morning so as to appear active, in the absence of any occupation ?
3. On the 15th day of the month give a satisfactory explanation of a surplus of 560 blankets and a deficit of 4 tea-spoons.

SELECTION FROM ACTUAL QUESTIONS.

Section I. Compulsory.

Write an essay of not more than 200 words on :—"What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve."

(Additional marks will be given for suitable examples drawn from train life.)

Section II. Train Knowledge.

1. Define etymologically : "wind up," "to click," "eye wash," "suck it," with appropriate illustrations.
2. If suddenly confronted by an accident, and an excited crowd, how would you disguise your inability to render First Aid ?
   (It is assumed that you are obviously a Red Cross man and have forgotten all First Aid knowledge.)
4. If passing through someone else's ward, during a trip, in what circumstances, if any, are you justified in refusing to take a dirty bowl from a patient ?

Section III. N.C.O.'s. (One question must be answered.)

1. What do you understand by "Leave within sight of the train ?" Give examples.

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3. Arrive Buchy, 3 a.m., leave Darnetal, 5h. 27m. 30s. a.m. Should breakfast be served? Why are you wrong? (Order overnight: Breakfast to be served if we leave Darnetal before 5.30).

SELECTIONS FROM THE ANSWERS.

In Section II only one answer was received to Question 2, and this by no means a satisfactory one. We would remind this competitor that brusqueness, incivility and a misquotation from Dr. Cantlie will not mend a broken leg.

In this Section, Question 1 seems to have been a favourite. Two examples of the way this was treated will suffice.

"In the days of the Australian gold rush, a black with the name of Ooeendob had a quarrel with a saloon keeper in Ballarat, and threatened to have his blood. Accordingly he dug a pit in a path by which he knew this saloon keeper would pass in a few hours, planting in the pit a sharp stake. Then he set off down the path to reconnoitre. He met his enemy sooner than expected and turned to flee. However, he had camouflaged his pit-fall so cleverly that he fell into it himself and so died. Thus the story ran through all the mining camps, and any similar discomfiture of any man was compared to the case of Ooeendob, or Windup as it came to be corrupted. When the Australians came to France they brought the expression with them, and since then it has become widely known through the whole army."

(W. G. H.)

"A BEF-y phrase, said to be of Tomistic origin, introduced into the English language in the second decade of the 20th century. It signifies a disturbed state of mind, and is used in various grammatical ways: (1) As a compound interjection; (2) As a compound noun, used with the verb "to have" in a construction analogous to the cognate accusative; *e.g.*, "they say he had the wind up;" cf. the substantive phrase "cold feet." (3) Combined with the verb "to be" or "to put," it is best to take "wind" as a noun, and "up" as a preposition, for there is obviously essential connection between such phrases as "that will be the death of you" and "that will be the wind up you," and again, "I'll put a hole through you" and "I'll put the wind up you."

(L. T.)

This incident has a touch of sadness about it, dealing as it does with past glories. It took place in Sotteville. One winter evening Orderly Stanley, accompanied by a friend from the train and a friend in the H.L.I. whom he had met in Rouen, was walking the streets at a late hour when he was confronted by a Sergeant of Police, who demanded his pay-book.

ORD. STANLEY: I haven't got one.

SERGT.: Now, my boy, I want no nonsense, show me your pay-book at once.

ORD. STANLEY: I haven't got a paybook, I never had one, I ——

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SERGT. : Come along now, I can't stand here all night (proceeds to unfasten a button of Ord. Stanley's greatcoat to get at his breast pocket, thereby revealing his F.A.U. tunic. Suddenly lets go, clicks his heels and salutes). I beg your pardon, sir, these dark nights, sir, I didn't know ——

ORD. STANLEY : Oh, that's all right, Sergeant.

SERGT. : (regarding suspiciously Ord. —— and Pte. MacIntosh) : And these men, sir ——

ORD. STANLEY : Friends of mine.

SERGT. : Oh, very good, sir.

ORD. STANLEY (turning to go) : Good-night, Sergeant.

SERGT. : Good-night, sir. (W. G. H.)

Howson's paper was characterised throughout by ingenuity. Here is an example of how he proved, mathematically, his answers.

Section 3, Question 3. "Let X equal Q.M.S., Y is the number of orderlies on the train, Z the number of ward orderlies, A the time in question;

5h. 30m. — 5h. 27½m. equals 2½m.

Now $X > Y$ (already proved).

and $Y = 47$ (tables).

$Z < Y$

$Z = 25$ (tables).

also $A = 2\frac{1}{2}$.

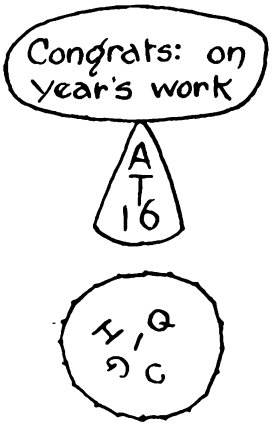
$\therefore A + Z = 27\frac{1}{2}$.

$\therefore Y > (A + Z)$

$\therefore X > (A + Z)$. Q.E.D." (W. G. H.)

THE EXAMINERS.

Selected from a Series of Congratulatory Letters received (or concocted) upon the occasion of the First Anniversary.



From Brig.-Gen. G. F. Ballie.

To Volunteer Q.M.S. A. H. Simpson, B.R.C.S., F.A.U.

Reference your memo marginally indicated. Herewith notification, curvilinearly-circumscribed, for transmission to the unit conically confined.

Receipt of this memo should be acknowledged forthwith to the office topsy-turvily designated and icosahedronically cribbed, cabined and confined.

Signed.

In the Field
12-8-16. C. A. H.

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Ballade of a Lost Game.

[Dedicated to the Train Bridge players.]

ONE Nullo; with a little aid
(Thought I) 'twill win the rubber slick:
Ah, had my partner but obeyed!
His conduct cuts me to the quick.
Would you believe it? In the nick
Of saying "pass," the blighter jumps,
(Was ever such a lunatic?)
And goes and doubles their No-trumps!

Thus at the outset I'm betrayed—
How without straw produce a brick?
No ace, and not a single spade!
I'm helpless as a Bolshevik—
To have my Nullo lead so chic,
(In spite of winks, coughs, nudges, thumps)
Thus flouted—it's a bit too thick:
Why did he double their No-trumps?

So be it: another rubber's played:
It's no good wasting rhetoric:
To reckon all the points they've made
They'll need advanced arithmetic—
But, partner, just you wait a tick,
Although I'm only wearing pumps,
I guess you'll learn how I can kick.
Why—did—you—double their No-trumps?

ENVOI.

Yes, partner, you may well look sick.
Of all the idiotic chumps!
You didn't take a single trick!
How COULD you double their No-trumps?

J. W. H.

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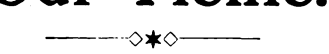
Our Picnic.



DINNER TIME. We decide to picnic in the woods this afternoon.

2.30 .. We attempt to start, but J. A. is missing. Fifteen minutes search, and he is eventually found fast asleep in "O."

2.45 .. J. A. again missing. This time he is in the end of "R" having a bath.

3 .. We really start.

3.5 .. Daws has grown tired—votes a halt; as we have gone some few yards into the woods we all decide it has been a very pleasant walk and make the suggested spot our camping ground.

3.10 .. Mosquitoes! Greenough says that mosquitoes hate smoke and proceeds to build an enormous fire on our windward side. Dense clouds of smoke quickly smother the party, much to Greenough's satisfaction. We all decide to move.

3.20 .. J. A. thinks there is not enough smoke, and starts a rival fire. I kick both out tout de suite—I never did agree with smoking.

3.40 .. Daws is quite overpowered with long journey and falls fast asleep. We settle down to read.

4 .. Daws awakens, and commences to read aloud for our edification.

4.15 .. Address by Greenough on "The Christian and self-defence."

4.30 .. Preparations for tea. I open my haversack to get the Nestlé's milk. Find part of contents of tin are in the bottom of haversack. I enjoy myself for a few minutes.

5 .. We have started tea, but J. A. finds his bowl isn't half full enough—holds it out for more. Strange to say bowl is quite hot, and after a few acrobatic movements with the hands, he finally tips the whole contents into Daws' lap. I bust. Greenough asks what the joke is. Daws doesn't.

5.30 .. J. A. thinks it would be just fine to have a second brew of tea, provided he doesn't have to make it. Daws volunteers and we fill up all round. Suddenly J. A. spies a mosquito on Daws' right arm and nearly conks it with a big smack. Unfortunately, Daws is holding his tea in his right hand—second bowl of tea pours into his lap. I bust again. J. A.'s language gets hotter than the tea.

6.30 .. J. A. thinks his pipe wants cleaning—pipe cleaner missing. We are treated to a lecture on its great value, and quickly form a search party. J. A. crawls over the whole camping ground on all fours, scraping furiously like a cat. I bust for a third time. Search hopeless. J. A. feels life no longer worth living—his face a picture of despair—pipe-cleaner family heirloom.

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He may be seen like this in the morning
8.45. a.m. Shaves & wonders why time has passed so quickly.
Sometimes he is seen like this
but more often like this.

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6.40 .. A mournful procession prepares to leave woods when Daws picks up an old bit of bent wire. J. A.'s delight knows no bounds—it is the lost pipe-cleaner! Chorus of howls of disgust—thought it would have been solid gold at the very least. Second lecture on the history of the pipe-cleaner, and we are at once appeased.

6.45 .. Arrive back on train. All vote we have had a jolly time and will have another picnic soon. J. A., however, is to have a mug with a handle next time, and Daws will motor to the rendezvous.

R. T. G.

The Uninvited Guests.

START was made at 2.30 p.m. for the spot we were to picnic at; there were eight of us, and with one exception we started together. The woods are just lovely, and fortunately no one else seemed to have chosen that day for visiting them, so we were seemingly in sole and absolute possession of all the beauty round and above us.

We were to partake of our tea in a wee valley so well hidden among trees and rises that it was reached only after describing many semi-circles and frequently crossing the same stream. Our self-appointed guide took all the chaff in a good natured manner, offering to give up his position to a better man, but no one offered. Most of the party enjoyed the difficulties and all appetites grew at each extra effort.

The fire was built on three different sites and lit on one. The billy boiled in no time and all the water was made into tea except about half a pint for cocoa—one of our number unfortunately suffering from an organic disorder which forbids tea. Fresh toast and burnt bread were next skilfully and unskilfully made by aid of the fire, and then we set to work.

Our hosts had thought of everything—tea, toast, butter (??), potted meat, jam and fruit, but oh, the uninvited guests! They came in thousands, and judging by the signs it would be almost safe to say there were three generations of them. They did not care for our fare, but thirsted for our blood and got it; oh yes! none of the eight will ever deny that.

Everything was left tidy on the picnic spot, even the logs we had used as chairs were moved away.

We sauntered back along a different track and it almost seemed to be through different woods, the lights and shades of sunset making Nature's beauty softer and more mystic.

As one of the invited guests I wish to thank our hosts for a dinky afternoon, that even the uninvited guests did not spoil.

L. B. K. (Sister).

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To——————————

ALL who love the country garage
Far from shells and noisy barrage,
Where we satisfy each craving,
Be it football, cricket, bathing,
List to one who's always wishing
For a trip—nay, trips unending,
And whilst we are patients tending
He is happy hours spending
By the fire.

Who amongst us does not long
To promenade in gay Rouen ?
Or in Lapugnoy's orchard siding
I'm contented—lying hiding
'Mongst the quiet woods and dells,
Out of sound of screeching shells.
But you never are content
Unless we're on duty bent,
Whilst your time is idly spent
By the fire.

Whilst we scrub and toil and sweat,
You calmly smoke your cigarette,
Hail the news with great delight—
"Loading up at ten to-night"—
Gloat on thoughts of record numbers,
Knowing nought can thwart your slumbers,
The coming trip with pleasure view
'Cos you've nothing else to do.
There's a hot time waiting you,
By THE fire.

R. H. B.

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F.A.U. Administration.

DURING the three years which had elapsed since the inception of the F.A.U. in the early autumn of 1914, the Unit had increased considerably in the variety and scope of its work and also in the number of its personnel. A feeling had in consequence been growing up that the original system of its control might with advantage be so developed as to give the members more interest in the matter. Captain Maxwell's decision to resign his post as O.C. in order to continue his interrupted medical studies seemed to offer a suitable opportunity. Communications were accordingly received by the Train, along with the other sections of the Unit, both from Sir George Newman and Captain Maxwell, containing suggestions of alterations in the administration of the Unit, and asking the opinions of the various sections. Accordingly a meeting of the personnel of A.T. 16 was held to discuss the question. Of its proceedings the following extracts from the report in the contemporary number of *The Orderly Review* will suffice :—

> From those letters, parts of which were read at the meeting, we gathered that the committee of the F.A.U. are anxious for closer co-operation between themselves and the members of the Unit in consideration of questions relating to the general management and policy of the Unit.
>
> Captain Maxwell in his letter suggested as a means to that end a system of meetings from which the views of any section on any question affecting either themselves or the Unit as a whole might be forwarded for the O.C's. consideration. The system was given in detail and after some discussion the meeting agreed to send a letter expressing appreciation of the scheme. A recommendation to be included in the letter was to the effect that minutes of all meetings held under the scheme should state the numbers—
>
> 1. For any motion.
> 2. Against the same.
> 3. Unavoidably absent from the meeting.
> 4. Effective strength.
>
> J. A. Gill and Marsh were asked to write the letter on behalf of the meeting. After hearing about a scheme suggested by No. 5 Train, there was some further discussion. Sir George Newman in his letter suggested the possible usefulness of advisory committees, and No. 5 had devised a plan by which each section of the Unit should elect one representative. These men were to constitute the advisory committee and were to be given work at H.Q. for a period of four months, at the end of that time returning automatically without being eligible for re-election.

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Part of our meeting could see great possibilities in this scheme but a considerable majority thought it both impracticable and unlikely to be helpful. After discussing the question freely, the meeting decided against recommending any such scheme to the Committee.

Before entering on the main business of the meeting, several members spoke appreciatively of the way in which Captain Maxwell had filled the position of O.C. of the Unit. Harrison and Tomkinson were asked to express that appreciation in a letter to him, which will be autographed by all who may desire.

Not long after this the various sections of the Unit received a request from the Committee to express their opinions as to choice of a new O.C. A meeting was accordingly held on the train, and various suggestions forwarded to Weymouth Street.

Later on, another letter was received, from Captain Tatham (the new O.C.), in which he outlined a scheme of advisory committees to be chosen by sections of the Unit, which he would meet and with which he would consult as occasion required and opportunities offered. He suggested that in some cases the whole section might form the advisory body, though he felt this might be impracticable in other cases. A train meeting was therefore held and *The Orderly Review* informs us: "It was soon apparent that there was a definite desire that Captain Tatham should meet us all, and this was finally expressed in Whitby's motion 'that a committee of the whole personnel or as many as are available be formed to meet the O.C. on the occasion of his forthcoming visit.'" To this the O.C. readily assented on his first visit to the train.

L. T.

Our Shield.

(*Vide* Frontispiece.)

THE first thing to catch the eye is the red cross in the middle of the shield, and the reason for its prominence is obvious, for is not this a Red Cross train and are not we ourselves members of the British Red Cross Society?

In the first quarter is an heraldic representation of the end of the train, the fourgon end, black with the grime of many tunnels despite the hours of cleaning.

The three scrubbing brushes in the second quarter are a perpetual reminder that the chief work on an ambulance train is not staunching gaping wounds but good, hard, honest scrubbing.

The fleur-de-lis, the ancient badge of the kings of France, shows the world that our work has been chiefly accomplished in that land. Belgium has seen us at times, and Germany twice, and we have nearly seen Switzerland, but it is in France that the bulk of our work has been done.

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In the remaining quarter are the familiar crown and star, the badges of rank of a lieutenant-colonel, and that and the device below will remind us that Colonel Gallie was our sponsor in the ambulance train service.

The B.R.C.S. is represented, as is the former head of the A.T. service, while our own particular unit, the F.A.U., is responsible for the motto. Surely besides Friends Ambulance Unit the letters fitly stand for *Fugat Amicitia Umbras*, which may be translated as "Friendship dispels the shadows."

G. S. P.

[Advertisement inserted by B. M. DUKE, the official honorary Train Hairdresser. Mr. DUKE's peculiar habit of speech usually led him to say "Knife, Fork, and Spoon," when he meant "Brush and Comb."]

WHY GO TOUSLED?

The Cat and Rabbit Haircutting Saloons. Tel. No.: S. 16

COMMUNISTIC PRICES FOR CUTS IN LIMITED NUMBERS

Blood inadvertently drawn is credited to Customer's a/c

BALD HEADS a SPECIALITY

SYMPATHETICALLY TREATED

NO QUESTIONS ASKED!

Every Member of the Staff is SWORN TO SECRECY!

ALL THE LATEST APPLIANCES

Bring your Knife, Fork and Spoon

Special Furnace-Tempered Scissors (All the Colours of the Rainbow)

The Electric Sirrocco Typhoon

Warranted to blow through any Mop. Invaluable after shaking blankets

COTTON-WOOL ANTI-TICKLE-MY-BACKS

Used for extra-special Customers

B. M. D.

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The Year 1917—1918.

A MEDLEY READ BY H. R. GILL AT THE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS, 1918.

PART I.—From AUGUST, 1917—MARCH, 1918.

NCE more it is my unhappy lot to be chronicler of twelve months of A.T. life. I had fully intended to refuse such an arduous task were it offered me, but the diffident and apologetic way in which Mr. Williams approached me on the subject was as touching as it was novel, and I succumbed. Our Anniversary celebrations were most successful. The sports, the food and the concert all went without a hitch—was not an account of them printed in the F.Q.E.? A very fine report too, including a realistic description of a 15″ shell in the middle of the course and the use of the crater for the obstacle race. Watter, misled by the author's ingenuous appearance, sent on the article without question and it was published in full in this very correct Quaker journal. So do dimples deceive the most astute.

All that day we were "next train out." About mid-day 27 came in and found herself third train. As we went to bed at 11.30 the familiar spitting of a Peacock engine was heard, followed by the hiss of 27's brakes.

Orderly: Are we going out?

Guard: Going to Remy!

Orderly: But we are last train in. There's two others in front of us.

Guard (cheerily): Ah! and you're first out, too.

Wonder at her friend's noble and generous conduct often impelled Mrs. Harris to ask: "'Ow is it done, Sairey? Sairey, I say, 'ow is it done?" and the number of times that we have been left at Merris overnight while other trains have gone in our place evokes a similar enquiry. Were "Traffics, Hazebrouck," in the pay of the O.C.? Hardly likely! Captain West is not the man to say "No" to an offer of patients at any time of the day or night, or in any quantity. Did Simpson manage it? He was not known to have any old Unit R.T.O. friends around there. The only plausible explanation is that the hospitality which we extended to our S.M. friends of the Canadian Engineers was repaid by undisturbed nights, for such an unbroken run of coincidences is a thing imagination boggles at.

At 6 o'clock next morning a familiar spitting and puffing, followed by a gentle bump, told us we were off once more. It was a rather interesting trip, too. We saw "Pop." station and the Château Elisabeth, most of us for the first time, and were stimulated by the sight of shells bursting in an adjacent field.

At Brandhoek we found our old friends No. 3 Australian just settling down, and picked up a small load. Before we left, a Staff Sergeant came down no less than three times with the compliments of the Lieut.-Col.

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Commanding and requested to know why the train had not left. The Corporal who received these messages explained, politely at first but with growing exasperation, that neither he nor even the O.C. Train was in the habit of ordering the engine driver to start when the signal was against him, and that such a course was open to several serious objections. We started at last and after completing our load at Remy off-loaded at Boulogne.

The next morning saw us at "Gertie-wears-velvet," whence we journeyed to Rouen. Here we had a train photograph. Unfortunately Captain West had an appointment, the time of which varied in accordance with the changing time of the photograph, so that he was unable to be with us. In his absence Captain Carter presided with great success.

A few days later a joint team from 16 and 11, with the addition of two men from No. 2 A.T., played the Canadian R.E.'s on their own ground. They said that no one train had a chance, but a joint team, while it might be beaten, might give them a game. The result was highly satisfactory to us. For the first time since we came to France our men had the happiness of playing on a well-kept ground and our fielding was a pleasure to watch. One remembers F. O. Kitching lazily smiting a ball and covering the pitch in two or three leisurely strides, also the gentleman who hit two sixes and came out to his third ball.

We left that night for Grévillers, finding it changed during our four months' absence, and carrying away some telegraph wires with our kitchen chimney. After a trip to Ypres, we visited Tincourt once more. There we found them all agog. The R.S.M. of No. 995 said both C.C.S.'s were full up with cases from an attack. The Colonel also hastened down. We were to take only stretcher cases !—crisis accommodation ! ! Other trains following us ! ! ! With the first patients came a Lance-Corporal with figures. "These are what we have now, but the numbers will be increased later; L.105, S.120 ! ! Q.M.S. and Corporal agreed that it was a rum go, not to say a droop. While the Q.M.S. departed to confer with the O.C., along came the Colonel. Miles Standish used to quote Julius Cæsar to the effect that "If you want a thing done you must do it yourself, you must not leave others to do it." This gallant officer was evidently of the same opinion, for in addition to his job as O.C. No. 995 C.C.S., he doubled the parts of E.M.O. and R.T.O., besides doing the work usually left to the R.S.M. and a couple of sergeants.

Filling all these rôles he was naturally a little excited. "Oh ! Corporal, you're seeing to these cases ? I want them on board as quickly as possible. I'm giving you a full load. The D.M.S. has put the whole train at my disposal. It is all to be converted for stretcher cases. We are very busy, you know. We are filling you right up and we shall have another train to-morrow ! " And off he dashed to find Captain West.

Followed a bewildering succession of contradictory stories. We were taking all stretchers, 430, crisis load. They had only 150 in the hospital. We were taking 600 sitters. We were taking no sitters. The other C.C.S. was full right up with stretchers and Captain West had gone up to help in the theatre—and so on for several hours. At 1 o'clock we adjourned for lunch, having loaded about 200 stretchers. At 2 we opened

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with a rush of six trollies from No. 995 and awaited the result of negotiations with the other C.C.S. which either had or had not 200 stretchers for evacuation. Meanwhile, walking cases gathered above us on the hill, and the R.O.D. showed Captain West their orders to leave at 3.26. " These times cannot be varied, but must be strictly adhered to."

About three o'clock there was great activity among the walking cases. After forming fours several times each man was examined and cross-examined by the Colonel, and when the front rank had been inspected they formed fours, right dressed, and after a little marching and counter marching did a sort of " On the right form Company " half-way down the hill. On the train excitement was reaching fever heat. The language of the R.O.D. was an education and though the tone was lowered while Captain West was by, the intensity was, if anything, increased. The train N.C.O.'s, still unable to hear definitely what they were getting, and with the certainty of losing their " marche " at Chaulnes before their eyes, could hardly speak coherently. Captain West contented himself with remarking that he understood now why this C.C.S. had left Flanders before the push started ; and went up to have a heart-to-heart talk with the student of Longfellow whom he found, like Pooh Bah, perplexed by the multiple claims of his conflicting personalities. As R.T.O. he would have sent the train away on time, full or empty, were it not that as O.C. Hospital he was obliged to get rid of his patients. As E.M.O. he would have given us definite figures, were it not that as R.S.M. he was always adding to them and was at the same time collecting serial number tickets. As a result of a conference of all these gentlemen a *modus vivendi* was arranged, and in about ten minutes all four companies were marched down to the train. Crutches and splints made the drill a bit ragged, but we were willing to overlook this. Since it was a hot August day each man was given a blanket before embarking. As our brakes blew off a straggling crowd of patients came streaming over the hill from the other C.C.S. and clambered on as we moved out after a six-hour loading, still doubtful whether the 200 stretchers in the other C.C.S. were left behind or non-existent.

After this we returned to Merris and arranged to have our concert and Fancy Dress Parade. Some of us got a severe shock when we saw the casual way in which an engine was used to fetch us a piano, while the levity with which 23 and 126 were shunted about for our convenience seemed to amount almost to blasphemy. The evening was an unqualified success, concert and sketch were alike excellent, while the number and variety of excellent costumes that were evolved out of nothing in particular, reflected the utmost credit upon those responsible. In these preparations the Sisters were invaluable, and toiled nobly to make such characters as Gaby Deslys and The Shepherdess successful. They were. The most poignant emotions were awakened in our breasts by their feminine loveliness. At the same time, perhaps, even more credit is due to those whose toilet was less elaborate but extremely effective.

At this time Sergeant Young left us to get married : the first of our number to take this step since we joined the Train. Now, after nearly a year, we take this opportunity of renewing our good wishes. The apparent

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success of his experiment, is, we believe, bearing fruit and we hope soon to hear that another of our number is following his example.

We come now to a period of rest and relaxation at Steenbecque, where we stayed for more than a week. There was little to do and less to see. Walks could be had in the Forest of Nieppe, and fishing, not fish, in the canal. A solitary Boche plane dropped some bombs one morning and killed a pig, but the great feature of the time was the blackberrying —or "bumleykiting"—we indulged in. Independent foraging gave good results, and culminated in a great concerted effort which kept us in fruit for a week.

At Abbeville a few days later the French suddenly detached the Stores Fourgon, leaving in its place an extremely dirty and ramshackle vehicle. We, who had toiled for weeks in the broiling sun with soap, soda, turpentine, paraffin, bath brick, monkey-brand and ballast to change its outside from black to green, and who regarded its shining exterior as a monumental example of the triumph of human perseverance over material difficulties, felt that this was a blow almost more than we could bear. Corporal "Posh" Price, of No. 1 A.T., after listening to an affecting story of wasted endeavour finishing with the words "Well there! I could 'ave cried," remarked, "I shouldn't 'ave cried, I should 'ave swore." It is possible that some of us may have sought relief in words from the emotion that filled our breasts.

The Q.M.S. spent the whole of the afternoon and evening in interviewing R.T.O.'s, D.A.D.R.T.'s, and French Chefs de Gare in an endeavour to reverse the decree, and on several occasions nearly succeeded. In fact, at one time two men came across to effect the exchange but were stopped at the last moment. We then decided upon masterly inactivity—a course which was not an unqualified success. At 1.30 a.m. we were awakened at Camiers by the arrival of patients and found that we had no O.C., no Q.M.S. and no stores, merely a fourgon, empty, dirty, and hind-side first: the train was loaded, a few essential stores obtained, and we left for Calais feeling rather as though we were playing truant.

At Calais an energetic but rather noisy fatigue scrubbed walls, floors and ceiling. The air was equally filled with scrubbing-brushes, soapy water and strong language.

The effect of these cleaning agents was most satisfactory and in a short time the place was ready to receive the stores which had been obtained. On the arrival of the O.C. and Q.M.S., Messrs. Young and Steele left for Abbeville to salvage the stores, returning to us after many days with receipts for all we had left.

A few days later we visited Brandhoek for the second and last time. We arrived in brilliant sunshine and awaited the arrival of patients. The Q.M.S. had just remarked to Captain Carter that this visit was very different from the last, when the Colonel had been so anxious for our departure, when a terrific crack, a vision of masses of earth flying over the Staff coach, announced the arrival of a hostile shell which precipitated Dr. Rogers under the fourgon.

Our engine prepared for instant departure. While this was being

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discussed, a shell dropped in the C.C.S., hastening the progress of some 500 sitting patients. Our friend the Colonel hustled them on smartly, sent us about a dozen British stretcher cases and the same number of Huns, which last were brought along at a smart double, and we left amidst a shower of shrapnel aimed at some six or eight enemy planes overhead. For once, fortune favoured the usually oppressed lying wards, who rolled down to Calais with three or four patients apiece, what time the sitting-ups had eighty of the best and the old Isolation was chock-a-block with Germans.

Off-loading at Calais was not a success. The slowness and confusion were only slightly mitigated by the feminine charms of the F.A.N.Y. drivers. The R.T.O. said that we were to go back as soon as possible. We riposted with a request for water. "Do you want only the kitchens filled or all the train?" "Oh, all the train, please." "Well, in that case you will need to provide an N.C.O. and five men to help with it, to save time." At 11.30 we shunted across and started watering up. The five men who had been waiting with growing impatience for two hours went at it with a rush, and the night was filled with shrieks and tramplings, cries of "Débloquez," "Fermez," "Turn it off," while torrents of water fell in cascades from the roof. For many months the Fontinettes water fatigues oppressed our spirits. During a period of almost daily loads our rest was broken—sometimes entirely destroyed—by the necessity of waiting up till we reached the garage siding, when we proceeded to haul about immense and heavy lengths of hose, covered with mud and leaking at every joint. Usually the French party, whose work we were doing, rolled up in time to thank us.

Soon after this we garaged at Bergues for two days, and had a debate on the F.A.U. Badge question in the gun-lit darkness of an air raid. After a Mendinghem—Tréport trip we arrived at Audruicq, where we were entirely re-painted.

None of us had realised how much equipment there was on the train, nor how much kit each one of us had, until we had to move it to the huts placed at our disposal. For the first time we left the train and led a more or less normal life. "Devonshire House" and "Jordans" were the scene of some pleasant social hours, and the shaking up together did us all a lot of good.

The principal interest of the place was the "—— Siren," at whose invitation we hastened along the M.G. post and lay in a ditch or a dug-out and received such thrilling pieces of information as: "Shrapnel bursting over Gravelines," "Aircraft approaching, N. to S.W." and heard the mystic enquiry: "What have you got on the gun?"

The mornings were spent in elaborating the trench we lay in at night; a task for which we were fitted by no experience or advice. It kept us occupied and some of us amused and happy.

During our stay here we lost Priestman to H.Q. and had a visit from Jock Fry, who had left us some time before. We were sorry to lose them both. Not less important was the return of "Wu" from Dunkirk, who had the unusual opportunity of reading his own obituary notices.

We returned to the train on a very wet day and settled down feeling

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very strange with " H " kitchen next to the personnel. In marshalling the train our friends managed to stave in the side of " D " ward with a coal truck, " so that we left behind." The following day we moved out, followed all over the yard by painters finishing our footboards, and went up to Merris.

At Merris we had an air raid and, as usual, climbed on to the roof to watch it. We saw a plane brought down, but report next day said it was French.

Our journey from Railhoek—delightful place!—was memorable. We left Merris at 7.30 and spent two hours patching up our steam connections. Captain West and Sergeant Hoyles showed considerable aptitude for this, the O.C. remarking that he liked it much better than his own work. Loading was very, very slow, and it was five o'clock before we left for Godewaersvelde. We arrived at the R.G. at five o'clock in the following afternoon, our new " S " coach having had a death on its first trip.

A few days later, after a joy ride towards the front, we loaded at Zuydcoote with patients from the Q.A.H. among others. We were the first and last F.A.U. train to do so.

After twelve trips in fourteen days we garaged at Boulogne on December 2nd. Captain West had just left after a stay of more than a year. During that time we carried many patients, which pleased some of us more than others, but we had leave in great abundance. It is remarkable that at no time were we badly left. Captain West backed his luck—or judgment—and it did not let him down. Loads, leave, and outsides were perhaps the most salient feature of his reign. In his place we welcomed Captain Maskew, whose stay will be, we hope, a long one.

At this point a difficulty arises. The chronicler went on leave from Boulogne and did not rejoin the train till New Year's Day. Of this most interesting period he knows, therefore, only by hearsay. How they had heroic water fatigues at Edgehill and Ytres in bitter frost and lost a dixie. How parties scoured the countryside for poultry, and other parties for different commodities. How Jimmy and others decked the tables in " B " ward and shaded the lights. How they had a dinner of ten—or was it eighteen?—courses. " And very merry we were." How they heard for the first time that Shakesperean masterpiece " King Richard IV," and how they gave a concert at Grévillers with great success. All these things and many more have to be omitted to the great loss of the narrative.

Some ten or twelve days were spent at Sotteville in bitter weather while the French mended burst pipes which burst again by the morning, and also repaired " H " kitchen which had taken advantage of Simpson's absence to dash off on a cross-country tour at Etricourt only to collapse with a fractured buffer before it had gone many yards—vaulting ambition having o'erleaped itself. On this occasion, Captain Maskew, having entered No. 8 bunk in the Personnel, and having roused Corporal Harrison, seated himself comfortably upon Orderly Brook while numerous telegrams were written.

The next few weeks were spent uneventfully in trips to the Third Army, most of our time in garage being spent at Doullens, re-visited after eighteen months of unregretted absence.

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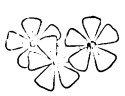
February saw us in Audruicq once more. Our stay was not a very long one, and had compensating features, despite laborious hours spent heaving accumulator cells about. Altogether, many hundreds of tons were moved. Other fresh delights were concerts in Audruicq, which were greatly enjoyed, and the presence of No. 17. This train and its personnel we had seen less than any other in the service. We had passed each other occasionally but had not garaged side by side since January, 1916. Accordingly we were glad to see something of each other and various enjoyable evenings were arranged.

Football also. On a marshy ground we were sadly overwhelmed by our opponents, and our second eleven were likewise beaten. Our defeat rankled and we had another try: this time on a better ground and amid scenes of intense enthusiasm we won by two goals to none despite the loss, early in the game, of our centre forward. The siren went almost nightly, but unheeded. We were allowed to stop on the train and did so gladly. Here we lost two more of our original crew. Fennimore Cooper is the central figure of a good many train stories, and gathered round him in "P" coach a really remarkable assembly of people whose conduct and conversation would have procured for them the hospitality of the padded cell in any well-regulated asylum. Edgar Ellis, on the other hand, was a recluse of the most determined variety, which was a pity. His departure further decreased the small body of sound conservative principles on the train, and gave freer play to the flaming socialism of Jack White, which he had largely neutralised.

From Audruicq we went to Bergues, where we spent more than a week. On a memorable day we marched in a body to H.Q., accompanied to our great delight by Captain Maskew in his capacity of *père de famille*. Many of us knew H.Q. only by hearsay, and were interested to see what it was really like. The accounts we had received were not encouraging, but the warmth of our reception left nothing to be desired. After a most excellent lunch, we played S.S.A.19 at football, and despite the long walk which our team had had, beat them. A good dinner, followed by a sing-song, terminated our visit, and we left with the most cordial feelings on both sides.

In the days that followed, numerous visits were exchanged. On Sunday, in particular, we were at home to a large number of tourists, and "N" cabinet at least did its best to repay the hospitality extended to us by eating a large quantity of potted meat, jelly and custard. It was, perhaps, unfortunate that there was no guest.

A few days more and we were back with the Third Army, on which front we remained until the storm broke on March 21st.



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Editorial.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Orderly Review.*

SIR,—Will you grant me the favour of space in your columns for some plain speaking? In recent discussions regarding the future of the F.A.U., an outsider would be startled at the glibness and apparent unanimity of the criticism of our Unit and its condemnation to oblivion. This criticism may or may not be justified, but it most surely returns upon the head of the individual member. If the character of the Unit is changing, why is it, unless because of the character of the men? At the beginning the F.A.U. rested on a broad and generous ideal of personal duty and devotion thereto; if this gives place to official authority, is not the service of members to blame for the failure? We may complain that we are being "militarised"; have we all (and this particularly concerns the newer men) done our utmost to render the process unnecessary? The only workable alternative to mechanical necessity is the frank and mobile recognition of duty and the most unsparing devotion in its fulfilment.

This raises the wider issue of recognition of our duty; like most moral problems there is no finality in the solution. Factors are daily appearing or becoming inoperative and above all the individual personal factor changes ceaselessly. The plain duty of 1915 is not necessarily so plain in 1917. The ground held steadily last year may be no place for the same man to-day. The question "Why aren't you in the army?" and the other "Why aren't you in prison?" have to be decided not once for all but a hundred times in this ever-changing life. Have we to-day the firm basis of conviction that supported our former choices, and if not, why are we still on A.T. 16? These questions have daily to be faced squarely and answered unflinchingly if we and our unit are ever to stand for a great principle.

The answer may cost much—may cost the individual much suffering and even loneliness—may cost the Unit some of its best and most earnest men, but the answer will also bring a new joy of service and a new spirit of conscious unity.

So, Mr. Editor, I maintain that the future is in the hands of the members and we can, if we will, re-clothe our ideal of voluntarism. It will be difficult but it can be done at the price of utter self-forgetfulness—not "eye service" but honest, effective striving; nor is this affected by the dull material routine however trivial, unnecessary or even foolish this may seem.

I offer no apology for the above but the sincerest sympathy with any whose conceptions may differ from my own.

I am, Sir, Yours, etc.,

IDEALIST.

R. E. W.

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Seldom is there so much worthy of comment, but upon which we feel incapable of pronouncing worthy judgment. The departure of Howjohn, startlingly sudden, leaves a blank which we cannot as yet fully appreciate, and any such attempt is doomed to failure. Howson was our biggest literary genius. Inimitable in style, subtle in humour, his influence might be traced in almost all *The Orderly Review* work that scored, while his two Christmas plays are typically characteristic. We are not sure that more is not to be gleaned from that of his attitude to life, than from any other of his train activities, for personally, in thinking of him, we are haunted by Arnold's lines :

> " Others abide our question. Thou art free.
> We ask and ask ; thou smilest, and art still . . . ."

C. A. H.

I have met no one who had, in higher degree than Howson, the power of proffering absurdity with all the solemnity of religious conviction, or of leading the unwary, by means of sympathetic agreement, into the pitfalls of obvious unreason. One could never be sure if it were a simple seeker after truth who asked a question, or a psychologist in search of amusement. For these reasons his conversation never lacked zest.

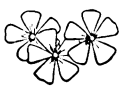
H. R. G.

Turning from the Unit to the Train, we are faced by a similar change. Here, too, one O.C. has gone and another come. Among other things, Captain West will stand to us as the man who abolished the " A " and " B " leave lists, and dispensed leave with a prodigal, and, in the opinion of some, even a reckless hand. Our best wishes go with him to Italy.

The latest news from that front is of a French offensive, followed by an Italian one. Should this, in turn, be followed by a British push, we feel confident that No. 41 A.T. will carry " all and more than all " of her share of the casualties.

From speeding the parting O.C., we cheerfully turn to welcoming his successor. The Romans, we are told, when they desired to express their appreciation of the extraordinary beneficence of the administration of one of their Governors, conferred on him the title of " The Father of his Country." Even after so brief a period, we feel sure that the Personnel of the train (roughly corresponding, we suppose, to " Senatus Populusque Romanus ") would enthusiastically vote Captain Maskew the title of " The Father of his Train."

L. T.



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ORATER NOTANDA

GOOD luck to Brig.-General Seely ! If the Second-Lieutenants were as cheerful and polite as the Generals, " B " ward would not look so careworn on trip days. The Ex-Secretary of State for War is our most distinguished guest up-to-date. The glint of his scarlet and gold is the only relief to the gloom of our recent visit to the Fourth Army.

It is interesting to note that in the six weeks following May 2nd, we brought loads from the First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Armies, took convalescent loads to Calais and Le Havre, and went into repair garage at Boulogne.

How liable we are to misjudge people ! For many months we have thought of the Havre authorities as mean and niggardly in regard to blankets. We learned the other day how unfair this was. In one single bundle " B " Ward received, in addition to blankets, two towels, two pairs of pyjamas, two woollen caps, one Balaclava helmet, one bed sock, one stretcher sling, and a lump of soiled gauze. To be sure, most of the blankets were classified " P.B." and a good many " P.U.", but that does not do away with the generous intention to give more than was asked for.

It is peculiarly appropriate that " B " Ward should be the recipients of these offerings, in view of the unselfish way in which they pressed upon " C " Ward the acceptance of a blanket found in the " concertina." Not that " C " were less altruistic. They insisted vehemently that they had no claim upon the blanket in question, and to such a pitch did this generous contention reach, that it almost resembled an ordinary quarrel.

We have long been familiar with sitting patients who arrived on stretchers, but at Bailleul we met for the first time stretcher cases who arrived walking. When these two varieties turn up together, what a happy time Corporal Pearson will have, when he comes to count them ! It was while we were loading on the above occasion that the E.M.O.'s Checker gave the S.B. Sergeant a piece of sound advice, which, it has been suggested, should be hung at the bed-head of every N.C.O. on the train, like an illuminated text :—

" Take your ———— jacket off, and give 'em a hand yourself."

H. R. G.

Whatever the opinion of the personnel upon " Hoarding " may be, we have no doubt as to the way it regards " Accumulating."

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The following is said to be an extract from Vol. III of the *Book of Artemas :—*

"So the men that had gone to spy out the land returned, and they brought a good report of the land. For they said, it is a land flowing with syrup and coffee. Moreover, of the inhabitants, they said the men were of simple sort, and the women were good to look upon. Let us, therefore, go up and possess it.

"So it came to pass, that the next day, the men of A.T. 16, even all the valiant and stout of heart, both the Soccer Team and their supporters, went out. Moreover, there went forth with them all their great men, the O.C., the Q.M.S., and the N.C.Os., marching some before and some behind. When they came nigh unto the city, at a place called Malo, they encamped a space, and saw that what had been said was true, that it was indeed a goodly land flowing with syrup and coffee.

"Now when they had eaten and were filled, they marched forth to the city. And at the entering in of the gates, the men of S.S.A. 19 met them. So the men of A.T. 16 fell upon them and smote them hip and thigh. And when the inhabitants of the country, who had come to see the battle, saw that S.S.A. 19 was discomforted, they were filled with terror of the train men and spake them smoother words, saying———"

L. T.

Nothing that has happened to us out here was greeted with greater hilarity than the issue of gas helmets, after three months of almost unrelieved evacuation trips. One pictured the Q.M.S. and Corporals loading the train at the "Rive Gauche" for Havre in gas masks and shrapnel helmets. Still, we have had a "gas alert," on which occasion it is rumoured that several members of the personnel slept in their helmets.

Now they want to know our next of kin! There is evidently dirty work ahead!

[At this time the O.C issued an order that no one was to pass through a ward in which he was attending to patients. The following paragraph was intended as a remonstrance.]

We understand that all persons desiring to pass from "A" to "F," or from "F" to "A," or between any intermediate coaches must, when the train is loaded, apply to J. A. Gill (Acting D.A.D.A.T. Traffic) for a movement order, after having had their Red Worker Passes initialled by H. Gibson (Acting Intelligence Officer) in the Personnel Messroom. Orderly H. Kitching to act as "checker" at the "A" coach end to regulate return traffic. It is hoped by this method to avoid the blocks in the corridors which have proved so annoying lately. All ranks are warned that they will move by "marches" and that any unpunctuality may mean the missing of a "marche," and occasion several hours' delay.

We gladly welcome the idea of using white tabs for Carrel cases in addition to the red tabs already in use; and hope the scheme will be extended. Why not use blue for chest wounds, green for abdominal, and purple for head? Or infectious cases might be distinguished, yellow for dysentery, cerise for measles, brown for scabies, Isabella colour for sebor-

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rhœa, etc. The Campbell tartan has, of course, a traditional significance (God bless the Duke of Argyle !) and should be used where special precautions are necessary rather than for actual members of the Clan Diarmid. Were this carefully worked out the medical officer would be able to see at a glance the nature of each man's disability, as he went through the ward. A beautiful effect could be obtained by arranging the colours in their prismatic order, and with a little more care in loading this could easily be done.

Congratulations to our Sisters on being the first women to enter Miraumont and Beaumont-Hamel. They confer a distinction upon the train, and certainly brightened the lives of the inhabitants of these parts considerably.

Mr. W. G. Howson when last heard of was suffering from German measles. His present whereabouts is a matter for conjecture, he having vanished once more into space. Mr. Robert Daws, his former companion in retirement, is at present in good health. He hopes, however, to spend a day or two in bed when we resume touch with the Mails and the A.M.F.O.

Tomkinson was " Wu," inevitably, from the moment when Sir George Newman referred to him as " You from Wuhu." Indeed it is said that some members of the Staff Coach have left the train in ignorance of his real name.

For a while he was intimately associated with the duties of Personnel Orderly, and was the acknowledged sanitary expert of the train. Who that heard it can forget the bubbling delight with which he recounted his experiences at St. Omer ? Or his fall from the Personnel Coach ? Who, on the other hand, remembers Tregenza's unpublished ode to his bags ?

Two scenes remain forever with me. First, a water fatigue at Blendecques, and a curiously Chinese figure carrying on its shoulder a broom-handle from which dangled two dixies. Second, a head and shoulders wedged into the doorway of "O" Cabinet, and a hand flourishing a sharply pointed knife in our faces.

H. R. G.

Mr. Whitby has once more been laid aside, this time owing to a slight sun-stroke incurred while working upon the various charts that adorn this issue. After a course of fasting he was enabled to resume his duties and is now enjoying his usual health, except that he now adopts a worldly and frivolous attitude deeply distressing to his old friends of the Wesleyan Chapel.

NOTE.—We very much regret that this column should be so short this month. Unfortunately the personnel has been enjoying rude health for the past month. It is hoped, however, that in our next issue we may have a long list to deal with.

H. R. G.

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Letters to the Editor.

SIGNAL BY WHISTLE.

[The O.C elaborated a series of whistle-calls (one blast for Q.M.S., two for "Lying" Ward-master, three for "Sitting" Ward-master). The experiment was tried on only one occasion, when it failed dismally.]

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Orderly Review.*

SIR,—Would it not be possible for the system of "Signal by whistle" to be extended somewhat, in order that the personnel of A.T. 16 might benefit. I refer to blasts by the locomotive. *e.g.*—

1 long blast: Movement order received.
2 short blasts: Train going in 10 minutes.
3 „ „ Train starting immediately.

As you will see, the scheme is capable of much elaboration, and I do not think that confusion is likely to occur between these signals and those already in use for the calling of N.C.Os.

Yours, etc.,
"TENTATIVE."
C. A. H.

SHOUTING AT FOOTBALL MATCHES.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Orderly Review.*

DEAR SIR,—I have observed a curious phenomenon which may interest your readers. It partakes of the nature of a moral disease, infectious, prejudicial to moral life and ugly in a musical sense. However, it does appear to be one which possibly confers certain benefits (of a base material sort) on the physical organs of our clay, especially the pulmonary system. I refer to shouting at football matches.

For some time past I have cast the matter over in my mind if so be that I should find the cause of the disorder, but have been somewhat disappointed, finding no likely cause loftier than the desire to "air the lungs."

A few days ago, however, there was an exceedingly serious outbreak following symptoms of a pronounced order, in which advertising and propaganda work took a prominent part. These symptoms forced the solution of my old enquiry upon me in a flash. It is the desire to win the match which propagates the virulent infection.

I have since carried my investigation a little further, and it seems that it is not absolutely clear that shouting does actually impart to the ball any acceleration in the direction of one particular goal. Sir Isaac Newton tells me that the idea that it should do so is absurd, because in that case the ball would not be conforming to his laws.

Neither is it clear that it reacts uniformly on the psychology of the players. A well-known international full-back assures me that the calling

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out of encouragements and advice makes him " all of a dither," and usually spoils his stand at the crucial moment.

From such data as I have gathered I can now formulate a concise argument that an energetic crusade should be launched to stamp out the thing. Assuming that I have hit on the prime cause correctly, either :—

1.—The practice does not tend toward the winning of the match, or

2.—It does.

If 1 is true, the practice is mistaken and silly and ought to be stamped out. If 2 is true, we proceed as follows :—

Either (2A) the players consist of the 22 men previously selected, or

(2B) they include also the casuals of the outer world.

If 2B is true, the game in question is not football. But the players (and spectators) hold that it is football ; therefore 2A is true. But if 2A is true, the said practice is unsportsmanlike, being the interference of outsiders in a game they are not playing. (Cf. advice during chess matches.) Therefore there are only two possible alternative conclusions :—

A.—That the practice is mistaken and silly, and ought to be stamped out.

B.—That it is unsportsmanlike, and ought to be stamped out. Both these conclusions contain the common factor that it ought to be stamped out.

I therefore leave it in the hands of you, Mr. Editor, and of your readers to take such measures as you deem befitting.

Yours, etc.,
B. M. DUKE.

SHOUTING AT FOOTBALL MATCHES.

A REJOINDER.

DEAR SIR,

Your correspondent, Mr. Duke,
In his extremely subtle plea attaches
The stigma of an undeserved rebuke
To those of us who shout at football matches :
I should be glad if you would let me mention
My reasons for rejecting his contention.

I find the horns of his dilemma brittle :
The point is, that the gallant rival teams
Don't play *in vacuo*, a world in little,
Sole, self-subsistent, as he thinks, it seems.
We poor spectators (this is his omission)
Give root and context to the competition.

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They play : we shout. So both perform our function.
Theirs is called " football " : ours has yet no name,
But we need both, synthetic, in conjunction
To make a " match " what else were but a " game."
Nor can spectators without degradation
Shirk or refuse their vocal obligation.

Worse, we have here a blow at the expression
Of honest common feelings. Hateful aim !
To put the cold drilled silence of oppression
For natural shout and popular acclaim.
I put it to your readers, Sir, what else is
This but the Prussian spirit *in excelsis ?*

Let us beware of all who would repress
The free spontaneous utterance of men.
Enough. To all who have the shamelessness
To state this most pernicious view again,
I dare to say, and will do till I drop, " You lie ! "

Believe me, yours, etc.,
VOX POPULI.

J. W. H.

Sports Supplement.

FOOTBALL. SEASON 1916–17.

THIS season opened more favourably in the loss of our first match by only one goal to No. 22, one of the crack teams of the A.T. service. But soon afterwards, the big offensives of the latter half of 1916 prevented us from playing as many games as we would have wished. After Christmas, active fighting being in abeyance, we were again able to arrange matches : but our initial performance was not again realised, and we found ourselves unable to compete with the pace and vigour of our opponents.

The team was selected from :—Brook, Collier, Cooper, Gibson, Harrison, Howson, J. L., Lambourn, Moore, R. C., Pollard, Pumphrey, Stanley, Tiplady, Tomlin, White, J., Young (Captain).

Summary of Matches :—Played 11 ; Won 1 ; Lost 8 ; Drawn 2. Goals for, 12 ; against, 29.

F. H. S.

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SEASON 1917–18.

This season was the most successful of the four winters we spent in France, from the point of view of both the number of games played, and their results. During this season we were twice in repair garage at Audruicq, where we were always sure of spare time and a good ground, hence the number of matches we were able to play. Although several subsidiary causes, such as the ravages that had recently been made on the class "A" men belonging to the R.A.M.C. trains, helped towards the favourable results obtained, it is probable that this season's team was the best that represented the Train. The previous summer had given us a great deal of open-air life; bathing had been indulged in more than ever before, and cross-country running had been organised—all of which stood the Train in good stead during the winter months.

The two matches against 17 A.T., another F.A.U. train, were the most interesting and exciting. In the first game, played on a field at least six inches deep in mud, we were defeated by six goals to none. Although the ground was in very bad condition, no excuse could be found for this defeat, and we were very anxious to have another try. A few days later, on a frosty field, the teams again opposed one another to the loud acclamations of the rest of the personnel of both trains. On this occasion, after about fifteen minutes' play, we lost our centre-forward, but continuing with only ten men we finally emerged victors, 2—0, a sufficiently great revenge.

The team for the season was selected from the following :—

Brook, Cooper, Gibson, Harrison, Lambourn, Moore, R. C., Pumphrey, Stanley, Tomlin, White, J. (Captain), White, A.M., Calpin, Bower, Kitching, W. H., Riley, and Young.

Summary of Matches :—Played 21; Won 13; Lost 4; Drawn 4. Goals for, 60; against, 30.

J. W.

CRICKET. SEASON 1917.

The German retirement in the early part of 1917 liberated fresh fields and pastures new, but from a cricketing point of view the pastures were too pitted with shell-holes and the fields given up to the cultivation of barbed-wire, "duds," and trenches, to be of much use.

At Grévillers we assisted No. 3 Australian C.C.S. to make a cricket ground, and played one game amongst ourselves; then we departed and during the cricket season the place knew us not again.

At Agnez-les-Duisans we tried for two days, without success, to get a game; on the third day one of the C.C.Ss played us and was beaten; before 10 o'clock next day we had five challenges, at noon we loaded, and again we did not return during the cricket season.

Our most exciting games were against 21 A.T., who beat us by three runs, and against No. 5 A.T., whom we beat by two runs.

During the season the regular players were :—Tomlin, Fry, Kitching, W. H. (Captain), Stanley, Moore, R.C., Pumphrey, Woodhead, Brook, Gibson and Captain J. A. West.

Summary of Matches :—Played 9; Won 8; Lost 1.

G. S. P.

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A Library Report.

THE present time seems to be a suitable one for a few words, in the nature of a report, about the library. Those of our readers who have been with us for some time must forgive us if we quote a few facts already well known to them, but which may, we hope, prove a help and guidance to our apostolic brethren. To commence, the volumes belonging to the library are to be found always neatly and tidily arranged on the shelves in the dispensary and mess-room. In the latter place, it is true, huge chunks of cheese are occasionally intermingled with the books, but let not the seeker be discouraged, all that is necessary is to remove the cheese and the volumes required may be found underneath. It is necessary to obtain a permit from one of the mess-room orderlies if a borrower desires to stand on a form to reach down a book—and then shoes, slippers and boots must be removed before doing so. If anyone, for any reason, is unable to remove his boots, we recommend him to place a tea-cloth on the form and stand on that. This, like certain other things, is allowed in exceptional circumstances only.

We would desire to thank our readers for the way in which they always return books promptly, enter them duly in the list, and put them back tidily on the shelves. (A volume should not be kept for more than three months.)

With its numerous volumes, the library should prove of interest to all, and books may be found to suit all tastes. For instance, a recent addition is "How to keep clean and tidy under all circumstances; the Chinese Method," by L. T. This should prove of great interest to all our readers. We would remind them that cleanliness is next to Godliness, and we would call the attention of our kitchen staffs to the following extracts from one of our volumes:

"Cleanliness is the most essential ingredient in the art of cooking: a dirty kitchen is a disgrace to both mistress and maid."

"Punctuality is a quality indispensable to a cook; therefore always have a good clock in the kitchen."

But enough of this book—let the cooks read it, and good results should follow. Contenting ourselves with extracts from this one only, we mention below a few books which we hope to add shortly to our collection.

"The Beauty Book," by Dimples.
"R.T.Os I have met," by Deux Soeurs.
"My Kitty," by Isolation.
"The Singer," by Q.M.S.
"An Old, Old Man," by W. H. K.
"All for Love," the story of a woman's heart, by W. G. R.
"Sir Gibbie," by James.

We hope our readers will enjoy these books and derive pleasure from perusal of the same.

H. J. C.

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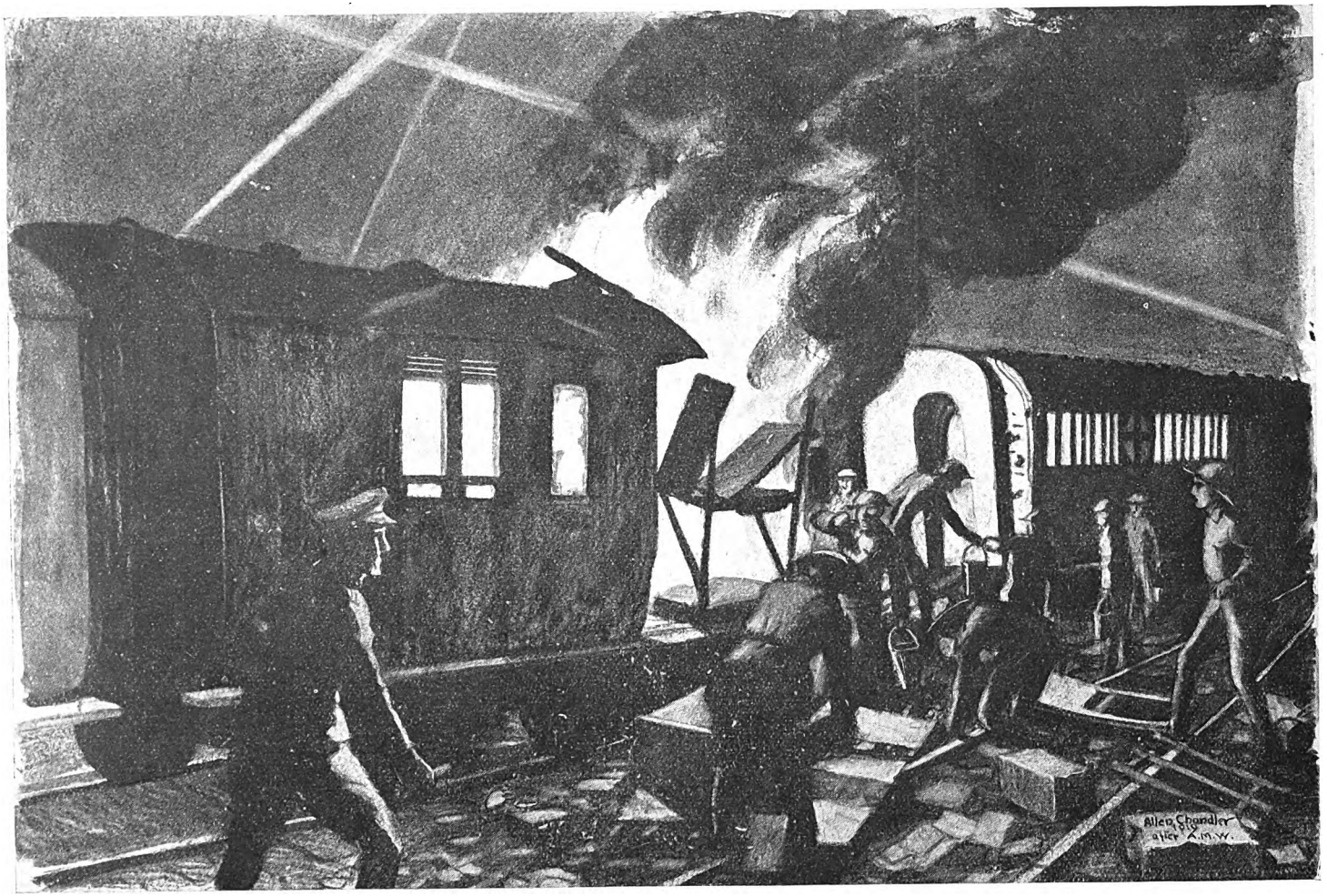

A DIRECT HIT.

Etaples—31st May, 1918.

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Period III.

THE WAR OF MOVEMENT.

21st MARCH, 1918, TILL THE END.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE TO THE THIRD PERIOD.

THE great German offensive which opened on March 21st, 1918, brought a return to open warfare which profoundly affected the A.T. service. Loading places, instead of being more or less fixed and stable, altered daily, moving first backward and then forward with startling rapidity, while our trains were shifted about from one part of the front to another in a manner which defied all calculation.

From our point of view, the most salient feature of the period was Work. We were kept busier than ever before. Often for weeks at a time we were moving constantly, and days in garage seemed a thing of the past. Even after the Armistice was signed we were kept at high pressure until just before we left the train, when the stream of prisoners from Germany ceased, and our work came to an end on Jan. 30th, 1919.

H. R. G.

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The Year 1917-1918.

A MEDLEY READ BY H. R. GILL AT THE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS, AUGUST, 1918.

PART II.—21st MARCH—14th AUGUST, 1918.

ON the fateful 21st March we left Doullens for Agnez at 10 p.m. There we loaded in the dark with guns and shells crashing around us—near enough, at least, for us to carry down one or two patients who had been wounded while we loaded. As we returned to Doullens we found St. Pol being shelled, which was surprising. Why we waited till 10 o'clock to load is not known. At that hour we were a little dismayed to receive patients from Nos. 3 and 29 C.C.Ss evacuated by car from Grévillers. The whole night was spent in loading from one ambulance and three R.F.C. lorries. No one could give any information as to numbers—or rather the information was so contradictory as to be worse than useless. In the early morning we stopped rather than finished, and wended our way to Etaples once more, returning to Artillery Corner—and completing our load at Aubigny. There was an air raid, and at St. Pol another, which sent us round by Lapugnoy, Lillers and Aire to off-load at Etaples.

On March 23rd we reached Amiens at 5 p.m. The battle of the Somme was at its height. We heard the most alarming rumours of the fighting—officers at Frévent were said to have walked there from Edgehill just as the Germans entered, so that for all we knew the Hun was at Corbie and might appear in Amiens at any minute. As we got through the station we saw some of our future patients, who told us that the battle line was still on the far side of Albert, which was more cheering.

We soon learned we were loading in the goods station at once, instead of going further afield. As we were backing down we supplied our usual 100 stretchers and blankets. All around the siding were walking wounded of every description. Two large goods sheds which had been partially cleared were paved with stretchers from end to end. Among these moved Y.M.C.A. men with jugs of water, biscuits, chocolate and nougat. On this unusual fare the patients had apparently been living all day. A few R.A.M.C. men were about, but nothing like an organised bearer party was possible and no numbers upon which we could rely were given. Captain Maskew and Simpy moved up and down the lines of stretchers chalking letters upon them, while every available man from the train, the few P.B. men on hand, and, last, but far from least, the Y.M.C.A. workers did the stretcher-bearing. Those who had seen them were reminded of the sheds at Dunkirk in 1914, when the Unit first landed.

The outstanding feature of the loading, where all did well, was the heroic way in which the Y.M.C.A. helped us. Without them we should really never have loaded before midnight. As it was, we gradually began to see daylight just as it got dark. The lights were turned on in the shed

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and immediately Archie lifted up his voice, and fragments began to fall upon the roof. The last stretchers were loaded at about the time the first bombs fell, and the sitters were packed in, in all the odd corners. Like Sir Richard Grenville we " brought them all aboard " and very glad they were.

The next business was to get away from an unhealthy neighbourhood as quickly as possible. Our driver, stoker, and guards were missing ; so was the R.T.O. Before they could be found a couple of terrific explosions, followed by the crash of falling glass, announced the arrival of two bombs opposite " H " kitchen. They fell in a shed, which took off some of their force, but the whole side of the coach was wrecked. By a piece of singular good fortune no one was killed. The mess-room was crammed with patients and every part of the train filled up, yet the only casualties were Gibson, who was cut about the head, and Stanley, who was hit in the back by a piece of wreckage.

The blazing shed made an excellent target and it became imperative to get the train away. A search party led by, and principally composed of Captain Maskew, unearthed the driver from a cellar and got him to pull us up a couple of hundred yards. Hardly had we moved when three more bombs fell in the place we had just left. After a little more delay, feeling we might be overlooked where we were, the authorities took us across to the engine depôt, where they left us for some hours, while Fritz after Fritz came across and " watered " the place, in the French phrase, with bombs and M.G. bullets.

At last about 2.0 we left for Wimereux, having sustained five hours' bombardment and brought away our seven hundred patients uninjured. How we escaped so well we have never been able to understand, as we were to all intents and purposes the target itself.

One or two incidents may be recalled. We carried to Abbeville some thirty sisters in the staff coach—a considerable addition to Captain Maskew's already heavy responsibilities. A few minutes after " H " coach was wrecked, two Y.M.C.A. blokes approached a train N.C.O. " Er —excuse me. Could you tell us if those were bombs just now ? " Resisting the temptation to say that it was only a patient dropping his boots, he replied simply that they were bombs. " Oh, thank you. We couldn't be sure."

As H. R. G. was shoving sitters into the Isolation a Boche plane made its appearance just overhead. The barrage, as before stated, was weak, but the language turned out by all present on that occasion was so overwhelming in its strength that it seems probable that any bomb dropped would have been deflected, if not driven back to the donor. The patients were so transported by rage that it was difficult to get them inside.

That was a good bit of work. We found hundreds of patients waiting, many of them badly wounded. We helped with the stretcher-bearing and took them all. We looked after them in rather trying circumstances and could feel that we were saving them from a very real danger. To praise the conduct of our sisters on this occasion would be mere impertinence, but if No. 27's sisters were decorated, ours most certainly earned

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recognition. Captain Maskew, to our great regret, strained his shoulder and had to leave us for a time.

From Wimereux we went to Lapugnoy, which peaceful spot we left at midnight for St. Pol. No. 12 Stationary, in its usual helpful way, said we were taking so many infectious and so many non-infectious cases, with no details. A little earnest talk on the telephone elicited particulars of the infectious cases, but unfortunately when they arrived they were quite different. All this at four o'clock in the morning on an empty stomach is most cheering.

A few days in the Petite Vitesse gave us new windows and an opportunity of rest. The period following was not of any great interest. Our loads continued to come from the Third Army—Frévent, Doullens, Gézaincourt, Vignacourt. Gézaincourt returned to life the same as ever. Not quite though, one prominent feature of the landscape was missing, and the oft-proposed train photograph has yet to be taken.

On April 22nd we garaged at Blendecques for the first time for many months, and spent a day and a half by No. 17. On the second afternoon we left for Ebblinghem to the surprise and pleasure of Seventeen, who were our seniors there by two days. Ebblinghem was noisy and the patients plentiful. About half-way through the loading the brilliant and amusing conversation of the A.S.C. and S.B. sergeants was interrupted by an unseemly shout of "Simpers," from an officer sitting in the front of a car—and there was Clemes with a wound in his neck. It is difficult to say whether he was or we were the more delighted.

He travelled down in "A" kitchen and spent the night singing the praises of his men and eating Welsh rarebits. Some of the men in the wards told us what was no news, that he was an ideal officer.

If we are ever tempted to blame the Intelligence Department of the Army let us remember the case of Clemes. For five months we had been south with the Third Army. We came up to Blendecques and went out instead of Seventeen to pick up Clemes, returning again to the Third Army. What could be better managed?

We visited Lapugnoy just in time to get the first lilies of the valley and left it just in time to miss the first shells. Our journeys around Chocques corner were not devoid of interest, but were accomplished without loss or damage.

Aire was another holiday resort. The gravel pit provided excellent bathing and a lot of small perch. One of these—"Jerry" by name—lived on the train for over two months, in strict confidence, and an old biscuit tin. We loaded up at last, and just before we left six shells dropped in to see if we were ready.

On May 29th we awoke at Doullens, and loaded at 12.0. Throughout our stay occasional big shells kept us interested and one particularly vicious "clonk" speeded our departure. At Frévent we had the same experience and were cheered by the sight of recent wreckage as we entered the town. At Abbeville we heard a good deal about bombs and when we got back there the next day the question of where to spend the night became pressing.

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In the end we went into the fields. Overheard, as we composed ourselves to rest: "This is making me feel religious." "What d'you mean?" "Twenty-third Psalm. 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters.'"

About ten o'clock the first guns went, and Jerry was heard circling round and round. For the next hour or two the banging of the Archies, the bursting of shells, the maniacal jabbering of machine guns, the patter of shrapnel and the w-h-h-oo-mp of bombs competed for our attention. For the first time some of us lost that detached interest with which we had hitherto regarded these phenomena and felt we were personally involved —on the stage and not in the stalls, so to speak. The shrapnel came whistling and zipping down through the trees and clonking into the water and thudding into the ground in a most distracting way. Meanwhile, one of the bombs had set alight something in the station which burned brightly for a good while, and the lurid glare heightened the general effect. A number of our party spent the last hour or two in the old grand-stand. They were interested to hear that a bomb was dropped on it a few nights later.

We loaded next morning for Boulogne in the dilatory manner we have learned to expect from Abbeville. "S" coach carried a record load of assorted ladies—Q.A.I.M.N.S., T.F.N.S., V.A.D., and Q.M.A.A.C. Did I say ladies or letters? Well anyhow they were rapidly joined by the D.D.M.S., the A.D.M.S., A.T., the R.T.O. and the O.C. For what purpose all these gentlemen were required in "S" coach is not known, though several explanations were offered at the time by the S.B.'s.

Our journey was prolonged by the fact that the Boche had scored a direct hit on Etaples bridge. For once we were ready for him and had just completed an alternative route a mile or two up-stream, so that a few hours' delay was all that resulted. We off-loaded at Terlincthun and received orders for Etaples. Strange to say we left twenty minutes before time, nor did we stop at Camiers as we expected, but went straight on to the new siding. As our brakes blew off the barrage started. It was a very fine barrage, quite the largest we have met, and the searchlights were good too.

How many 'planes were about we have not heard, they seemed innumerable, and through everything was a high, continuous shriek, the contribution we were told of the squadron leader's machine. Soon bombs began to fall, and for the first time we heard the horrid whistle they make as they come down, a most unnerving noise. You know it will be near, but you do not know how near. The train shook and rocked, fragments of shell and bomb splintered the trucks all round, and a deathly white glare lit up the scene while we lay and wondered which particular bomb would do our business. From these thoughts we were aroused by the voice of Sergeant Young telling us that "A" kitchen had been hit and was burning. Accordingly we hurried to the scene with Kylfires and sand buckets. The coach was well alight and blazed furiously. Fortunately the "A"-"B" concertina was so destroyed that as soon as the coupling was unfastened the wreckage could be pulled away from the rest of the train. The coupling was obstinate at first but proved more amenable

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when it was unscrewed instead of being screwed tighter. Our driver and stoker, with admirable courage, had remained at their posts and so made it possible to isolate the burning coach before " B " or " G " caught fire.

Meanwhile the whole personnel and one or two Australian volunteers were at work on the kitchen and in a short time extinguished the flames.

We were then able to take stock of the situation. " A " was wrecked and burned as far as the kitchen range. The bomb had burst in the back bogie and blown it to bits. Owing to this " B " ward was less damaged than one would have supposed possible. Kitch, Young, Tomlin and Frank White were in " B " ward at the time and ought to have been killed. White, who was near the concertina, was within three yards of the bomb ! ! ! He escaped with cuts and bruises. The other three, though blown down the ward, were suffering principally from shock. The story as received by Watter and passed on to Captain West was, that Tomlin had been blown from one end of the ward to the other head over heels, and that his false teeth flew out and bit him in the back.

Captain Shepherd-Boyd had an even narrower shave than the rest, as he was actually in the kitchen when it was hit. His escape is as inexplicable as it is gratifying.

The scene was truly remarkable. In, under, and around the remains of the coach were the contents of the stores and the canteen. M. & V., herrings, chickens, sardines, sausages, parsnips, jam, tomatoes and milk were there in amazing profusion, and among these were scattered fruit, beer, stout, chocolate, cigarettes, soap, matches and oddments of every description. This stuff the train personnel began to salvage, in which task they were ably assisted by some members of the A.I.F. on a neighbouring train. " What the hail spared the locusts carried away." Some days ago we carried down one of these men on the train, who said he rescued among other things seventeen tins of tomatoes, which made a welcome addition to their usual diet. In spite of this assistance the rescued goods made an imposing show in " C " ward, where they were placed.

There are a number of people who doubt the efficacy of prayers for material benefits, and say roundly that curses harm none but the speaker. The attention of these scoffers is directed to the ice-safe. For two and a half years fervent prayers for its destruction had been uttered daily by habitués of " B " pantry : apparently they were unheard and unheeded, but when the bomb fell the ice safe was so wrecked, so completely destroyed that no fragment, no splinter of it was ever found. It was blasted, destroyed utterly ; not even the site of it remained.

Notice :—" In future please confine your curses to your own coach."

It was, perhaps, not unnatural that the R.T.O. should be in a dug-out and know nothing about us, but when, after we had been bombed, he told Captain Maskew that No. 16 was at Dannes Camiers and not at Etaples, it was felt that further conversation was useless.

Once more we may pat ourselves on the back and say that we all did well, but Young performed prodigies of valour. After being blown up he roused the personnel, largely directed the fire brigade, and conducted

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the salvage operations, taking no time off to recover from what must have been a considerable shock.

Perhaps nothing can better illustrate the indomitable spirit of our race than the orders given to the sitting-up wards that morning. Remember the experiences of Abbeville, followed by a trip, the air raid, fire and salvage, with all the fatigue and excitement incident to them. "Oh, Pearjohn, you'll want to get your floors scrubbed and the windows and brasses cleaned."

In "C" ward the grain was being sifted from the chaff. Apparently undamaged tins were sent down to "L" coach. Damaged goods were disposed of by the workers, and the officerial sausage graced many a humble board. Note for future guidance:—Tinned parsnips and tinned fruit are very much alike: but the former are hardly worth the trouble.

That night we went up into the hills and slept—more or less—until we were awakened by Mr. Kipling's friend the Dawn Wind, about 2.0 in the morning, and came home.

The next day after an early dinner we set off, under Sergeant Hoyles, to the Gas School, very fearful of being made to look absurd by the authorities—even if we did not perish by the way.

We were welcomed at the school by a very pleasant sergeant who knew all about us and that we knew no drill; so made his orders as simple as possible. We have the assurance that if ever it should be necessary to wear our masks they will fit us and keep out anything.

As we neared the train we found it on the opposite line. "Loading for Trouville at five!" said one of us, and it was a long while before he could believe that that was the official order. We loaded and set off, waiting outside Abbeville so as to be on the bridge when the warning went—beautifully timed again! Back once more to Rouen, loaded as usual, arriving at the R.G. just in time for another warning. There we left for Audruicq.

The siren went ere we were well inside, and during our stay, alarms twice or thrice nightly were the rule. We were to be there about ten days, to have our wheels turned and to have red crosses on the roofs.

With every appearance of haste the painters started swarming over our roofs before we were out of bed in the morning, and though this first rush was not maintained, we were finished within the estimated time. There were complications, however. Before deciding anything Audruicq had to see the wreck of "A" coach. This came about the time we should have left. The order was given to make us a fourgon kitchen. So the days were spent in waiting for this to come from far-off Calais. Meanwhile, repairs to "B" ward were slowly proceeding and the scheme was to finish the two jobs on the same day. The development of this plan led to th addition of several conveniences to the kitchen; by the time "B" ward was added to us we were in possession of Mr. Stanley's up-to-date Villa Residence.

The principal feature of our stay was the two-day excursions to H.Q. on foot or by car which were indulged in by so many of the personnel. How many estaminets did Wu enter between Audruicq and Petite Synthe?

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It would perhaps be easier to point out those which were passed by. H.Q. was as hospitable as ever and our many old friends there—alas ! how many —treated us well. The three pseudo-casualties in the Q.A.H. were shameless in their enjoyment of the good things provided and in their anticipation of generous leave.

Mention should be made also of many smaller outings that were indulged in. Every night a numerous party under Sergeant Young went off to sleep in the woods at Polincove. Their ostensible reason for doing so was the avoidance of bombs and " Archies," but it was suspected that love of adventure and an outdoor life weighed with them still more. There are always those to be found who desire the unusual, even at the cost of much discomfort. Others preferred country walks by day, while there was a remarkable revival of interest in fishing. The stream at Polincove contained real trout for the ambitious, and dace and roach for those who were content with simpler joys.

The most important happening of the period was the departure of our Q.M.S. for hospital treatment, important, since his absence was to be permanent. The association thus broken was a very long one. As Q.M. at Oxhey we all met him on our arrival there, and it was in his charge that we came to France three years ago. Until the lamented departure of Watter, Simpy was clerk, a most strenuous and earnest clerk. With the advent of No. 17, he became Senior N.C.O., which very trying post he held until last June.

Probably none of us realised half the amount of work and worry which his job entailed. He took it over at a time when the very first freshness of our enthusiasm was beginning to wear off, and it was his thankless task to supply rules and routine which should keep up the efficiency of our work as our first interest faded. Our initial velocity was very high, far higher than most of you would think, but as this was lost something had to take its place, and this Simpson supplied. Perhaps it was natural to look back with regret to the free-and-easy days of the first few months, but then conditions were changing all round. The Military Service Acts at home were not without effect on us, and the growing size of the Army in France made it increasingly necessary for us to fall in line with the rest.

For three years Simpson lived for the Train, never sparing himself. The result of this was a breakdown in health, which led to his leaving us. We hope and trust, after a long sick leave at home, he may find his work out here congenial. They'll have to pull their socks up at H.Q. !

At this point we may say just a few words of welcome to Farley Rutter who takes his place. We feel ourselves fortunate to get him, an opinion which we happen to know is shared by No. 17, who are not too cordial just now. We hesitate to hope that his stay may be a long one, but we wish instead that we may all be at home before the fourth anniversary.

At Audruicq, Young was on the spot as usual when the Commissioners of the B.R.C.S. arrived to inspect the wreckage. Unfortunately, " A " had not arrived, but their conversation with the sole survivor heroically remaining on duty and scorning sick leave cannot fail to have impressed

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them. We left Audruicq for Arques, garaging there for the first time for over two years and stopping there for a week.

Almost nightly there was a fine pyrotechnic display. A Boche plane in four or five searchlights is a beautiful thing, and the tracer shells with the luminous bases are very interesting. It is said that a tunnel somewhere in the background was not devoid of interest, either. Various stories were current which are not repeated here (for reasons, assorted, see Herodotus). Fishing and water fatigues were the principal occupations—neither very remunerative.

Four or five days at Ligny followed. The cooks will be more careful next time what they leave about when there are Scotch troops outside. After loading at Pernes, we left for Terlincthun, the R.T.O. telling us optimistically that we should be there in three and a half hours.

Outside Etaples we ran into a block and waited about for hours. Boulogne was being raided that night and distant searchlights were visible. As we neared the station the warning went, but it was not until we stopped in the station itself that the barrage opened out. It was as loud as ever and shrapnel fell about us and on us like hail. It seemed merely a matter of minutes before we were hit as we were right on the objective. However, either because of the barrage or for some other reason he dropped off and we breathed again, emerging from the office safe and various other temporary shelters. It was a brilliant piece of staff work. We arrived in the station at exactly "zero" hour. If the department that provides our raids at Etaples conducted all British operations we should achieve resounding success. Shall we write to G.H.Q. and suggest this?

We unloaded as dawn was breaking, and Howson faded away like a ghost at cock-crow, almost unnoticed. We all know now the circumstances in which he left, and have taken warning. We are sorry to lose him—one of our few working poets. We welcomed him for his brother's sake, and mourn him for his own.

Next day we were in garage at Terlincthun (ref: *Artemus Ward, His Book*, "Have you had measles? If so, how many?" *Martin Chuzzlewit*, "Sairey, what is my indiviggle number?"). No. 3 loaded up for Brest at 10 o'clock, with beaucoup Portuguese, and there they stayed until about 7 o'clock. We left soon afterwards for Arques once more. Fireworks and fishing as before. For the first time Rumour spoke truly, 17,000 prisoners all present and correct. The War Cabinet began its sittings in "P" coach. Bill, H. R., and Curly went fishing beyond Clairmarais and saw, but did not catch, some enormous specimens. The next day Bill took Pumphrey out and "Johnerred" him grossly.

The journey which put a period to these rural sports was a very trying one. St. Omer, Arnèke and Esquelbecq competed with each other to see which could be most annoying. The standard attained was a very high one. A Corporal was astonished to receive minute directions from the D.A.D.R.T. as to the precise spot on the platform where his feet should be, and still more surprised when the E.M.O. and finally the O.C. also developed theories on the subject. At Esquelbecq an R.E. Corporal dropped off a passing troop train with a Field Medical Card which had been blown out of the window at St. Omer!

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At Terlincthun we off-loaded the stretcher cases and took the sitters on to Camiers, arriving about 10 o'clock. We waited and waited for cars and left finally for Etaples at 1 o'clock. There we learned we were likely to stop two or three days and NIGHTS. One train had stayed there fourteen days.

Next door was No. 63 (American) with its personnel full of youthful energy and spirits. It was cheering to be beside them. When, that afternoon, they had orders for Pantin, they frisked about like kittens and had to lean out of the window and tell us all about it.

To our incredulous delight we got orders the next day for Creil. We were convinced that the order would be cancelled or that it was a new code name for Puchevillers. However, we did actually start out to time and had a most enjoyable run, round Tattenham Corner for the first time for some months, and down from Saleux on the Beauvais line. New country for the first time for years. The population, mistaking us perhaps for Americans, cheered wildly or blew kisses according to age and sex.

We arrived in the small hours of the morning and found No. 30 garaged there. She had been there three days and No. 9 had moved out during the night after a stay of over a week. A very pleasant spot with fine châteaux on the surrounding hill tops, and the Oise—a noble river—just across the way. There was also a trout stream, but at some distance —too far for us in the circumstances.

The afternoon was spent in fishing, bathing and blackberrying. Some enthusiastic sightseers visited the town, celebrated, by the way, for its tin-tacks, and returned with the most unflattering account of it. Gibbo in particular was positively malignant about the place. No. 30 went out about five o'clock leaving us with No. 21 who had followed us down.

There appeared to be some traditional order that no one was to stay on a train at night in any circumstances. Accordingly, while enquiries were being made we all gathered outside the Isolation with blankets and ground sheets in readiness. We then heard we were probably moving out about 10.0. Further enquiries were to be made at 9.45, so we waited. Still no news. About 10.30 we heard we were to move out at 1 a.m.; meantime, we were to sleep in the caves. After something original in the way of drill under Corporal Moore we set off in heavy marching order and arrived in the condition so well described by Miss Wilhelmina Arabella Amelia Skeggs.

We had heard vaguely of caves, but had imagined nothing like the vast, echoing halls into which we trooped. It was like Doré's illustrations of Dante's *Inferno*. We entered by a lofty portal, turned down into a sort of rabbit burrow and emerged into great dim spaces with wall and roof lost in gloom. Tortuous corridors and passages opened into further caves, and everywhere were people sleeping, some in small rooms, some in corners screened with sacks or sandbags, and some along the corridors. Most of them had mattresses and many, iron bedsteads and household furniture. Men and women and children were there by the hundred and started into our field of vision as the light of the lantern fell upon them. An extraordinary experience, but we needed Virgil to guide us.

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By one o'clock, after a little fitful sleep, we were all aboard once more, and off we went. At 5 o'clock we were awakened at Senlis to find the train surrounded by sitting patients, and started to load. There were few stretchers and a not overwhelming number of sitters.

We reached the R.G. just after tea, and found No. 30 there. When we heard that she had orders for Paris, Sergeant Young's feelings found relief in words. About midnight we crawled out towards Sotteville behind a shunting engine and resigned ourselves to garage, and possibly Rouen-Havre. Six o'clock, however, found us dashing along at fifty m.p.h. en route for Paris-Pantin. Friendly demonstrations as before and a noticeably higher standard of female beauty.

Work was proceeded with at a great pace that we might be in readiness should leave be possible. The Eiffel Tower appeared in the distance, and various less recognisable buildings.

Paris-Pantin proved to be a large garage swarming with A.Ts, British, French and American. Nos. 36 and 30 were both there. The former was attached to our new allies, and we have since heard that the latter also has been handed over, so that our position was less sound than it at first appeared. There was considerable activity; French and American trains were, as the O.C. said, moving about like flies and the R.T.O. was dumb.

Our anxiety for a chance of "doing" the city was intense, and finally Captain Maskew decided to stretch a point and give leave for two hours to a third of the personnel at a time. The first party dashed off and after negotiating a ten-foot drop boarded trams without knowing where they were going—rather like, say, taking a tram from Deptford. "Where do you want to go to?" "London."

Well, we saw more than one might expect. The Metro. is very handy, and our fellow passengers were eager to assist, particularly when we told them we had two hours in which to see the city. The second and third parties benefited by the experience of the first and took the Metro. close to the garage. The whole business was like a long distance relay race. As one man dashed up to the train another set off as though the Devil were after him. The sentry and signalman on the bridge were much intrigued and speeded up the last men to return with "Numero Seize? votre train partira de suite." This, and the sight of our tail-lamps trimmed and burning brought them back in a state which more than ever resembled the finish of a closely-contested race. Their relief at catching the train was changed to annoyance at finding that we had no orders, and the French were cursed for alarmists. About eleven o'clock, along came a poilu with a dirty little note: "Le train sanitaire anglaise seize doit être envoyé de toute urgence à Creil." Despite the "urgence" we did not leave till one o'clock and woke up at the usual time in garage at Creil with another train before us.

Thus was the signalman justified. It has often been noticed that in France orders seem to start from the top and bottom. Sir Douglas Haig (presumably) and the Lampisterie-man are in sole possession of the first news of movement, which then travels towards the centre, reaching

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the Chef de Gare and the Commissaire Militaire about an hour before the R.T.O. hears anything. In the same way the most secret plans for approaching offensives are known by people like the Calais washerwoman long before Army and Divisional Commanders are told. Why is it—who can say ?

The "toute urgence" still seemed to be hung up, as we spent two days in garage before moving out. The Oise is a noble river, and full of fish which unfortunately preferred to remain in it.

At one in the morning the usual bumping and shouting announced our imminent departure, and a fleet foot messenger was despatched to the caves to bring back the few troglodites who felt the roof of the train to be a little thin. This time we went right through Senlis and Crépy-en-Valois en route for Villers-Cotterets. Most thrilling ! There we found a French C.C.S. One French and two British Majors explained that we were to pick up about two hundred sitters who would otherwise have gone to Senlis. This was soon done. Meanwhile our engine shogged off for drink. The next news was that we were not leaving until 4 o'clock and were to load from an M.A.C. as the cars arrived, again intercepting the Senlis patients—gleaning before the reapers. We have done many things on the train and filled many rôles, but this was our first experience as a C.C.S. We were visited and encouraged by a D.D.M.S. or some such bloke and bore up as best we could. About one o'clock along came four ambulances and an engine, the driver of the latter declaring that we must away and lose not an instant. The patients were rushed in and off we went.

At Senlis we handed over a nominal roll of patients and filled up the train. There was a row of stretchers about a hundred and fifty yards long and a crowd of sitters. All things considered we did very well, the train personnel did a lot of the stretcher-bearing and we cleared up all the patients that were sent us despite a certain amount of confusion on the part of the C.C.S. freely admitted by the E.M.O., who said in very blunt language that the whole evacuation had been a complete mess from beginning to end.

Our journey was interrupted outside Gournay by a terrific crash and bump, our engine having collided with a shunting engine. Both machines left the rails, blocking up and down lines. They were at once surrounded by a crowd of guards, drivers, shunters and others, lamps in hand, who wandered about aimlessly. Presently another lamp was seen in the distance, and a magnificent personage resplendent in soft felt hat and frock coat came up gesticulating and talking at the full pitch of a powerful voice. As he neared the scene of the disaster he started issuing orders finishing up with the emphatic statement, "Le sanitaire partira dans une demi-heure." (Sensation.) Apparently the idea was to uncouple the coaches and push them back one at a time until the points were cleared. As he walked down the train and found it English stock and double-bogie coaches he changed his scheme and issued a set of fresh orders. Without stopping or even slackening his speed he dashed up into the signal box and began to dictate a telegram, terse and explicit : ". . . . le train peut continuer, sous condition qu'il soit retiré d'une distance de quatre-vingt mètres. Veuillez alors envoyer une machine s'attacher au bout du

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train afin de le retirer, etc., etc." Emerging, he bombarded the Sous-Chef with a string of numbers referring presumably to engines and marches. All objections were overborne with whirlwind eloquence, and we settled down to await the engine from Beauvais, which arrived about two hours later. It was interesting to meet a Frenchman of such dynamic personality.

From Rouen we went to Abbeville, where we spent the next day. That night we had an air alarm, and crowded up two insanitary and apparently insecure dug-outs. We lost, to our extreme sorrow, Carr and Gibson; two of the few remaining originals. "Woolly" Carr was remarkable besides his ingenuous appearance, for his interest in anything mechanical—engines, aeroplanes, trolleys, etc.; for his passion of riding on trains other than this; for climbing into perilous positions; and also for his habit of excogitating all kinds of questions dealing with hypothetical situations usually of an embarrassing nature. Gibbo was more than anyone the centre and life of the train. His long association with the mess-room brought him into contact with everyone, and his talents of repartee and powers as a knock-about comedian were simply priceless. While they were waiting for dinner to be served, he and Brook and Carr would sometimes fill the air with plates, soup-ladles, bowls and dishes in a manner which would bring down the house at any music-hall. At cricket, football and swimming he never failed. Fishing was not so much in his line. He paid nine francs for a rod at Audruicq and used it once, catching an eel almost nine inches long. This he and Carr endeavoured to kill, and finding their efforts unavailing, Gibbo announced that he was getting his blood up and began to jump on the victim with both feet. The remains were grilled over a primus that night and the rod was for sale, much reduced, on the following day. We wish them both the very best of luck on S.S.A. 14, and shall always look back with sorrow to their departure.

At Abbeville we interrupted a cricket match at three o'clock as we were leaving for Doullens as early as possible. At 7.30 p.m. we went out with a movement order for Gézaincourt. This happy place we passed by, arriving at Doullens after much delay at 12.30. The R.T.O. said we were leaving instantly for Vignacourt, where we would load on arrival. Accordingly Young and H. R. Gill, who were awaiting events, made some tea to keep up their strength and hoped it would not rain. At three o'clock Vignacourt was reached. No one about. They got out to visit the C.C.S. and found it had moved. After wandering about for a while, they discovered the R.T.O.'s office and were shewn a telegram saying that loading would commence at 10 a.m.! This rather reminds one of an occasion when we arrived at Gézaincourt at 3 a.m. and were told that some eight telegrams had been received about us, the last from Abbeville stating, rather pontifically, that No. 16 would arrive at 00.01 and that loading would commence at 00.07.

To return to Vignacourt. Loading was slow, a luncheon interval having been arranged, but not announced, by No. 20 C.C.S., and we left two hours later for Etretat. Bréauté-Beuzeville at 2 a.m. means that no-one gets much sleep and everyone is short tempered. The Americans are running No. 1 General and off-loaded us rather casually. The station-

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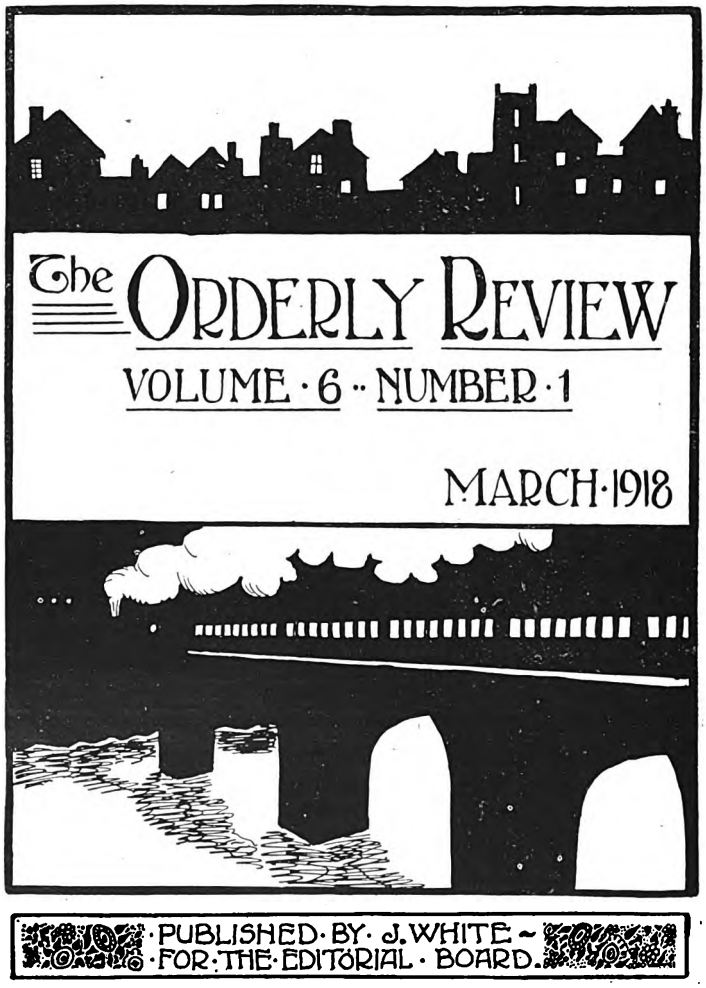
master did his best for us. He said he was allowed three hours for a train. We arrived at four o'clock, 4+3=7, time of departure 7.58. We managed to have a walk round, which was welcome, and returned to Sotteville. "No. 16 will load at 2 a.m. for Havre." Next day, 5 a.m.; coming straight back to the R.G. and loading up about 5 the following morning. We did four trips, one a day, and left for Abbeville, awaking in garage at Pont Remy. How we got there is wrapt in mystery and quite unexplained. Can there be some new line?



In the evening we went to Pernois, hearing the most extravagant tales of great advances. They were not all true, but there was something in them.

The loading was more incoherent than any other we have had. There appeared to be two E.M.O.'s. One a dentist, and one a padre. The padre had never done it before, and the dentist was so constantly visiting the R.T.O. to absorb—er—items of news, that he was of no assistance

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whatever. That being so we simply put on the train what was sent down, and when we were full cleared out to Rouen. Here we picked up Q.M.S. Rutter, and returned to Abbeville, leaving that afternoon for Pernois once more. There we found things slightly improved. Our accommodation was asked for, and soon after our old and trying—I mean tried—friend the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding No. 994 C.C.S. hove in sight. We remember him at Dosinghem on July 31st last year, at Varennes in 1916. The question arises, does he choose his own E.M.O.'s or do they, in Thornton's words, "pick 'em out" for him? We thought that the original E.M.O. at Varennes must surely be unique, but his successor at Pernois and himself are as alike as two peas in method and manner.

We off-loaded at Tréport and after a morning at Abbeville repaired to Crouy, which we left for Rouen. There we received orders for Amiens with mixed feelings. We had not visited the spot since the famous night of bombardment. We garaged there and when a few terrific explosions heralded approaching aircraft there was a hasty stampede to the shelter from which Captain Maskew had extracted our driver months ago.

Loading started at 2 o'clock and lasted till breakfast time. Chinese loaded us willingly and carefully, if slowly. We carried down a number of Germans, some of whom were in a very bad state. Loading lasted five hours, off-loading at Abbeville four hours, the journey having been done in one-and-a-half hours.

After a dud alarm, we left for Crouy where we spent Aug. 14th quietly. Ten of the eleven survivors (Moore on leave) had a happy little tea-party in the garage grounds and talked over old times.

Very much has been omitted from this account. The losses to our personnel have been heavy and frequent. Many deserve fuller mention, Chalkley, Marsh, Tiplady, James, Lupton, Brook, Calpin, to name a few, have left us sorrowing. Each of them has left a gap which has not been filled. We hope against hope for their return some day, but in our hearts we do not expect it.

We have mentioned our change in command. Other changes have been made in the staff coach. Captain Carter left us after a year, during which time we got to know each other pretty well. Captain Shepherd-Boyd (usually referred to as Boyd-Carpenter) followed him. At first the ever-ready ear trumpet was a little alarming but we were all extremely sorry to lose him to hospital at Etaples. In his place we welcomed Captain Davis, who is still with us. In addition we had for some months the assistance of Dr. Rogers, who bore many traces of his nautical life, usually addressing Lambourn as "Steward." We shall not easily forget him or his habit of sitting at his machine-gun emplacement in the staff coach, least of all the celebrated dressing-gown inspection at Ytres. It is our lasting regret that Hoyles was unable to receive him in the Dispensary similarly clad. It was the only time we had seen our Q.M.S. struggling vainly against unseemly emotion. That our Sisters change so frequently is a source of keen regret to us; they, like the Simple Life, are very nice, and we find ourselves echoing the sentiments of Miss Snevellicci's papa, who, it may be remembered, announced at the wedding breakfast that he loved 'em all.

H. R. G.

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War and Youth.

YOUTH and I and Jollity
Strode along in company.
Fitter, closer friends than we
Never were, nor e'er could be.

Youth and Jollity combined
To give me sight, where I was blind;
"Life remains not as you find:
Take it, shape it to your mind."

Someone whispered, passing by:
"Age approacheth: Youth will fly."
Said Jollity, with laughing eye:
"Youth remains, while I am nigh."

Came a day, when from his bed
(He'd but slept, whom we thought dead)
Leapt up War, and leering said:
"I will be your guide, instead."
(Youth and Jollity had fled).

Now beneath a leaden sky
With Youth's enemy go I,
While, with hungry glance and sly,
Death and Age come lurking by.

Hasten Peace, and set me free,
Ere Death and Age join company
With Youth's friend and enemy.
Hasten: for afar I see,
Waiting now impatiently,
Those two friends, who long to be
Comrades of the road with me,
Youth and I and Jollity.

G. W.

Through Memory's Crystal.

FAIR are the hills, where my belovèd wanders;
But fairer are the hills that charm my eyes.
They are the same hills: But my loved one sees them,
Wrapped in deep loneliness, and veiled with sighs.
My Fancy sees them glorious with her presence,
Enfolded by it, as the Earth the Sky's.

G. W.

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Europeanism.

PROBABLY it is the presence of the ubiquitous Chink that suggested the theme. Never before has the physiognomy of the Celestial been so familiar to us, and a growing familiarity may breed wonder as well as contempt. It is not so much that their mere presence is such a striking defiance of geography; we accept as much more natural the advent of West Indians, Kaffirs, Malays and Maoris who come from as far or further, because it does not seem so incongruous to think of these as mercenary contingents summoned from the ends of the earth in the ordinary way of business. What provokes speculation is rather the historical paradox, the fact that this influx as allies of Chinamen, and one may add, of Moors and Arabs, is such an ironical retort upon the past. And on the other side the Turks show that the Allies are not alone in their "shameful abnegation of European Kultur."

Well, the war has shown us many things more shameful. But it is still a surprise to reflect on the entire absence of any real feeling of unity and kinship as such among the nations of Europe. It is not merely that a common loyalty is lacking, for before you can have loyalty among members of a group, whether family, commune or state, that group must acquire a self-consciousness, and it is just this continental self-consciousness, this realisation of a common history and common interest, that has proved so deficient. But how unnatural this is, and through how callous an oblivion has Europe passed for it to come about!

For Europe has been for hundreds of years a besieged continent, cut off by sea on the West, beleaguered to east and south by Moor and Saracen, Turk and Mongol, and barely surviving to maintain its Christian tradition and ancient civilisation. From that dim epoch of the "dark ages,"

> "When he that listed aright
> Could only hear the plunging
> Of nations in the night,"

history shows Christendom precariously organising itself and digging itself in behind frontiers shaken and crumbling beneath a succession of fearful shocks from the alien powers of Asia and Africa. There was the thrust up through Spain, stemmed by Charlemagne and his successors; the thrust through Asia Minor, swamping the Ægean Islands, flooding up by Constantinople, through the Balkans, over into Hungary, up to the gates of Vienna; and perhaps most terrible of all the drive of the Mongol hordes that overran the Ukraine and Russia with pillage and massacre. It was only to be expected that long after the so-called crusades and beneath all the growing national ambitions and antagonisms a sort of European tradition obstinately survived, strong enough to send a Spanish Admiral to do battle with the Turks for Venice or a Polish prince to deliver Vienna from the same invaders. It was the challenge of a common danger that kept this Europeanism alive as a loyalty in the defence of Christendom from its external enemies. Then, with the passage of

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centuries, the flood receded, Europe was left in a security that became a supremacy (Turkey no longer counting), and the continental tradition died away.

Few now would wish to revive this continental self-consciousness in Europe by attempting to restore the atmosphere of common danger which fostered it in the past. Hence the perniciousness of the cant about the Yellow Peril or the Menace of Islam; not only is it largely built upon lies, but there is the probability that the lesson such doctrines would teach, were they to become really popular, would be merely an aggressive hostility to alien races, but not a better mutual appreciation among European nations. If a self-conscious Europe, resolute to maintain its traditions and bound by a loyalty to the common services of its members, meant an aggressive imperialist Europe it would assuredly do little good to plead for the development of such a continental "patriotism." But it need not mean this.

It may indeed be argued that to lay stress upon the "European idea" (as the Germans might call it) is no true method of progress—that what we are to aim at is a cosmopolitanism with no distinction of continents or nations, east or west; and that we cannot afford to stop half-way. In reply one can urge, first, that Europe in the sense in which we use it here includes in its widest sense the Americas and Australia, and all the populations that share the same great historic tradition, and second, that there can be no short cuts to the wider internationalism. We must proceed, step by step, realising first the unity and fellowship of nations and states that have had so much in common. And after all the most difficult step is the first—to overcome the purely national outlook. Once men can see things first of all as Europeans, there is not much doubt of their succeeding in subsequently envisaging "the Parliament of man, the federation of the world."

Assuming then that it would be well to have this "Europeanism" developed all round among the component nations of Europe, how set about it? We can only be concerned with our own country and here, it seems, a better teaching of geography and especially of history in the schools, is the most promising means. We need to learn a little more about the European environment of our country, present and past, to say nothing of what one writer has spoken of as the "Asiatic background" to all European history.

Consider in a few concrete instances the insufficiency of history as it is taught, from this standpoint. We begin with a shadowy Cæsar and a nebulous Hengist and Horsa; Alfred taught as a first-class monarch; and then Invaders from Scandinavia and Denmark, and so on. When we next hear of the Danes, Nelson is bombarding Copenhagen, while of Sweden we never hear again, though in the meantime it had been for a period the third power of Europe. Then there is the Hundred Years War and the uncanny silence that follows it, during which the English were ignominiously routed out of France. Spain appears as a sudden portent of greed and imperialism, risen out of nowhere, and vanishing as it came.

Finally England stands as the Saviour of Europe against Napoleon (it was Russia that really defeated him, says Tolstoy); and school history there stops short at the beginning of the most important and most interesting of centuries—the last.

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There is a good deal of excuse for all this; for English history has been naturally exceptionally "insular." But might it not be remedied to a large extent? Instead of the War of the Roses, might not we be told something of the contemporary struggle to defend Europe from the Turks? Instead of a vague reference to the Thirty Years War wedged into lessons on the English Civil War (which cannot be properly understood by a boy), why not some account of the rise of France to the position she held and kept as the first power of Europe? And why does the French Revolution still mean nothing to the ordinary middle-class Englishman except tumbrils and guillotines? Education in itself is not of course sufficient to secure the end aimed at. But it seems evident that if it cannot ensure a genuine European outlook, a more sensible grounding in History could do much to abolish that insularity of view and interest for which English people have been so long notorious.

J. W. H.

Verses from the Russian.

A STORMY mist obscures the skies,
In snowy rings the whirlwind sweeps:
Now like a beast it roars and cries,
Now like a little child, it weeps.

An island in a distant sea,
A gloomy waste of granite stone,
Where in his grave an Emperor lies,
Sleeping his final sleep—alone.

* * * *

Rest, my child, in beauty sleeping,
Hush thee, lullaby.
Lady Moon her watch is keeping
O'er thee, silently.
Many little tales I'll tell thee,
Songs I'll sing to thee;
Sleep, then, eyes locked fast in slumber;
Hush thee, lullaby.

* * * *

Passion's fire,
Which once burned bright in me,
Is stifled now
In speechless agony.
So much, foul witch,
Fate made me her play,
So much has strife
Worn all my strength away.

E. E.

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My Wife.

OPINION OF WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE UPON AN ABSORBING TOPIC.

By Our Special Correspondent.

IT is a commonplace that the marriage question will after the war assume an altogether exceptional importance. It will be the first problem to be faced alike by the statesman and the private member of the commonwealth. Realising this, we have felt it our duty to make a small contribution towards the building up of an informed opinion on the subject in our own small section of the community. Unintelligent reform leads inevitably to reaction. With this in mind we decided to adopt a method already of proved value in sociological investigation, viz., the circularisation of a simple questionnaire whose aim should be to elicit the views of our fellow-workers upon different aspects of this grave question. At the proper moment the results, duly analysed, might have been forwarded to the Ministry of Reconstruction, where we do not doubt they would have been carefully pigeon-holed. Alas for our intentions! The preliminary question, circulated to prepare the ground for our fuller subsequent enquiry, has been so disappointingly meagre of result that we doubt whether it will be worth while to continue our experiment. We are left with an enhanced respect for those patient social investigators who have allowed no stupidity or flippancy in the response to their questions to deter them in their search for Truth.

First, and rather by way of a caution, we give the answer we received from one whose name we suppress in his own interests, remarking only that if our correspondent imagines that his reply throws any light upon the question or does anything but leave it precisely where it was, we find it easier to understand why it is that China has remained stagnant for a thousand years.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your honoured communication requesting me to state which I consider the three most essential qualifications for my wife. Let me set them forth in due order of precedence :—

1. She must be one whom I like.
2. She must be one who can be induced to marry me.
3. She must be between the ages of 7 and 70.

I have the honour, dear Sir, to remain,

Your obedient servant,

The second letter which we give, from a gentleman well known to many

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of our readers, is no less satisfactory, gaining in succinctness, sanity, and sincerity what it lacks in eloquence.

"She must be :—

1. Genuinely in love with me.
2. Identical in religious belief.
3. Opposite in general habits.

The key-note of married life is HARMONY. This is only attained when the wife has the above qualifications. The first brings FORBEARANCE with the faults of the husband, for "Love suffereth long and is kind . . . . love . . . beareth all things, endureth all things." The second brings Happiness, because one's life aims are identical. The third brings BALANCE, because each acts as a brake on the other and neither party develops into a crank.

Thus one gets an ideal union—such as the writer hopes one day to form."

This is the sort of reply we wanted. Of the three points we incline to hold the first to be axiomatic, at least in our community. The second and third provoke comment. Mrs. Humphry Ward's hero, Robert Elsmere, would have agreed with Mr. G., but even so we are not quite certain that "identity of religious belief" is the same thing as "identity of life aims." We have in mind a married pair who share the same deep religious convictions but are quite unappreciative of one another's main absorbing interest —the one is a rather dreamy artist, and the other an active social worker ; and yet the two are particularly fond of one another. This perhaps brings us to Mr. G.'s third point, and here we would ask : DOES oppositeness of general habits make for happiness ? Is the man obsessed with that awful and pathetic complaint the chess monomania any the happier because his wife has a horror of gambits, winces (as well she may) at a bishop, and cannot bear the sight of a rook ? Or is that hardly less pitiable figure the piscomaniac likely to have his conjugal bliss enhanced if his spouse has a repugnance to cooking and eating, much more to killing, even the muddiest bream ? For our part we have grave doubts whether such contrasts make for that "ideal union" which we join our correspondent in hoping he may one day form.

We will not risk wearying our readers by giving in full more than one more letter received. But among others there were points of original interest which may be mentioned. A letter signed with a modest anonymity "Ivon," stipulates that "the intended wife must know how to listen well, when I talk to the lass about my experiences or tell her stories. And she mustn't mind what sort of expressions I use, or get easily shocked." We agree that this will be most necessary.

Mr. W. R. writes : "My wife must be at least ten years older than me (*sic*). . . . She must be a woman of experience, able to look after me, mother me, so to speak, and not mind much if I come home late sometimes." Again we heartily concur.

Mr. M. writes : "She must agree with me and say 'YES' when I say 'isn't it ?' or 'don't you ?' or 'shan't we ?'" We are not sure that all these correspondents quite understood the aim of our little questionnaire, but such answers none the less throw an interesting light upon the psychology of the writers.

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Finally we put before our readers a letter which belongs to a class apart. It bore no signature, but the identity of the writer became evident when the vegetable fibre paper was analysed and the Esperantist flavour of the style recognised. This is in some sense a voice from the past—the elder generation giving counsel to the younger.

"The first essential I shall need in any of the ladies I may happen to marry is that she shall be my complement in type. Let me explain and elaborate. I am a Western European, my wife must therefore not be a negroid or a pygmy from Central Africa. She must be of the same type. But otherwise she must be different from me. If I am sober, she must be merry. If I have a big nose she must have a small one. If I am fair, she must be dark. I am not likely to fall in love with her otherwise, nor would our children be true to type. Mind you, I should not deliberately and of set purpose choose such a girl. No man by taking thought can fall in love: and a Platonic marriage is likely to end in disaster.

"The second essential is that we should be in love with one another, in a rather different sense. After all, passion is rather intermittent and finally dies. Two people can easily get 'fed' with one another in a few years. We grow old and ugly as time goes by. There must be something that endures through the days of famine.

"That brings me to the third essential. We must have the same sense of humour, I do not say the same expression of that humour, but the same appreciation of it. I do not see otherwise how a man and wife can ever become old and trusted friends of one another. For if two people do not laugh at the same things they will not weep at the same things; and indeed their whole scheme of values will be different. And thus they will never emerge from the glamorous idealism of passion to reach the saner and safer enjoyment of one another which is the service of true love."

J. W. H.

A Little Sentimentality.

I HELD her fingers ere I came away,
Her eyes, stars mist-dimmed, bidding me farewell,
And though I had a thousand things to tell,
I stammered, and could find no word to say.
Scenes change and figures pass, the longing lingers
To feel once more the touch of her dear fingers.

E. E.

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Matrimonial Club.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Orderly Review.*

DEAR SIR,—A number of people on the Train have expressed interest in a suggestion which, by some mischance, seems to have been overlooked at the recent General Meeting. The scheme suggested is to form a "Matrimonial Club," on the lines of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's "Suicide Club." Far be it from me even to venture to suggest that there is any connection between Matrimony and Suicide; but the club should be similar in procedure. It would be necessary to appoint a President and desirable that he should be one of the married men, and in order to speed things up the Club should meet at least once a week. The members would sit round a table and the President would take a pack of fifty-two cards and deal them round reverse way. Each man would turn his cards over until the Ace of Hearts was reached. The fortunate individual who received this card would undertake to get married by the time of his return from next leave, and, upon his honour, would be expected to carry out his part of the contract. It would be unnecessary to wait until the time of leave as the obligation could be discharged in France. It is also proposed that the Club should make a suitable presentation to each member after definite proof that his contract had been fulfilled.

Think what a time is in store for the man who has such a programme for his next leave. Fourteen days in which to complete the ceremony! There would be no hesitating, no time to think, no waiting for an answer—he must be answered at once, and if in the negative, he must immediately clear off to fresh fields.

What an opportunity for the keen fisherman to engage in a much more exciting form of angling during the "off" season!

I venture to think that such an institution would be decidedly popular and a great acquisition to the Train. Many people are looking forward eagerly to its establishment, while others have openly expressed their intention of enrolling at the very earliest opportunity. The knowledge that married men will be demobilised first ought to stimulate membership.

To those aspiring members to whom the romantic appeals I would recommend that thrilling novel, "A Honeymoon on Leave," by Mr. Squirrel Bung; while those of a more practical nature would be interested in "A Home of Bliss," by Denard Latcho, and "Household Book-keeping," by Mr. Teper Ragwood.

Yours, etc.,

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

W. R. J.

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A Romance of Engineering.

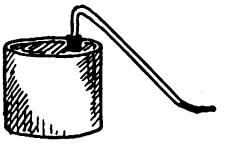
A SHORT SKETCH OF A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

ONCE upon a time there lived two young people whose outlook on life was rather different from that of the ordinary run of people. The one, instead of applying himself diligently to the cleaning of buckets and window straps, preferred to stand for hours gazing mournfully into the bowels of an old engine. The other was of the bustling type, fond of throwing things about, doing anything in fact which was exciting and unlawful. They combined together so well that frequent explosions occurred between them and "him-who-is-to-be-obeyed." After one particularly noisy encounter which threatened to destroy even their sang-froid, they put their heads together and considered how such explosions could be avoided. They came to the conclusion that instead of engine-gazing resulting in colds, and throwing things about resulting in rows, they ought to find something to do which would enable them to avoid both these horrors. They decided to go into the engineering business and build engines. So X and Y entered into partnership.

At their first meeting they decided that in order to give stability to the firm someone must be co-opted who would have influence in high quarters and was skilled in diplomacy. Z was therefore co-opted as sleeping partner.

It soon became evident that there was a shortage of materials, due no doubt to the war, and the first day of Z's entry into the firm proved a busy one. Acting under instructions, he engaged ward orderlies in idle chatter whilst the other partners gained entrance to where corks are stored, in, say, paraffin and cresol bottles. By dint of very subtle working quite a store of corks was obtained, and now the great work began.

A Lyle's syrup tin was obtained secretly from the kitchen, probably whilst the cook was cleaning his teeth. Glass and rubber tubing were also obtained, where and by what means is not yet definitely known. The result of these preliminary skirmishes was something like this :—



So appeared the firm's first boiler. The heating apparatus at first consisted of one candle, which I believe was bought and paid for in a perfectly straightforward manner. Later, however, X's ship came in, in the shape of two washing bills, so the heating unit was increased to three candles. It was found, however, that so many candles simply melted one another, proof of which can be found on Z's sleeping bag to this day.

For a time the future of the firm hung trembling in the balance. X again threatened to run amok and Y resumed his mournful gaze. Then

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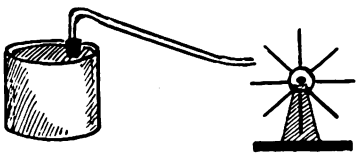
it gradually came to their knowledge that Z, who suffered from chronic dryness of the throat, had written for a Primus wherewith to brew himself a nightly cup of Oxo. Eventually it turned up and was promptly taken over by the firm. Z expostulated, but finally capitulated. A generous concession, however, allowed him the sole use of his own Primus two nights a week between 8.0 and 9.30 p.m. So the heating difficulty was effectively met. Having completed the boiler, the firm now turned its attention to an engine. A type of turbine was decided upon. Flanges of tin were fixed round a cork which revolved upon an axle. So we get something like this :—



Meantime, matters had been moving rapidly in the diplomatic world. The night after the aforesaid corks had been " obtained " proved to be a very rocky one. The paraffin and cresol, having now no restraining influence, flowed out upon the floor right merrily. Next day the atmosphere of the train was electrical. The word " corks " seemed to be on everybody's lips. Orderlies who until now had led quiet and peaceful lives were turned into raging " tullocks " by the mention of one word— " CORKS." Into this rage and turmoil Z was sent to camouflage heavily the true history of the missing corks. By means of extra helpings of porridge, good varieties of jam, and a loving sympathy for all the sufferers, he guided the storm clouds away from the firm, which was enabled to carry on unashamed and untrammelled.

It was now decided that more power could be obtained from the turbine if it was enclosed in some sort of tin. A hunt accordingly took place for a suitable tin. Z's cigarette tins, full and empty, were the first to suffer. Then followed his shaving-soap tin, tobacco tin, mess tin, and Oxo tin. These all proved to be unsuitable, but of course it was impossible to find this out until they had been cut to shreds.

As showing the thoughtfulness of the senior partners, a ditty bag was obtained for Z wherein were put his sundry Abdullas, Woodbines, shaving soap, tobacco, milk, and Oxo cubes. The firm were not to be the cause of needless suffering. At last, Y's eagle eye rested on a Ronuk tin which found favour therein ; the aforesaid tin was the property of a member of the canine tribe, and after consultation with Z it was decided that there would be no great risk in purloining it, provided the deed was done circumspectly. Accordingly the Ronuk was removed from its tin and transferred to a chalk bowl. In conversation with a certain gentleman who has seen much service in foreign parts, I gathered that Ronuk and chalk mixed are not all they might be for cleaning windows. The Ronuk tin, however, turned out to be just the thing. The cork and tin vanes were enclosed and a good deal more power was obtained.

About this time occurred a rather alarming incident which, had it been allowed to enter the Law Courts, might have proved disastrous financially for the firm. A certain gentleman of the name of Kokee inter-

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viewed the partners with reference to certain articles which he had missed from his bunk. A great deal of heat was shown on both sides, and whilst Mr. Kokee was demonstrating what he would do in certain circumstances, a piece of tin with a sharp point gently entered that part of his anatomy which——(Enough! we understand.—Ed. *O.R.*)

All this time the partners untroubled by outside disturbances worked steadily on. A shell-case had now taken the place of the Lyle's tin as boiler. A branch had now been opened at Chalet-sur-Seine, and the engineers of the Fourth French Army were enlisted into the services of the firm. These proved very unsatisfactory as they invariably soldered up such things as safety valves and exhausts, which require to be left open. So the contract was transferred to the Fifth Battalion Westphalian Cockchafers, who were *en repos* in the neighbourhood for the duration of the war. These accomplished the work satisfactorily, partly owing to the persistency of X and the winning ways of Y. As Z missed a large number of ration cigarettes about this time, he may also claim to have had a hand in the success. The boiler was now complete with whistle, safety-valve and water-filler.

The work having greatly increased, it became necessary to employ more labour. An amateur hairdresser was taken on as casual labourer, and Sir Cyril Cocklejohn became consulting engineer. A well-known personage, who wishes to remain anonymous, but who is not unconnected with the world of "pills" was also called in to give advice on certain points.

His methods, however, proved far too revolutionary and dangerous and the firm, with a sigh of relief, dispensed with his services. Recourse was also had to a gentleman skilled in graphology. As he is the only member of the firm who understands his work, his services are still retained. On one occasion a gentleman who, I believe, holds a non-commissioned rank in the B.R.C.S. kindly offered to help the firm with their soldering. As he was understood to be official tin-plate worker to a pack of beagles, he was given every opportunity of exercising his skill. His particular task was to solder a whistle into the boiler. After a good deal of hard work he succeeded in soldering the table-cloth to the table and, later, the table itself to the floor; but the whistle refused to come under his influence.

To complete the boiler a short length of thin copper tubing was required to form the delivery pipe for the steam. This proved very difficult to obtain, and for some time the work in the shops was held up. However, one wintry morning at Y——, X and Z sallied forth to the light railway depôt, determined to get some tubing or join the army. Every R.E. was closely questioned as to the possibility of obtaining it, but none seemed able to help. Some in fact seemed never to have heard of copper tubing. Possibly they were "dilutees." The temper of the yard was rapidly rising, as practically every man had been questioned at least once.

As a last resort it was decided to go and see the Q.M.S. himself. Accordingly they lined up in a queue and waited their turn. Soon Z appeared before the pigeon hole.

"What do you want?" asked the Q.M.S.

"About a foot of copper tubing," answered Z.

"What do you want it for?" asked the Q.M.S.

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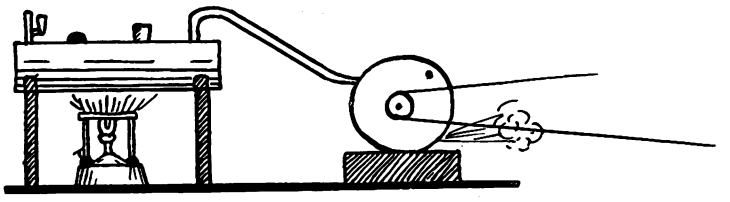
This staggered Z, and things looked black. Quick as lightning X struck in "To mend the kitchen boiler, Quarter." The Q.M. swallowed the bait and a length of copper tubing was the resulting catch. The Q.M. was very pleasant and practically dismantled an engine to oblige them. The copper tubing was soldered on, and now the affair looked like this:



Thus, after hard work and trying times, the firm was now able to produce a steam turbine which would do 2,000 r.p.m., and which was capable of lifting three cream crackers from the floor to the table, provided that no one came in and caused a draught to blow the whole caboodle over. Its horse-power was never truly tested, but it was capable of filling the bunk with steam in three minutes. This closed the Turbine Period.

Y was now sent to England on business and placed contracts with various firms. Z followed him with further instructions. When the partners again came together they were in possession of plans and materials for building a very powerful locomotive. This turned out a huge success and will accomplish all that is claimed for it in the firm's advertisements. The firm is now engaged on big contracts for various cabinets for the conveyance of food to and from the kitchen. Negotiations are in progress with the heads of various wards by which it is hoped to obtain powers to arrange for the bridging of the concertinas in order that a through express may be run from R to A. A time-table has already been arranged with a special late train from P cabinet to convey the "Old Firm" to bed in "B" ward.

H. G.

R. H. B.

W. R. C.

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To the New Moon.

WHAT! back again already, Moon?
At least expect no tender greeting!
You who so tactlessly intrude
Upon the dark night-amplitude,
Your monthly visit all too soon,
Too soon repeating.

MUST you return? We'd willingly
Believe that you have not forgotten us:
And if you'd skip a month or two
We would not think the worse of you,
Nor would the nights without you be
At all monotonous!

Can you not see you are *de trop?*
Or have you really made your mind up,
O prying, most superfluous satellite,
By now returning at the battle height
To do the very best you know
To put the wind up?

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Avaunt! Elsewhere the homage keep
Of blithering poet and blighted lover—
To me you chiefly signify
An ominous hum along the sky,
And rumour jarring on my sleep
That "Jerry's over."

A Recantation.

QUEEN of Night, forgive me that I erred,
Moved by a misdirected indignation,
Launching a foolish overweening word
To deprecate your monthly visitation.
Believe me, I would never thus have fussed if I'd
Guessed that my strictures were not fully justified.

But now from persons who should know I learn
(Wise they in theory of war though not in practice)
We do you wrong in fancying you turn
Your face on us in malice; for the fact is
Despite our preconceptions, you are very
Much less disliked on this side than by Jerry.

Ah, if indeed you impede nocturnal flight,
(N.B. but only on this supposition)
Blazon the welkin with a wealth of light,
Night after night shine without intermission,
So Fritz may fret afar, in vain soliciting
Darkness to cover his aërial visiting.

J. W. H.

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Fine Exploit at Bray-Sur-Somme

By Mr. Theach Bombas.

[A spirited account of our experiences at Bray when we garaged one morning behind a vast heap of abandoned German road metal which stretched along the whole length of the train, making the loading of lying cases extremely difficult. We received orders that night to load at 9 a.m. the following day, but owing to some misunderstanding the patients did not arrive until 5 o'clock. The heavy cars mentioned were lorries which came for loads of macadam and got into difficulties on the road.]

SOME of our "A" trains, too, have done some marvellous things during the recent operations before Cambrai and St. Quentin. One example must suffice. It was in the dead of night on September 22nd that No. 16 left its base and, taking a circuitous route to deceive the enemy, advanced towards its objective. In the early morning it established itself in a strong position to the north of the village of Bray, in a splendid trench defended by an almost impregnable parapet prepared by the enemy, who doubtless had other intentions regarding its use. So complete was the surprise that No. 16 was already in occupation before the enemy had the slightest suspicion that there was any movement afoot in the neighbourhood. However, our lads soon announced their presence by well-conducted raiding parties, which continued their activities throughout the day unmolested, bringing in considerable booty as well as obtaining much valuable information. The enemy kept well out of sight throughout the whole of that day, busying himself with elaborate preparations for the attack, which a captured order shows was timed for 9 a.m. on the 24th. But the opposing forces must have been aware of the s rength of the train's position and realised that still more preparation was necessary. About 10.30 an enemy reconnoitring party advanced to the open space in front of our trench but retired without attempting anything further.

Shortly after, a number of heavy, square-built cars (apparently the enemy substitute for tanks) advanced across the open and commenced their task of essaying to demolish the parapet. But they were clumsy machines and badly handled, and made little advance; one, indeed, became deeply embedded in the soft ground in front of the earthwork, and nearly had to be abandoned.

Early in the afternoon the attack really began with a heavy advance of several heavy cars and some of the enemy's more mobile forces. These pressed their attack up to the parapet, but there they were driven back, and the ground in front of the train position was literally strewn with their bodies. After the failure of this attempt there was a considerable pause; but about 5 p.m. the attack commenced in earnest, a large number of his lighter cars with some of his heavy elements heading the assault.

From thence on for some hours a ding-dong battle raged with little intermission; wave after wave advancing to and some even entering our position, only to be driven back with heavy losses. At last as the day declined the enemy desisted and finally withdrew, leaving in our hands some of his finest troops, including many wounded.

At nightfall, No. 16, having successfully accomplished its task, slowly withdrew according to plan, to prepared positions further back.

L. T.

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The Smoke Nuisance.

THE SMOKE NUISANCE. By J. T. Graham, B.A. Macmillan & Co. 3/6 net.

This book has created quite a furore in ambulance train circles, and here is what a number of more or less distinguished personages say about it.

A.B.B. Billy-Collins, when asked his opinion, said : " I am very pleased indeed to see that Mr. Graham has had the courage to tackle this important problem, which is, in my opinion, second in importance only to the grave scandal of political and lay patronage to most Church offices." Here Mr. Collins talked for about an hour with great vivacity on various Church problems, but a hint that Disestablishment was necessary, if his changes took place, was sufficient to bring him back to the subject. " As I was saying just now, the smoke nuisance is a very serious question. When I used to work in the Isolation, for instance, we used to have sometimes ten, sometimes twenty patients, and only three of us to look after them. It may be all right for those accustomed to the smell of smouldering tobacco, but for my part, I found that by meal-times I was unable to do more than look out of the window, dearly as I should have liked to assist in the distribution of the provender. Thus, Sir, I am pleased that Mr. Graham has had the courage to denounce the custom of tobacco smoking as a menace to the mental, moral and physical efficiency of the universe." In answer to a question of mine, " No, Sir, it is not of myself I am thinking ; smoking, I am proud to say, has never been one of my failings. I am thinking solely for the benefit of others ; although, of course, smoke does make my eyes run, and nearly always makes me cough."

Mr. E. B. B. Billy-Samuel on the other hand said that in his opinion the book was a lot of ——— nonsense, probably written by some blooming parson or other interfering fool. " For my part," said he, " I enjoy a quiet pipe, a good cigar, a fragrant cigarette, or even a ration fag. Thanks, I don't mind if I do, and you may tell people that smoke keeps away germs—is essential to a healthy life, and there isn't such a thing as a smoke nuisance."

The orderly i/c " X " coach, one C. S. P. P. Padis-Kumphrey, when approached on this subject, immediately became very violent. " Is such a book in my opinion opportune ? Ye Gods ! Don't be a B——A——" and although I am sure that B was mentioned, the A might be an X, Z or even F. " Of course it's opportune, just go along to the end of the corridor and look at the white paint. Gink and I can work and work and sweat our souls out, and still the paint will be black. You ought to see the smoke pouring in from the kitchen. It's all right for Peter and the other chap, they don't get any, but it doesn't give us a fair chance. The outsiders are just the same and I reckon it's about time somebody suggested that kitchens should use smokeless fuel. Besides, it is much more economical to turn your coal into gas and stuff before you burn it. You get all the calorific power and save the benzine, tolnine, aniline, which are wasted otherwise."

That others, besides ambulance train orderlies, take an interest in the question is shown by a few remarks of Count Otto von Shlafenwohl, the Governor-General of Ostend. Whether referring to Mr. Graham's book or not, I do not know, but in his continental English the Count is reported to

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have said: "Donner und blitzen. Verdomte Englishe with their smoke eternal of bloom have my nice port of much blood and bloom and smoke gefilled, so that I their ship of blood did not see. How shall I the Kaiser face?" I personally do not think this refers to Mr. Graham's book, but put it in just to show that foreigners, as well as Englishmen themselves, think the English are too much addicted to smoke.

Since writing this I have read the book and have come to the conclusion that the three gentlemen whom I interviewed have not read a word of it, but have been merely riding pet hobby-horses of their own.

I have found that Mr. Graham is a public-health officer in one of our large towns, and is merely giving instances of how detrimental the smoke from factory chimneys is to the public health, and how this nuisance may be stopped and the municipal exchequer replenished by making use of clauses from various Factory Acts.

G. S. P.

A Country Ramble.

THE misty blue of heaven is speckled o'er
With fleecy clouds, which flit about the sun,
Whose sultry rays a gentle whisp'ring breeze
Tempers to me, that gladly I may walk
Through country lanes to ridges forest clad.
First through the nearer wood I'll take my steps,
Wherein from scrubby oaks therewith entwined
The clusters of the honeysuckle vine
Shall dangle round my head sweet-scented blooms,
While underfoot I tread the luscious grass,
Through which there peeps the orchis' spotted head,
And many flowers I cannot name abound.
Then through the fields of corn I'll take my way,
And up the slope of yonder ridge I'll climb,
And on the summit by the ruined church
I'll gaze upon the country all around.
There rise the hills behind the battle front,
While on that side across the level plain
I'll see the ports I've often visited.
Beyond, across the strip of faint grey-blue,
Old England's chalky cliffs I'll fainter see.
Invigorated and refreshed, once more
I'll wander on, the near-by forest enter;
There trees of mighty girth and lofty height
Make cool, refreshing, yet most awful shade.
Awhile and I shall stumble on a glade,
And there the shining sun shall show to me
Where strawberries in rich profusion grow.
This thought doth end my meditation;
I take my stick and straightway sally forth.

L. T.

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Nature Notes.

III.

DURING the spring and summer of 1918, No. 16 was moving to and fro most of the time, owing to the heavy fighting occasioned by the retreat in front of Amiens and the subsequent advance. Opportunities for leave from the train were infrequent, so little was done in any branch of nature study except botany. Those who in previous years had kept our interest alive to the beauties of common animals, birds, insects and shells, and who had unravelled the intricacies of the constellations for us during the deep blue summer nights, had by this time left the train. Those who remained, and sought pleasure from the things to be found in their country walks, turned to the flowers of the pastures and hillsides, and welcomed old friends, or greeted new acquaintances, from amongst the flora of the districts through which the train passed.

Now that we have bidden farewell to France it may be of interest to recall some of our happiest hunting grounds, and mention some of the plants found in each.

ABBEVILLE, the headquarters of ambulance trains, as viewed from the station does not appear to have many natural advantages, but leave the "garage" on the side away from the town and, pushing through some stacks of timber, you will find yourself in a series of waterlogged meadows which extend from the railway as far as the hills. Here a great variety of plants may be found, including that beautiful and rare species the Fritillary. There is not much of it, and it is well worth an hour's search to come across the reddish tulip-like blooms, with their quaint, chequered petals and graceful foliage.

Not far away, by the stream, there is a group of trees, and in their shade the ground is everywhere carpeted with the Water Avens, another handsome plant, and one not often found in France.

Further on the chalk hills rise sharply from the road and on their slopes may be found the German Gentian with plenty of Burnet Saxifrage, Wild Carrot, and the Stemless and Carline Thistles.

It was a pleasant surprise to find that rare yellow water plant, *Limnanthemum nymphoides* growing in the canal which runs through the centre of the town, together with a profusion of the Arrowhead, and the commoner water plants.

A few miles away there is a wood where daffodils grow in sheets of yellow. How much more pleasing they are here in their natural surroundings, than planted in some close-cropped lawn!

AGNEZ-LES-DUISANS recalls several very hot summer afternoons, when most of the personnel were glad to avail themselves of the shade afforded by the trees not far from the train.

Here the stream was fished by some of us, and more than one good trout was enticed from its natural element.

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The extensive marshes were explored by the plant-hunters, but nothing specially rare turned up. The moisture-loving Bedstraws were greatly in evidence here, and large patches of their creamy-white flowers, with the purple of the Loosestrife and the yellow of the St. John's Wort, made quite a gay show.

The Star of Bethlehem (*Ornithogalum umbellatum*) grows near the stream, and those of us to whom it was new, considered the afternoon well spent when we carried back to the train a bunch of these delicately-tinted starry flowers.

Another pretty plant of the cultivated ground, though hardly a native here, is the Convolvulus tricolor. Its bells, banded with blue, white and yellow are often seen in gardens at home; it grows wild in the provinces further south.

ARQUES, with its gravel quarries and large clay deposits, has several walks where one may still find patches of ground that have never been disturbed by the farmer's plough.

Here on the steep slopes bordering the canal, the lovely little Crimson Vetchling is at home, and up by the reservoir that supplies the ascenseur lock you may see the Mountain Cranesbill. This stretch of water makes a very fine bathing pool, with fir trees and fine soft grass all round.

At the station a patch of the Creeping Bellflower grows in some stony ground close to a level-crossing. Considering the scanty nourishment of the railway ballast, it makes a very successful show.

BLENDECQUES has many attractions for the botanist.

The high ground behind the village contains numerous moorland plants, such as the Cross-leaved Heath, Creeping Willow, Heath Bedstraw and Cotton Grass, and in the watery hollows the Pink Skull-cap and Pennywort are frequent. Further on, the ground becomes chalky, and the character of the flora changes; such plants as the Bee Orchid and Stemless Thistle take possession of the bare slopes.

A pretty little plant, and well worth finding as it is a rare French species, grows on banks between the woods and the moor. It is the *Potentilla splendens* and may be quite easily passed over for the Barren Strawberry, as the two plants are very similar, with their strawberry-like leaves and white flowers.

We shall not soon forget the charming effect of this little town. How refreshing it was to look down upon the bright red roofs nestling amidst the fresh green of the trees in spring-time, with the fields of darker green corn at our feet, and the fine old buildings of St. Omer in the blue of the distance.

BOULOGNE FOREST is a well-wooded expanse of rolling country not very far from the town, and should be visited in spring-time just when the new leaf-buds are bursting forth from the trees. Then the ground is starred all over with the Anemone and the Celandine, and as far as the eye can reach through the avenues of mossy tree-trunks, one sees great masses of Bluebells and Oxlips in mists of blue and yellow.

By the tiny streams, trickling here and there through their

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channels in the leaf mould, you will find both species of Golden Saxifrage growing side by side. On the banks are violets and early Speedwells galore, with an occasional patch of Green Hellebore. The Herb Paris and Solomon's Seal are plentiful, and bunches of Mistletoe grow in the tree-tops, looking at a distance very like rooks' nests.

CALAIS is very flat, with much water all the year round lying in the pools and ditches which border every field. Pond life may be easily studied here, and all the usual water plants seen at their best.

The tall and beautiful Flowering-rush, in company with the Arrowhead and Branched Bur-reed, are reflected in many of the quiet pools, and the surface of the water is spotted here and there by the waxy blooms of the Frogbit, and brightened by the Water Violet and clouds of White Crowfoot set in a background of green Duckweed. Rushes, Sedges, and waving water grasses border every pond.

In the distance is the historic Forêt de Guines, and it would seem to promise something rare in the way of woodland species. But an afternoon spent in exploring the thickets and clearings of these woods yielded nothing noteworthy.

CHEMIN VERT lies on a wide expanse of level ground, which stretches on all sides with an almost uninterrupted view to the horizon. This is the place for sunsets and fleecy cloud effects. Here also may be seen a fine old shepherd, slowly leading home his flock at night across the terrain, in the ruddy glow of the sinking sun.

At no other spot in France have we met with such a grand wealth of colouring, as was presented here by a cornfield and the surrounding slopes one sunny afternoon in June. A thunderstorm had passed over the night before, and every flowering thing seemed to do its best to welcome the warm sun and brilliant blue sky by a special display of colour. Wide sheets of reds, blues, purples and yellows softened by smaller masses of pinks, whites and greens, formed a colour scheme that could not have been surpassed by the professional horticulturist.

The following list gives some of the plants responsible for this very pleasing show, all growing in great abundance on about half an acre of ground.

Reds and Purples.—Poppy, Nodding Thistle, Corncockle, Clover, Fumitory, Tufted Vetch, Bush Vetch, Pansy, and Basil Thyme.

Pinks.—Marsh Mallow, Small Soapwort, Convolvulus, and Persicaria.

Blues and Violets.—Cornflower, Scabious, Tare and Venus' Looking-glass.

Yellows.—Buttercups, Mustard, Bedstraw, Melilot, Yellow Vetch, Meadow Vetchling, Rockrose.

Whites.—Bedstraw, Bladder Campion, Dutch Clover, Mayweed, and many Umbelliferæ, together with Field Holly and Wild Mignonette.

It may be noticed that the flora of northern France very closely resembles that of Great Britain, except that each of the species appears to be more abundantly represented, and many plants rare or local in Britain are common here.

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CREIL calls up memories of the swift-flowing Oise, and hills broken here and there by the outcropping of the weather-beaten limestone.

The cliff faces and slopes contain a number of good plants, and many species were gathered during our short stay, such as:—Jersey Thrift, Birthwort, Yellow Rest-harrow, Cypress Spurge, Gerrard's Spurge, Cotton Thistle, Danewort, Soapwort, Blue Pimpernel, Candytuft, Star Thistle, Box, Horehound, Bastard Toadflax, Pink Cow-wheat, Dianthus Armeria, Bupleurum falcatum, Teucrium chamædrys, Teucrium Botrys, Vincetoxicum officinal, Verbascum floccosum, and Plantago ramosa.

In Great Britain the Jersey Thrift is only found in sandy places in the Channel Islands, the Pink Sage (*Teucrium Botrys*) is rare, and the Cypress Spurge very rare.

Outside Creil there are vast caves in the cliffs said to be able to accommodate comfortably five thousand people, and here the inhabitants repaired each evening during the season of air raids.

ETAPLES with its rolling sand-dunes, its pine woods and mossy hollows, is a splendid place for a ramble on a warm summer afternoon. Then, the sea breeze that one finds so piercing on winter nights, only tempers the warmth reflected by the expanse of white sand.

You may go northward by the sea and then, striking inland, find your way back through the great sandy billows, capped here and there with clumps of pine trees, and clothed by rushes, Buckthorn and Sea Spurge. The flora is not luxuriant, but there are some interesting species.

On the mud-flats which are washed by the rising tide grow the Glasswort and Saltwort. Above the water line on the gently shelving beach may be seen the Sea Purslance, Sea Spurrey, Sea Rocket, Sea Holly, Sea Convolvulus and the graceful foliage of the Asparagus.

Amongst the dunes there is plenty of Hound's-tongue and Umbellate Hawkweed, and here and there the pretty pink of the Centaury and the white of the Knotted Spurrey, are seen side by side. The Marsh Orchid inhabits damp hollows, and the Sheep's-Bit, Yellow Stonecrop, Squinancy Wort and Creeping Willow live on the drier parts.

On sandy banks by the railway, the rare British Childling Pink grows in plenty, together with Silene conica, Silene Armeria, Allium vineale, Medicago sylvestris, Medicago falcata, Barberry and three species of Fumitory. The Water Speedwell and Beaked-Parsley grow by the clear streams in the dunes.

ETRETAT has been visited so seldom, and our stay each time has only been for a few hours, so there has been little opportunity of exploring this beautifully situated little spot.

Behind the town, with its pebbled beach lapped by the sparkling blue sea and guarded on each side by towering white cliffs, there slopes a valley up which runs the railway, and these furze-covered slopes one could imagine are the home of many pleasing plants; only two worth mentioning were gathered here, the Saw-wort and the Black Mullein, both found near the station.

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LAPUGNOY lies in the midst of woods, and here the botanist and bird lover have spent many pleasant afternoons.

In springtime there is plenty of Lily of the Valley to be found, and later on, several patches of that rare British plant the May Lily may be seen growing in the leaf mould under the pine trees.

At the bottom of a disused sand quarry we found a colony of Round-leaved Sundew, growing in company with the Marsh Club-moss and a dwarf variety of the Plantain.

The edges of the woods are brightened by the fine flowers of the Rosebay Willow-herb, and on the higher ground, where the woods give way to a peaty moorland, you may see many isolated Silver Birches with their fine bark glistening against a background of red-brown bracken.

In the fields the Broomrape is frequent, and a handsome pink Trefoil (*Trifolium elegans*) rises erect from the grass bordering many of the way-sides.

ROUEN will be long remembered as the scene of some of our most enjoyable outings. The town itself, with the cathedral and historic buildings, and the country around, with its range of hills along by the winding Seine, its pine woods, and great level expanses of damp meadow-land, all have their special attractions.

On the hills in early spring, the light green of the Hellebore stands out against the dull colour of the other awakening vegetation, and later, the purple blooms of the beautiful Pasque Flower brave the cool March breeze.

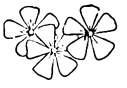
In summer-time many orchids may be found on these chalky slopes, such as the Bee, Sweet-scented, Pyramidal and Lizard.

By the river bank amongst the Willows, there are some patches of Fen Ragwort, and in adjoining pastures much Marsh Spurge and Autumn Crocus. In drier places, the Field Garlic and Childling Pink and a large-flowered deep blue Veronica (*V. Teucrium*) are frequent. In the woods one plant of the Spurge Laurel was observed.

SAINT POL has a belt of woods on the hill overlooking the town, with a little church just at the fringe, and here grows a Medlar tree, one of the few we have noticed in France. Not far from here the Wild Pea covers many yards of the railway bank, and its large salmon coloured flowers are quite as pleasing as many of the garden varieties.

In the deep shade of the wood grow the Yellow Bird's Nest and the Bird's Nest Orchid, and in the more open parts, the Bistort, Tower Mustard, Dogwood, Wild Basil and a small wood Spurge (*Euphorbia dulcis*).

C. P.



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The Merry Lads of Busby.

[After our discovery of the fragment of a Shakespearean play entitled "King Richard IV" some months ago, we did continue our search amid the said archives, unearthing after much labour naught but the poor fragment following. Critics seem agreed that the play was not Shakespeare's. The names of Ben Jonson and John Fletcher are among those suggested as the author, but in neither case is the evidence conclusive. We feel ourselves justified, however, in describing the fragment as Elizabethan, though it may have actually been written some years after the decease of that famous sovereign commonly known as "Good Queen Bess."]

Persons Represented.

WILLIAM, PRINCE OF RAGMIL.
SIR HOWARD BIGSEN.
RIVERS.
THE DUKE OF ESSEX (living in exile).
SIR COLINGWOOD SLUMBERTON (Vicar of Dudley).

ACT II.

Scene I.—A common eating-house in Busby.

(*Enter* WILLIAM, PRINCE OF RAGMIL, SIR HOWARD BIGSEN *and* RIVERS.)

WILLIAM: How wearisome and stale is all I find
Within this cursed land, where there's no drink
To suit a man of mettle. Oh! for the wines
Both rich and rare, native and foreign,
Mellowed with age-long waiting in cellars
Where my father stored them 'gainst some feast
Which oft I tasted ere I left my home.

BIGSEN: Tell me no such idle tale, my lusty stripling, I know right well thou never tasted stronger drink than fresh cow's milk, tempered a little, perchance, with Adam's ale to keep thy young blood cool, ere thou didst leave thy old paternal roof.

WILLIAM: By 'r Lady! Sir Howard, I used—

BIGSEN: Nay, perjure not thyself further; already the fires that do await thee would roast a Manningtree ox whole in less time than it takes me to vanish a flagon of old sack; make them not hotter, young cockerel!

WILLIAM: What! thou reverend iniquity and lusty virtue, thou tonsured old priest of Hell, thou art indeed a pretty preacher.

RIVERS: Aye, and at the church where he doth officiate Rivers shall be a constant attender, for I warrant you he'll never find it dry.

BIGSEN: Well, an you desire a word-slinger of the true and approved pattern, here comes old Slumberton.

(*Enter* SIR COLINGWOOD SLUMBERTON.)

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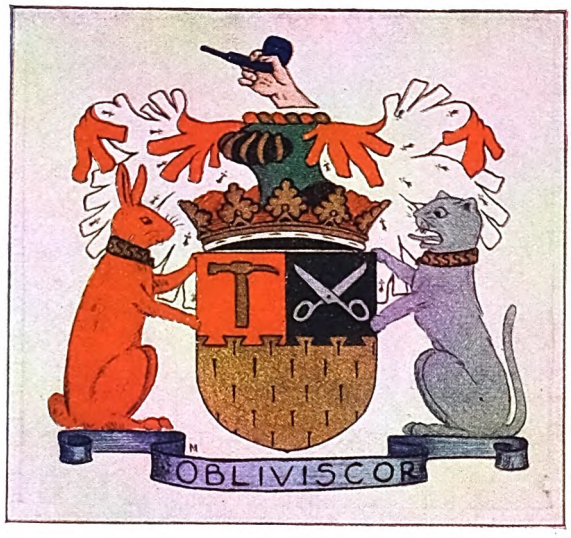
A.T. 16 ARMORY.

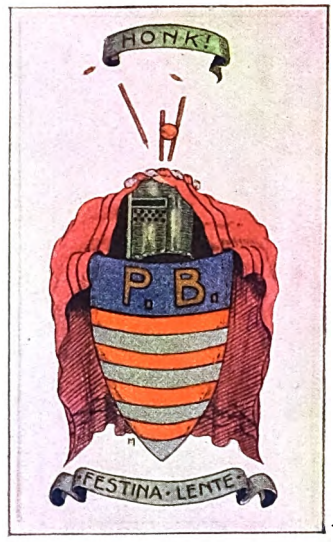
No. 1.—His Grace the Duke of Carpentaria.



[Parti per fesse dovetailed; in chief parti per pale, on the dexter side gules a hammer or, on the sinister side sable a pair of scissors expanded in saltire argent; in base or semé of nails. Mantlings: gules lined ermine. Crest: a hand couped above the wrist holding a pipe azure. Supporters: dexter, a rabbit gules; sinister, a cat argent; each gorged with a collar of SS. Motto: "Obliviscor."]

A.T. 16 ARMORY.

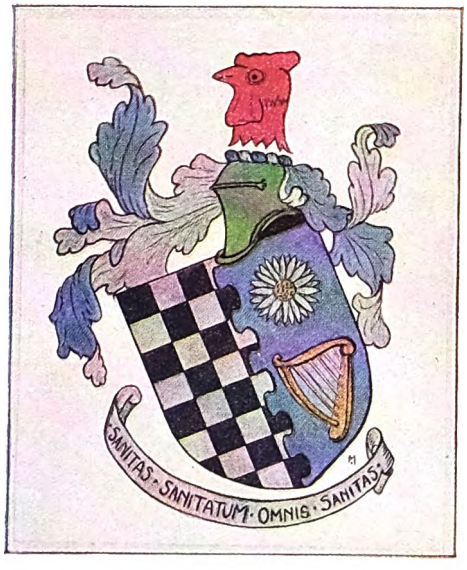
No. 2. W. H. Kitching, Esq.



[Barry of eight gules and argent, on a chief azure the letters "P.B." or. For mantlings a "'B' Ward" blanket proper. Crest: upon a wreath of the colours three cricket stumps, and two bails displayed or, in their midst a ball gules. Mottos: over the crest "Honk!" and under the shield "Festina Lente."]

A.T. 16 ARMORY.

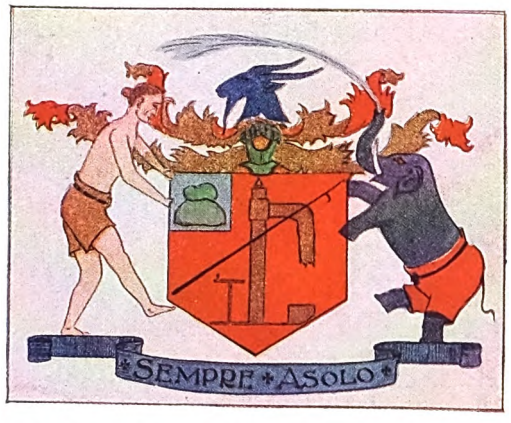
No 3.—C. Pearson, Esq. (Ireland.)



[Parti per pale nebuly; on the dexter side chequy sable and argent, on the sinister azure a bellis perennis argent seeded or over a harp of Ireland (or stringed argent). Crest: on a wreath of his colours a cock's head erased gules. Mantlings: azure and argent. Motto: "Sanitas sanitatum omnis sanitas."]

A.T. ARMORY.

No. 4.—Vincent Scott Bayliss.



[Gules a hydrant or and over all in bend sinister a boathook sable. In a dexter canton argent a loaf of bread vert. Crest: on a wreath of the colours a he-goat's head erased azure. Mantlings: gules lined or. Supporters: on the dexter side a human form propér (?) breeched in shorts; on the sinister side a baby-elephant gargling proper breeched gules. Motto: "Sempre asolo."]

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SLUMBERTON : God rest your Highness ! Merry gentlemen,
I greet you all right true and heartily.

WILLIAM : The day is something warm, Sir Colingwood,
Wilt come and have a glass of good red wine
And bear us company at the " Traveller's Rest " ?

SLUMBERTON : Alas ! 'Twould be no rest for me nor you.
Strong wine's a mocker, he who tastes thereof
Finds heat not only now but evermore.
But list to me while I tell you a tale.

WILLIAM (*aside*) : The Saints forfend !

SLUMBERTON : A right good merry tale. For I'm not like
That long-faced Huguenot old Vertassay.

RIVERS : Would to God thou wert ! Old Vertassay's a right good cheery blade, and moreover doth take a little wine for the belly's sake as Holy Writ directeth.

SLUMBERTON : The predestined rogue would use the Scriptures
For your despite and woe as well as his.
But here's my tale. At the Seminary ——.

BIGSEN : Aye, 'tis always thus he begins, and in the latter end they savour no more of Heaven than sack.

WILLIAM : Well, here comes the ancient good old Duke,
Let's hear what he's to say.

(*Enter the exiled* DUKE OF ESSEX.)

DUKE : Good morning, friends,
I hope I see you well. How do you all ?

WILLIAM : Right well, ancient and toothless Sir, and you ?

DUKE : In the finest, fit as an old fiddle.

SLUMBERTON : But your Grace hath fallen on evil days,
I deeply grieve at your sad downfall.

DUKE : Grieve not. The cares and burdens of my office
Did chafe me sorely in preventing me
From meditation which I most desired.
I only grieve to think of my domain
Under the rule and sway of one outcast
From many countries. But your discourse
Let me not further interrupt, good Sirs.

WILLIAM : Old Slumberton was striving hard, most hard,
To turn us from the evil of our ways,
To give up mellow wines for mellow tales.

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DUKE : What, Sir Colingwood, what know you of life,
That you should teach these roysterers how to live ?

SLUMBERTON : Why, Sir, I am a vicar duly trained.

DUKE : Trained, no doubt, but " duly," that's a question.
A youth brought safely up 'mid cloisters pale,
And well learned in books and classic lore,
Is trained well, no doubt, for scrivening,
But who'll make choice of such an one
To lead them out against the foe, or teach
How they may best protect themselves and theirs
Against the wiles of crafty enmity.
Why should you, then, Sir Priest, expect these men
To hear you in patience while you discourse
Of war against the spirit's mortal foes ?

SLUMBERTON : I am a man of peace and what thou say'st
Of bloody, carnal wars affects me not.

WILLIAM : Oh, now they are fairly at it. Let's leave them to it, whilst we go and slake this cursed thirst.

BIGSEN : I'm with you there, as ever. Lead on, I'll follow ; and, Sir Colingwood, thou valiant Knight of the Red Cross, see thou look well to thy shield and buckler, lest thou find thine armour pierced to counterfeit an old and leaky sieve.

(*Exeunt* PRINCE WILLIAM, SIR HOWARD BIGSEN *and* RIVERS.)

DUKE : Dost see yon goblet ? Couldst thou make one such ?
Nay, nor could thou scour it, I ween !
What canst thou do ? These rushes on the floor—
Befouled and trodden by the foot of those
That since the early morn have passed this way—
Thou scarce couldst change for fresh, and wouldst thou think
To scour the minds of men and place clean thoughts,
Sound, sweet and beautiful, in hearts whereof
The traffic of this sordid, earthy world
Hath somewhat staled the sweetness. Fie on you,
Sir Colingwood ! Go live and work 'mongst men
With heart and hand, be one of them awhile
And it may chance—though I'll not warrant it—
When all your hairs are grey, if you essay
To speak to men of life, perchance they'll hear.

SLUMBERTON : Well, thou art a strange old man ; thy meaning
Passes my comprehension ; so I'll home.
Farewell. I'm sure I wish you very well.
(*Exit.*)

DUKE : Well, well, well, well; he's past all human aid.
I'll go along, I have now too long stayed. (*Exit.*)

L. T.

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An A.T. Alphabet.

A TALE OF TOWNS.

Aveluy, Albert, Armentiers,
And other towns not seen for years,
Demand our tears.

Ballool, Boulong and—yes, by heck!
Blighty too, and eke delec-
Table Blendecques.

Camiers—Calai makes us rud·;
Corbie and Contay are na'pood.
Creil suits our mood.

Dunkirk's the seat of our H.Q.
Doullens sees more of me and you;
Darnetal too.

Edgehill and Esquelbecq perhaps
We'll risk. But ere we see Etapes
May years elapse.

Forests turn from green to brown,
Fricourt and Fère have won renown.
Frévent's a town.

Gladly westward through Glos-Montfort
We've passed; and stayed near Guillaucourt.
Gournay's a bore.

Harfleur and Havre are far away,
Harbonnière's estaminet
Is just O.K.

I occasioned me much grief;
The recollection of Les Ifs
Brought some relief.

Killinghemhof and Knifinghem
Are spurious, but in my dilem-
Ma I've put them.

Longueau, Ligny, Longpré, Lap-
Ugnoy—Lampisterie fills a gap
Not on the map.

M for Merris, Méricourt,
Maromme, Mons, Merville, and for more
I'm certain sure.

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Noeux-les-Mines, and Neufchatel,
Nielles and also Nesle, Noyelles—
None we know well.

'Pon Pantin, Paris, Paris-Plage,
Pernes, Petite-Synthe and Paddy's Barge,
Need I enlarge?

Queer Street's out-of-date. In lieu
Let's put St. Quentin; for its new,
And'll get its due.

Rue, Recques, Remy, Romescamps,
Railhoek, Roserie, Rouen—
I could go on.

Saleux, Serqueux, Sommery,
En route for Sotteville we shall see,
Thence to Senlis.

Trouville, Tréport, Terlincthun,
All by the sea, with lots of fun
For everyone.

Unsung is many a town whose name
In many minds has deathless fame;
Not mine the blame.

Vecquement, Villers-Cotterets,
Vimy, Vignacourt—I say,
What an array!

Wimille-Wimereux for Waacs,
Warlincourt for loads "ad max"
When no one slacks.

X is the ideal garage site
Where Gothas do not come at night
And cause affright.

Ypres's a town on which we're keen,
Ytres's a hole to which we've been.
Yvetot we've seen.

Z for once I will not shirk,
Though Zuydcoote gave me lots of work,
Besides Zutkerque.

One's enough. For many share
Happy thoughts of St. Omer.
Have you been there?

[Our compositor, an enthusiastic, if not accomplished, classical scholar, has in a fit of absent-mindedness confused his alphabets, and relegated the English "O" to the position occupied by the Greek "Omega." We tender our apologies for the lapse.—Editor, *Orderly Review*].

C. A. H.

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Après la Guerre.

"COME to tea, Augustus dear." I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder as I dozed in my chair—my own arm-chair at home—thinking of other days.

"Right ho!" I replied, sleepily, "Have you drawn it?"

"Wake up, silly, we don't keep our tea in a barrel; it's all ready on the table, anyhow."

"Hallo! plates?" I exclaimed as I seated myself.

"What's wrong with them?" asked Angelina, bridling a little; they were her best china.

"Oh, nothing, nothing, only a bit unnecessary for tea, don't you think? Still, we can wash up in cold."

"Claribel can boil as much hot water on the gas stove as she needs for washing up," my wife replied with dignity.

"Oh, of course, of course." Claribel is our orderly; I had forgotten for the moment that I was a sort of O.C. in this establishment. "And, by the way," I added, trying to live up to the dignity, "I'm not at all satisfied with her outsides.—Where's the comfiture?" I climbed on the chair and felt about on the shelf behind me. "Jam ration finished?" I asked.

"The jam is on the table, dear," said Angelina, trying her best to be tolerant.

I looked round and at last noticed that she was passing me an elegant glass dish into which I plunged my knife, safely landing the greater part on my plate, while the rest dropped on the table cloth. Seeing that my wife was diffidently offering an embroidered spoon, I assumed that I was meant to use it for collecting the débris, which I promptly deposited in my mouth.

Angelina looked as though she was going to object to something, but she changed her mind and reverted to the subject of the orderly. "You object to Claribel's external appearance? I must tell her to be more careful about her aprons."

"We must see to that on parade," I said, "but I was referring to her work. Oh yes," I admitted mollifyingly, for my wife seemed to be on her dignity again, "her brasses and windows are admirable; but the dust is thick on the front wall of the house."

"But surely ——"

"Oh, all right, all right, I leave it all to you." I hastened to drop the subject, not desiring ructions so soon after my return. "Yes, I'll have another cup, these hold so mighty little." I threw the dregs through the open window. Angelina did not look so appreciative as I expected at the excellence of the shot: it is true that a few drops lighted on the curtain. The meal proceeded in silence for a time, my efforts at conversation not having met with the success they deserved.

"Busy at the office this afternoon?" Angelina asked presently.

"Busy?—afternoons! Really, there are limits, you know; I went for a stroll and had a dip in the river."

"In the ——!" exclaimed Angelina, shocked, "but there was no one about, I suppose?"

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"Oh, yes, at least two men on the bank, and an N.C.O.—Well at all events a policeman."

"A policeman! did he see you?"

"I don't know, but he was there all right, so I haven't been breaking rules, you see."

This conversation proving no more successful, I took up my newspaper, pushing my plate aside. It dropped on the fender and broke.

"Sorry," I said, "I quite forgot these stupid plates were breakable; but we can exchange it next time."

"Exchange?"

"Yes, we might manage two. Anyway, we are up on our inventory."

Meanwhile, glancing over the headlines:—"'Trunk Mystery at Brighton,' 'Without a hitch demobilisation proceeds apace,' 'Victory for the Roysterers: Football Season Commences.'—Don't see any push this evening. Hullo!" As I looked up I saw tears in Angelina's eyes and remembered what I thought would comfort her; "By the way, I got a new cushion for your chair on my way home this afternoon." Angelina is very strange these days, but I had struck the right nail this time. "You are a dear," she exclaimed gratefully, "But so soon—the expense, you know."

"But unfortunately the stationmaster caught sight of me, and I had to pretend I had got into the wrong train by mistake."

"Augustus! ——" This last attempt was a failure after all; Angelina looked mystified and distressed and rang for the orderly, to close the conversation.

After tea I sat reading in silence, but I could see my wife glancing up furtively from her needlework and peering anxiously into my face. Once she got up quietly when I seemed immersed in my book and reached a heavy book from the shelves; it looked like the "Family Doctor." Then she searched through some Press cuttings and read one of them, concealed in her needlework, and as she sat down I caught sight of the title, "Shell Shock"; but having had enough of the medical aspect of war I did not want to raise a conversation on the subject. Meanwhile I had been revolving a plan in my mind. The evening was chilly; I am used to enduring such hardships of course, but there was Angelina to think of. The advantage of a house compared with a train is that it has fireplaces, and at the bottom of the back-yard I had seen a shed with no very secure fastening on the door.

* * * * * *

Some time after we had gone to bed I got up quietly, secured a spare blanket from the bottom of the bed, crept down stairs and stole out across the yard. There was no one about and the door of the shed was easily negotiated; I returned with the blanket full and deposited the contents on the sofa and returned to bed undisturbed.

In the morning Angelina expressed some surprise at the state of the blanket, but assuring her that we could easily get another next trip, I urged her to hurry down, as I had a surprise for her.

I stood proudly by my treasure awaiting her arrival, and as she entered said knowingly, "Ask no questions." She looked at the coal, gave one startled glance in my face, and collapsed with a shriek into a chair, bursting into tears.

Really I shall give up trying to please Angelina.

Reprinted from *La Vie Sanitaire* (A.T. 5).

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Cautionary Verses.

No. I.

THE DREADFUL FATE OF LEONARD.

BUT one thing moves me to relate
Poor Leonard's lamentable fate—
The hope that what I here disclose
May be a Warning Sign to those
Who feel a similar temptation
Towards a life of Isolation
Erratic, vague, undisciplined,
Unpunctual as are cloud and wind.
The consummation might have been
As some aver—sad thought!—foreseen
From Leonard's curious predilection
To shaving during Dress Inspection,
From the aversion he displayed
To due appearance at parade,
Or that queer taste for puttees wound
On the wrong leg the wrong way round.
But what poor germ of consolation
Remains in this consideration?

* * * * *

At X——— one morning word was sent
A gas attack was imminent.
No panic quelled the N.C.Os
Thus rudely torn from their repose.
They roused forthwith the personnel,
And, all the gas masks working well,
When finally the signal came,
Not one but answered to his name.
The scourge swept by—and all were safe!
All? No, alas! for one poor waif
Was not among them. The alerte
Had found him minus shorts and shirt,
Puttees festooned about his knees,
Babbling vaguely in Chinese.
Too late, poor youth, he was aware
His gas mask had been left elsewhere,
Too late he saw his scanty clothing
With gas abroad availed him nothing.
Too late; for when the fumes rolled by
He was the only casualty. . . .

* * * * *

Oh, Fate how stern thy ways and grim!
He lives. But in the interim
The victim had absorbed (alas!)
So much lachrymatory gas,

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It had the sad effect of keeping
Him almost permanently weeping,
And this, again, reacting (by
A law known to Psychology)
Upon his mind with dark distress
So plunged him into mournfulness,
So darkened all his view, alack!
That now he's melancholiac.
"Sunt," one has said, "lacrimae rerum":
The doctors say no drug nor serum
Will be the least use; all's in vain,
Leonard will never smile again.

* * * * *

Ye heedless youths be cautioned! ah
Be warned, for "de vos fabula."

No. II.

OF HAROLD, AND HIS FATAL TASTE FOR SOUVENIRS.

WHO lists to what I here relate, a tale both sad and movin' hears
Of Harold, who was taught too late to curb his itch for souvenirs;
It really was as though he deemed it heinous as a sin to rest
Inactive when the country teemed with objects of such interest;
And once his fancy caught a thing, he'd jump out straight and whisk it in—
A splinter from a Gotha's wing—a Very light—a biscuit-tin—
Shell-noses, clasp-knives, water-flasks, Bosche helmets, and a rifle too,
Old buttons, badges, Hun gas-masks, and every kind of trifle too.
His shell cases just stood in stacks; he filled the entire bunk with them,
And leather jerkins, German packs—his quarters fairly stunk with them.
But protest was but wasted breath although you spent a day on it,
He'd threaten you with instant death and wave a rusty bayonet.
(Here comes a protest from my Muse: "Have done with all this frolicking,
And if you tell the sequel, choose a metre not so rollicking.")
Leave at last had Hiawatha
(I beg pardon, I mean Harold),
Leave to visit home and kindred;
Safely was the Channel travelled,
But, alas, at disembarking,
As he staggered up the gangway—
Hundredweights of kit about him,
As he fumbled in his pocket
For the little landing-ticket,
Came a deafening explosion,

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Came a flash of blinding brightness,
Harold was no more existent;
In his hurry he'd forgotten
He'd a Mills' bomb in his pocket
Where he rummaged for the ticket.
So he never reached his home and
Wife and children vainly stuck the
Holly in the Christmas pudding;
All in vain the children's stockings,
Waited slack and empty for the
Souvenirs from France to fill them.
'Twas the child of the Inspector
At the Customs house at Folkestone
Who as fate ordained enjoyed them,
For the kit that had survived him
Had been promptly confiscated.

A moral from this tale appears, which let us not poke fun at: "All Beware, beware of souvenirs, and if you can, have none at all."

J. W. H.

Innisfree.

(*With apologies to W. B. Yeats*).

I WILL arise and go now, and go away from D,
To a log cabin somewhere, nor care of what it's made;
No buzzing shall I hear there save that of the honey bee,
And live where there's no fear of a raid.

For I can find no peace here, where Taubes come circling low,
Borne on the wings of the evening, while mournful Mary sings,
When searchlights sweep the heavens and shrapnel flashes glow,
And the air is full of Gotha's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always, night and day,
I'm listening for the siren, and thinking evermore
Of torpilles shattering houses or striking roadways grey,
Rending them to their deep heart's core.

E. E.

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A Sad Case.

SAD case, sir, a very sad case," remarked the doctor as he locked the door of the padded cell behind us. "Not that we are without hope of an eventual recovery—far from it; but so long as the war lasts "—he gave an expressive shrug. "Yes," I replied, "it is indeed a sad case; perhaps you are not aware that I was serving on the same ambulance train at the time he first succumbed to the malady. We watched it gaining upon him month by month. Horrible!"

He looked at me with interest. "Indeed? and I suppose like us, you attribute it to ——"

"To General Foch," I answered: "to him and his policy of brigading together units from the different Allied Forces. You see it was all very well when we had to deal only with British and French patients and even with Italian and Portuguese. And by some effort he was able to master enough Chinese and Japanese to cope with the loads we got in 1919 from the Expeditionary Forces of those countries. The trouble began with the arrival of the new Indian battalions from Bengal and the Deccan. But his resolution never wavered. He WOULD learn their languages, and pegged away at Urdu and Hindustani, and later at Cingalese with indomitable persistence. Then Foch started what the *Daily News* called disrespectfully the 'Pell Mell' system, incorporating contingents of all the other Allies with the French and British divisions, and we were up against Cubans, Guatemalans, Siamese, Liberians. . . . The strain was clearly becoming very great, but no effort of ours to lessen the tension by diverting him to other things proved of any avail. Then—was it 1919 or 1920?—came the influx of new allies, and we had to deal with patients hailing from Norway, Oman, San Marino, Andorra. . . . He became seriously affected. He had a stroke, and for a time lay impotent while he babbled of Greenfield's 'Comparative Philology' and inveighed against the iniquity of Grimm's Law. Whether or no he would have recovered is doubtful; but now the *coup de grâce* was given (that was in 1921) by a specially heavy load of wounded men from the newly-incorporated Basque Battalion —a load that flooded the Isolation ward where he worked to such an extent that they had as many as ten cases to deal with. For a day he went about like a man in a dream, then came the breakdown. The Esquimaux Platoon hardly affected him at all. From that moment he was as he is now."

The doctor sighed. "A sad case! and often he gives so little trouble! Those are the times when he thinks he is an 'Aryan Root' (whatever that is) and stands stock still for hours together. At other times he is more difficult to manage. Sometimes he swears he is a Noun and then we find it hard to get him to take anything because he says he declines regularly in all cases. At other times he protests himself a Verb and then he is either inertly passive or furiously active. Now and again the mania has taken a more comprehensive form. He was once a grammar, and would only answer to the name of Hugo, and although at the time the operation was held to be advisable, refused positively to have his appendix removed because he said it contained all the irregular verbs. But there's one feature

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of the case that I confess beats me altogether, I mean his propensity to the use of juices and pigments—ochre or iodine—for staining his body and especially his face. At first I put it down to some obscure effect of the association of ideas. Immersed in the acquirement of a language the patient half-consciously apes the complexion of the native who speaks it. But I have experimented by leaving with him for a measured period a Hottentot dictionary and a saucer of lamp-black, and I have to confess that the result has been entirely negative. Perhaps you can throw some light on this trait? No? Well, well, science is still in its infancy in these matters. It is certainly a sad but at the same time a very interesting, provocative case."

And like an echo I thought I heard the words "vocative case" sounding defiantly from the padded cell.

J. W. H.

Occasional Quotations.

II.

A somewhat unfriendly description of the personnel :—

"All the unsettled humours of the land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens."

(*King John*).

ORDERLY in charge of coach to other Orderly :—

"Wherefore do you droop?" (*King John*).

ORDERLY, taking Nominal Roll, to PATIENT :—

"Speak if you can. What are you?" (*Macbeth*).

A suggested improvement on the M.O.'s usual matter-of-fact way of ordering "Mist. Opii" for a patient in pain :—

"There is means, Madam :
Our foster nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks, that to provoke in him
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish." (*King Lear*).

ORDERLY with a load of Portuguese, to his colleague :—

"Ah, we know not what each other says,
These things and I." (*Francis Thompson*).

Q.M.S. to Corporal after loading, concerning "numbers" :—

"Thy registers and thee I do defy,
Not wondering at the present or the past,
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste."

(*Shakespeare's Sonnets*).

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One ORDERLY in his bunk to another of a third as the whistle goes for parade :—

"Hark! Hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head
As awaked from the dead
And amazed he stares around." (*Dryden*).

ORDERLY who has arrived late on the scene of one of the late suppers provided after a night trip, and finds cocoa or soup gone :—

"For some . . . . .
Have drunk their cup a round or two before
And one by one crept silently to rest." (*Fitzgerald*).

MESS-ROOM ORDERLY in reply to complaint concerning drinking mug :—

"There may be in the cup
A spider steeped, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom." (*Winter's Tale*).

An exclamation concerning the "hooter" at Audruicq and similar gadgets elsewhere :—

"What potions have I drunk of syren tears!"
(*Shakespeare's Sonnets*).

An ORDERLY, apparently weary of life, describing experiences on a "raid night," say at Audruicq :—

"Well, my path lately lay through a great city
Into the woody hills surrounding it;
A sentinel was sleeping at the gate,
When there was heard a sound, so loud it shook
The towers amid the moonlight, yet more sweet
Than any voice but thine, sweetest of all;
A long, long sound, as it would never end;
And all the inhabitants leaped suddenly
Out of their rest, and gathered in the streets
Looking in wonder up to heaven, while yet
The music pealed along. I hid myself
Within a fountain in the public square.
(*Prometheus Unbound*).

COMMANDER of hostile aircraft :—

"Fair is foul and foul is fair,
Hover through the fog and filthy air." (*Macbeth*).

A conversation on the morning of June 1st at Etaples :—

LENOX : The night has been unruly. Where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death
And prophesyings with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confused events
New-hatched to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamoured the live-long night; some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

MACBETH : 'T was a rough night.

LENOX : My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it." (*Macbeth*).

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On the same day, the Old Cock, on receiving orders for the morning :—

" But that your royal pleasure must be done
This act is an ancient tale new told
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable." (*King John*).

ORDERLY, on first Sunday evening at Boisleux, to STEVENS, who has just brought news of Germany's acceptance of Wilson's note, and declared that the war would be over before Christmas :—

" Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence. Or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greetings. Speak, I charge you ! "
(*Macbeth*).

The stretcher-bearers at Terlincthun the night of the 11/11/18. :—

" Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldiers' pleasure,
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain." (*Dryden*).

Old Sixteeners at the first re-union :—

" Forget not yet the great essays,
The painful patience in delays
Forget not yet." (*Sir T. Wyat*).

On the same occasion, an orderly of an old acquaintance :—

" What seemed corporal melted
As breath into the wind." (*Macbeth*).

" Finally my brethren :—
God's benison go with you ; and with those,
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes." (*Macbeth*).

L. T.

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Why I am a Vegetarian.

SOMETIMES fancy I am a vegetarian in order to confound the conventional puritan. It is so amusing to abstain from the thing he indulges in, and indulge in the things he abstains from—and all for the best moral reasons! Again I am beset with doubt as to whether I do not like to appear a little bit odd and peculiar. So many people's opinions and ways are like the army uniforms; they are all very much alike, and they do not fit because they were made wholesale. They do not belong to us in any sense except that we wear them. Some day I shall feel impelled to write an article on the moral duty of being a crank, but that day happily is not yet!

Below I put my official answers to the question, in the order in which they seem to me important.

(*a*) *The Sentimental Reason.*

We are all of us sentimentalists at bottom, even the most foolish of us. Sometimes we know it, and discourse enthusiastically about the Ideal, and of Nature, and Humanity, generally written with a capital letter. Sometimes we do not know it and we talk in sturdy tones of Common Sense and of Hard Facts. But at bottom it is sentiment, the oft-times fleeting beauty of some secret vision, that always moves us to action; and rightly so. It is what, I hope, brought us all out here.

Well, I do not like the thought of eating meat, which seems to me a nasty thing to do. I cannot wholly justify my dislike by argument. It is simply there. The reader has the same feelings, but he has not perhaps applied them so widely. Some people eat their enemies, and quite excusably argue that thereby they acquire the valour and virtues of their enemies. We do not eat ours, and the consequent waste and loss of good food must be prodigious. Why don't we? Well, we simply don't like the thought of it. I don't like the thought of eating an animal that has once been alive and moving.

(*b*) *The Moral Argument.*

This always seems to me a regular clincher.

Nobody who has seen anything of the meat trade can think it one of the pleasing aspects of our civilization. I do not wish to labour this point, which is rather a favourite theme with vegetarians; but I never realised how unpleasing that trade was until I spent some hours last year in the abattoirs and condemned meat department of the Islington Meat Market. You see what you see, and you do not find much satisfaction in talking about it afterwards.

I ask, why should I pollute myself by consuming the products of such a trade, when I can get on very well without? Why, in order to be like other people, or in order to have one dish rather than another,

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should I require some harmless creature to yield up its life? Must not society as a whole be fouled and coarsened by all the presuppositions on which this enormous trade is based? I can find but one answer to such a question.

(*c*) *The Social-Economic Argument.*

This will not take long to tell. Obviously, to accumulate our food wastefully in the body of a grazing animal, by feeding him on grass and turnips, cannot compare economically with the direct cultivation of the soil with the things that men can eat. And the abolition of pastures and preserves is necessary if we are going to get people out of the towns on to the land.

(*d*) *The Chemico-Physiological Arguments.*

These I will try to deal with as briefly as I can.

We need two kinds of food: "spares" and "petrol." The "petrol" is fats, sugars, starches, and gums, which we can easily get entirely from the vegetable kingdom in very satisfactory forms, and they need not detain us further. The "spares" are called proteins, which we ordinarily take either directly from the vegetable kingdom, or indirectly through the animal who accumulates them for us in his muscles. Both animal and vegetable proteins are the same class of body, which in any case we have to break down and build up again to suit our own peculiar needs. Why should we scrap the animal machine in order to build up our own bodies, any more than we should scrap two or three old bicycles in order to construct a new one? Surely we should go to the source of supplies and get new clean material.

Sometimes the medical books say that vegetable proteins are not so readily assimilated as animal proteins. But it is chiefly a matter of preparation. Our kitchens have the meat tradition about them. Certainly I have had vegetable-protein dishes set before me that were very difficult to eat and digest—both from vegetarian and other sources. But if you want hints towards a vegetable diet that is tasty, nutritious, not bulky, and assimilable, go to the French or the Japanese.

Under this head, there are three main objections to meat as a food.

(i) For some reason or other, it is more putrescible than vegetable foods, both before consumption and after; and the products of decomposition are more unpleasant. Eggs, milk and their products occupy an intermediate position.

(ii) Meat is liable to contain animal parasites, such as the trichina, which cooking does not always kill. Of course, grains are subject to ergot, but that does not nowadays trouble us much.

(iii) When we eat the animal machine, we always consume the smoke, dirt and ashes as well. Meat contains waste products, the so-called extractives, which are more or less of a burden and a poison.

(*e*) *The Anatomical Argument.*

From the dietetic point of view one may roughly divide the mammals into three classes:

(i) The Herbivora, who spend most of their time consuming a great

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bulk of innutritious herbs. These have flattish serrated teeth, two motions of the jaw, a complicated digestive apparatus, and an extremely lengthy gut.

(ii) The Carnivora, who catch their prey or live on carrion. Their teeth are sharp for tearing, the jaw goes up and down like scissors, the stomach is simple and the gut short.

(iii) The Frugivora, like the apes and man. The jaw has three motions; the teeth are designed for fruits, succulent herbs, and nuts; and the gut is of intermediate length. The whole make-up of their alimentary and excretory system is suited to a diet of fairly slow and complex digestion, of little bulk and of a quality at once highly nutritious and not very putrescible.

Such a dietary is found by combining the cereals, fruits and nuts, succulent herbs and roots, and the pulses. It is also what the majority of the people on this earth mainly live upon.

There are other arguments, but the above are what chiefly appeal to me.

It may be asked, does not eccentricity in matters of food tend to make one pre-occupied and faddy about what one shall eat? Well, it may do in some cases, but not, I think, on an Ambulance Train!

J. A. G.

Zoo=ology.

I HAVE heard the baby buffalo
Addressing its mamma,
And mingled with its gruff "Hallo!"
The llama's plaintive "Baa,"
As he pensively expectorates
At people when they pass his gates.

I've heard the baboons chatter,
Seen the lesser monkeys "chat";
Heard them say, "It does not matter
If you missed the last. Catch that."
And other things as well I've spied
Where they don't use insecticide.

We always see the tortoises
When we are at the Zoo,
But they never yet have caught us, as
They've something else to do.
Like Caspar, when his work was done,
They're always sleeping in the sun.

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And should they happen to awake,
  The thing that strikes their eye
Is green stuff, and at once they make
  A glad and joyful cry.
For what a tortoise most enjoys
Is half-a-dozen nice savoys.

Whole crowds of other beasts and birds
  And reptiles, too, live there,
And it would take a thousand words
  To name each different pair;
For really I think Regents Park
Would put the wind up Noah's Ark.

E. W. E.

The 1920 Election.

WE are glad to be able to print a few points of interest with regard to the 1920 election. How we are thus in touch with the future we have every intention of leaving to the imagination of the reader, confident that at one time or another of his life he must have studied the stars in their courses, or striven with the vagaries of Planchette. We note with special pride the number of "Old Sixteeners" (men reared on the columns of *The Orderly Review*) who have been nominated as candidates. The 1918 election brought forward a pretty good crop of candidates, but they are nothing compared with the number in 1920.

EAST ISLINGTON.

CHIOZZA MONEY (Jun.) - - -	Chunterer.
LEONARD TOMKINSON - - -	Discharged Missionary.

East Islington is being swept by a terrific current of chunter the like of which has never been known before. The Discharged Missionary has a good deal to say for himself, but he hardly stands a chance against the Advocate of Chunterdom.

N.W. MANCHESTER.

JAMES JENKINSON - - -	Unique Category.
W-NST-N CH-RCH-LL - - -	Coalition.

North-West Manchester has evidently rankled in the bosom of Mr. Ch-rch-ll, for he has returned to have one more try to ingratiate himself in the hearts of the City men. Possibly he was attracted by the comparative obscurity of his opponent. Mr. Jenkinson, however, is himself a

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City man of City men and there is no doubt he is a candidate after the hearts of his constituents. He has put himself in a Unique Category and invites his constituents to vote for him "just as Jenks." Electioneering in North-West Manchester is generally a thrilling time and this occasion is no exception to the rule.

BLACKBURN.

PH–L–P SN–WD–N - - - -	Advocate of Conchiness.
SIR WILLIAM RILEY - - - -	Advocate of Cushiness.
COLONEL LEISURELY - - - -	A.D.M.S.

Three very poor and weak-minded men. If the electors of Blackburn cannot find any better candidates than these they don't deserve to be represented at all. Colonel Leisurely certainly cut a good figure at the start but he has been entirely discredited by the disclosures made by Sir William Riley, who has been associated with him in some form of philanthropic war work. Ph-l-p Sn-wd-n's supporters are said to be displaying badges with the inscription, "It's all very well for the A.D.M.S."

RICHMOND.

BEMBERTON PILLING - - -	Junker.
WILLIAM HENRY KITCHING - - -	Nondescript.

Richmond has nominated two men who are essentially men of action. Words have little or no meaning for them—except a few of a peculiarly scurrilous nature. This does not prevent the election being carried on with the greatest zeal and excitement however. In fact the antagonism of the two candidates has risen to such a pitch that they have met more than once in personal combat. Whichever candidate is returned to Parliament he will probably arrive there in a considerably mutilated condition, and it is long odds against his having a tongue in his mouth with which to voice his views.

C. P. A.
T. F. F.

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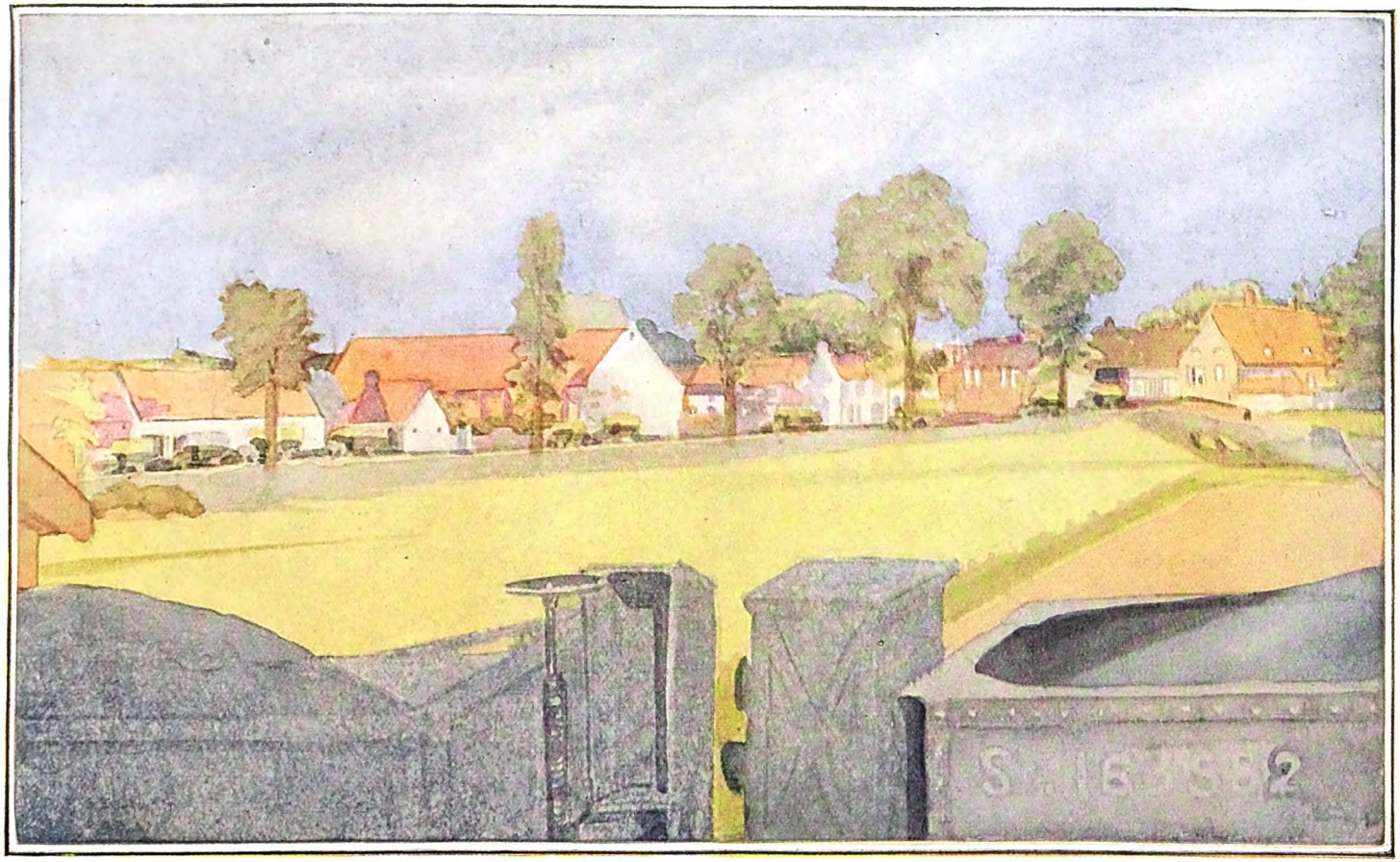

ARQUES. (From the Train.)

To face p. 265

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From a Train.

(*A contribution from No.* 11 *A.T.*)

ALL unheeding speeds the train
Past each deep-hedged mossy lane,
Past the orchard's early bloom,
Past the heath ablaze with broom,
Past a world of fragrant morn,
Child of shower and sunshine born;
Past a world of new-found power
Bursting forth in leaf and flower—
Staying never, heeding nought
Of the marvels Pan hath wrought,
Dashes through a world of May,
Drags me ruthlessly away,
Drags me carelessly and blind;
Yet does Fancy stay behind.

Fancy leaves restraint behind her,
Railway tracks will never bind her.
Turning from the crowded highways,
Fancy skips up pleasant by-ways,
Lingers though the train speeds on;
Follows as each lane leads on;
Roams untrammelled, wanders free,
Clambers up an apple-tree
And, child-like, down the tree trunk scrambles
To join the magpies' saucy gambols,
Or fly as lightly as the swallow
Up the hillside, down the hollow;
Strideth up the mountain track
Unhampered by a traveller's pack,
Finds the joy of springy heather
Trodden in the sunny weather;
Views the world from cairn-topped height
Mellowed in the evening light;
Oh! Fancy's free as the wind that blows,
She travels with him as he goes.

She roams across the plain's expanse,
Feels the pine woods' dark romance;
Follows from the torrent's source,
Tumbling down its broken course
Till it joins the mighty river,
Where the rushes dance and quiver
'Neath its bank that steeply drops
From the fields of well-tilled crops,
Onward swelling to the sea,
Fancy wanders, Fancy free!
Fancy leaves restraint behind her,
Railway tracks can never bind her.

(FROM *Le Fourgon.*)

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Bird Notes of an A.T. Orderly.

THOSE who know what life on an Ambulance Train during war time is, will readily realise the many disadvantages under which anyone wishing to make a serious study of Natural History labours. Perhaps the chief of these, from the point of view of an ornithologist, is the lack of field-glasses. But in spite of this, those of us who were interested in birds were able to do a fair amount of observation in our spare time, and this short and necessarily incomplete account is a record of some of the more interesting and rarer birds which we saw.

One of the first things which strike one about the birds of Northern France is the great number of Magpies which are seen. They were, I think, commonest in the Calais–St. Omer district and it was no uncommon thing to see parties of from ten to twenty feeding on the fields. It is not too much to say that scarcely a day passed when we did not see some of these sprightly birds. On the other hand Lapwings, Songthrushes and Mistle Thrushes were much less common than they are in England. I was particularly struck by the fact that the Lapwing appears to be almost absent from France as a breeding species, and this in spite of the vast tracts of country which are apparently so admirably suited to its nesting habits. I found only one nest and that was on the sand-hills at Etaples in 1918. It was only in the Autumn and Winter that we saw Lapwings in any numbers and even then I never noticed them in anything like the huge flocks so commonly seen at home at these seasons. Both Carrion and Hooded Crows were very common, the former as a resident and breeding species, the latter during the winter, especially on the shore at Etaples where they could be seen in thousands feeding with the gulls and small flocks of Ringed Plovers and Dunlins on the saltmarshes and sand dunes.

One of the most familiar birds in the less cultivated areas was the Crested Lark. It is a bird which is practically unknown in England having occurred only seven times in the Southern Counties. In appearance it is very like a Skylark, but is more heavily built, has a shorter tail, more prominent crest and is of a sandy or tawny colour with dark markings about the head. Its song is a short monotonous warble usually uttered from the ground or from the top of a wall or roof of a shed. Occasionally I have seen it mount into the air to a height of perhaps a couple of hundred feet singing on both the upward and downward journeys. A pair of these birds had a nest between the lines in the sidings at Lapugnoy in June 1916, and they hatched off their young in spite of the fact that coal trucks were constantly being shunted over the nest.

Most of our commoner small birds such as the Garden Warbler, Blackcap, Willow Wren, Chiffchaff, Linnet, Yellow Bunting, Great and Blue Tits and Pied Wagtails, were quite as numerous as they are in England. In almost every place where there was cover for them Nightingales could be heard from April to mid-June. They were specially numerous at Etaples among the Sea Buckthorn bushes on the sand-dunes and in the Rouen district. In a small copse near St. Etienne I found three nests one evening. I think none of us will ever forget the songs of the Nightingales as we heard

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them along the banks of the Seine at Sotteville or during the many weary hours of watching on night trips as the train crept through the woods or past some garden or copse.

In the reed beds along the Seine at Rouen, among the marshes round Abbeville and up the Somme Valley, and in the reedy ditches and ponds between Calais and Hazebrouck, Reed Warblers were common. They came about mid-April and by the middle of May their deep cup-shaped nests suspended between three or four reed stems or osier plants could be found. There were, in some places, a few pairs of the Great Reed Warbler whose harsh note "curra—curra—charra—charra—charra" could be heard above the chatter of its smaller and softer-voiced relative. In these places, too, the Reed Bunting nested.

In the meadows along the Seine I first heard the note of the Quail—"click—lick—lick." The Quail is fairly well distributed over most of the north of France. We heard it in most places, notably round Amiens, at Puchevillers where it frequented the hay and poppy fields, and at Thiel-Cerisiers.

Of the birds of prey, the Kestrel was the most frequently seen. A pair frequented the country round Edgehill during the winter of 1916-17 and at Chemin Vert and Rouen they were often seen hovering over the fields. A pair of Peregrine Falcons were nesting in the chalk cliffs at St. Adrian in 1916 and I saw one or two individuals of this species during the migrating seasons.

On the marshy land between Abbeville and Noyelles a pair of Hen Harriers were nesting, and one or both of these magnificent birds were frequently seen as we passed through that part of the country.

During the time No. 5 A.T. was at Thiel-Cerisiers, in June, 1918, we saw a great many interesting birds, and although I was there on No. 5, and not on No. 16, a few notes about them may be allowed in this article.

One of the features of the village was the number of Goldfinches which inhabited the gardens and trees along the roads. At least one pair of Red-backed Shrikes were nesting quite close to the station where we were in garage, and Stonechats, Whinchats, Cirl Buntings, Whitethroats, Spotted Flycatchers and Sedge Warblers were all busy with their domestic duties. A pair of Black Redstarts were building a nest in the hollow buffer of a French waggon and Tree Sparrows were quite common. On a piece of waste ground not half a mile from the station a pair of Stone Curlews had reared two young ones and I was fortunate enough to capture one of them on a visit to the spot with E. L. Gill. Both Little and Barn Owls were nesting in the near neighbourhood, and we saw all three of our English Woodpeckers—the Green, Great Spotted and Lesser Spotted. Down on the marshy land Reed Buntings, Reed Warblers, Whinchats and Grasshopper Warblers were all either heard or seen, and a pair of Hen Harriers had a nest not a mile from the station. A Kestrel's nest in a Grey Poplar had fully-fledged young, and I saw a family of Longtailed Tits—both parents and seven or eight young ones—in a small copse near the village.

But by far the most interesting bird we saw at Thiel was the Little Bustard. It was first noticed by R. S. Pollard and E. L. Gill, who saw a single cock bird on a piece of uncultivated ground between some lucerne and cornfields. He was surprisingly tame and allowed us to get within thirty yards of him. We could clearly see the curious backward-and-

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forward jerk of his head and neck as he uttered his note "chwyrk—chwyrk." When he took wing, he flashed out into a mass of pure white, the only dark parts of his plumage which showed being the black head and a thin line of dark brown along the outer margin of the wings. When he flew his wings made a remarkable whistling sound, so loud as to be heard clearly for an astonishingly long distance. Altogether we saw four of these magnificent birds at Thiel and when we moved up to Linthes we saw several more.

In a small copse a pair of Golden Orioles had a nest. The Golden Oriole occurs in many places in Northern France, but its shyness and habit of keeping to the tops of the trees make it difficult to see. I have heard its flutelike note near St. Pol, and E. L. Gill saw it in the woods at Lapugnoy. The nest I found at Thiel-Cerisiers was only five feet from the ground. It was a substantially-built structure of dead reeds, grass and rootlets suspended from three branches of an Alder bush at the point where they sprang from the main branch. This nest contained a single fully-fledged young bird.

The Crested Tit occurred in small numbers in the woods near Thiel, and I saw quite a lot of them when we were at Linthes. They were not confined to the pine trees as they are at their only British haunt in Scotland, but could be seen hunting for food among other species of trees. The note is a soft liquid trill, which when once learnt is not easily forgotten.

At Linthes we saw the Great Grey Shrike—a delightful bird about the size of a starling. Its grey, white and black plumage gives it the appearance of a miniature magpie. It has a pretty habit of hovering over the ground very like a small Kestrel and pouncing down on the small bird, mouse, or insect upon which it feeds. Turtle Doves were also common birds at Linthes, as indeed, they are in many other parts of Northern France.

The familiar garage at Sotteville was quite an interesting place from an ornithological standpoint. I saw several White Wagtails searching for food in the barren waste of trucks and lines. A Redbacked Shrike's nest was found in a hedge near by, and I saw several Serin Finches at different times feeding on the waste land between the châlet and the incinerator. Crested Larks, Linnets, Greenfinches and Chaffinches were always about, and I once saw a Turtle Dove alight on the permanent way near the main line.

A great deal more could be written about the birds of Northern France. I have confined myself mainly to the scarcer species, or those which are not so frequently seen in England. I have said nothing about the sea-birds, various species of which were seen at Calais, Le Havre, Trouville and even as far inland as Rouen.

E. A. W.

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Tekel.

TO say that one's scale of values has been modified by the war is to utter a commonplace. The cherished convictions of many a man have gone willy-nilly into the melting-pot. The importance lies in the modification, in the re-casting.

Probably many of us looked upon the war in its early days as an extra, a make-weight thrown in, and we undertook our F.A.U. work as a temporary diversion from our vocation, as something to be taken in our stride. As time passed and the hope of an early peace was ever deferred, we began to realise that the war was an interpolation, that it was creating a lacuna between the past and what we had fondly looked upon as the future. (We assumed that, for the twentieth century individual, the war was not an inevitable phase of evolution). We resigned ourselves to the necessity of marking time, curbing as best we might our impatience to get back to our vocation. We even allowed ourselves to drift back, confident of picking up as soon as the occasion arrived.

At length is forced upon us the conclusion that such an attitude is an impossible one. We cannot mark time while events pass by. In actual fact existing circumstances form our environment, and compel us to adapt ourselves to them. What we are engaged upon at any moment is part of our life-work, is part of our contribution to the treasury of mankind. Our influence never entirely rests, never ceases. The war continues. We look beyond it; but its experiences and consequences and lessons are woven into the picture, and we do not dismiss it from our consideration. Its duration forms part of the sequence of our years.

It is well, then, to take stock of our position, to weigh ourselves in the balance and see whether we are making good or falling short in this epoch of our life. It will, at least, give us an indication of our general tendency, and perhaps put us more on our guard as the future glides towards us.

In many ways our present life may be considered a sheltered life. We are together, and that is a great thing, and by our position we avoid an unpleasant inquisition. There is danger as well as confidence in a sense of security. From another point of view we are supremely on our mettle and up against the challenge of the world to vindicate our principles. This attitude is a source of strength. With these advantages, how are we shaping? The test is largely in the details of our life. No one (we have read somewhere) is dependably good until goodness becomes the habit of his life, the instinctive response to any stimulus. So it is with Pacifism. Now, Pacifism may be deduced from Economics, or based on Politics. In many instances it is a creed. But at its best it is a faith, a life principle informing every activity. The justification of our great decision is in the "daily round," the "common task." The temptation to postpone the reckoning, or to strike out the present items in the account and start with a fresh sheet after the war, is insidious and subtle. Difficulties and obstacles then may be different, but they will scarcely be less troublesome and toilsome. If we are weighed in the balances and found wanting now, and are not using every ounce to make good, the writing on the wall, prophetic of our future, will bear an unpleasant interpretation.

C. A. H.

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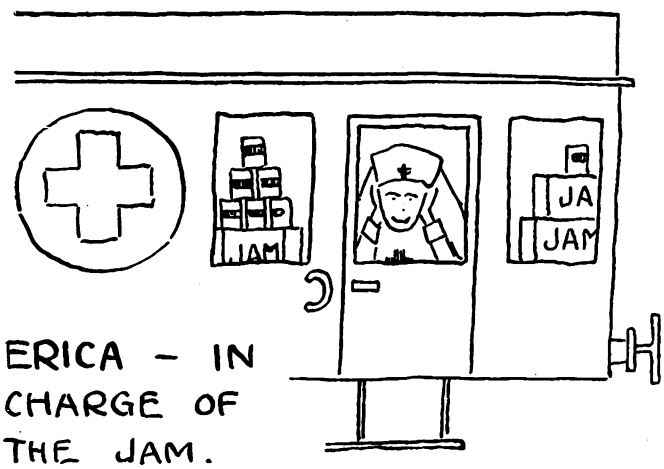
An Unpublished Letter from Daddy Long-Legs.

DEAR DADDY LONG-LEGS,—Guess what I have done this time. No, I am sure you never will; I have become a V.A.D., and am helping to run an Ambulance Train. You can't think how nice it is living on a train. Our bedrooms are just railway compartments, and we sleep four in each. Just fancy, Daddy, four girls crushed into one railway compartment, sleeping on stretchers. I am in the end bunk of all. My room-mates are very rum girls. Harriet you would think very staid, but there are awful scandals about her flirting with a soldier at Boulogne. Once he even came on the train to tea. We were in a flutter. But she has lovely dimples and blushes adorably if ever we tell her so. Emily sleeps underneath me, only she will spoil her beauty by dabbing iodine on her face. She refuses absolutely to believe that ammonia and meths are just as effective and not nearly so noticeable, and her bed is like a billowy sea. You see, Daddy, we put all our "undies" under our mattresses because we have no room, and Emily just shoves hers under. It grieves Harriet to tears. Erica is new, so they put her in charge of the jam. It was awful for her, poor little thing, as all the bigger girls came and bullied her for it. Aren't girls cats, Daddy?



But some of our girls are very different. Deborah is married and most matronly. So is Jane, but Jane is a "new woman," and won't eat meat. Just fancy that; I don't know how I should live without meat; and she speaks Esperanto a lot. There is a story that one day we carried a Portuguese patient who spoke Esperanto and we brought Jane to talk to him, but alas! they couldn't understand each other a bit—awfully distressing for both of them. Rosie is a healthy buxom wench and she blushes rather, too, at times; but Hope and Jimmie are dear little blue-eyed lassies; and what a little gipsy witch Curlie is! Stephanie is a grave, serious-minded girl, who is ladies' maid to the sisters. She looks very fine in her clean white cap with streamers and her expansive apron. She is very particular, too, is Stephanie, about things. The Sisters depend on her for everything, and are quite lost without her. There are three other

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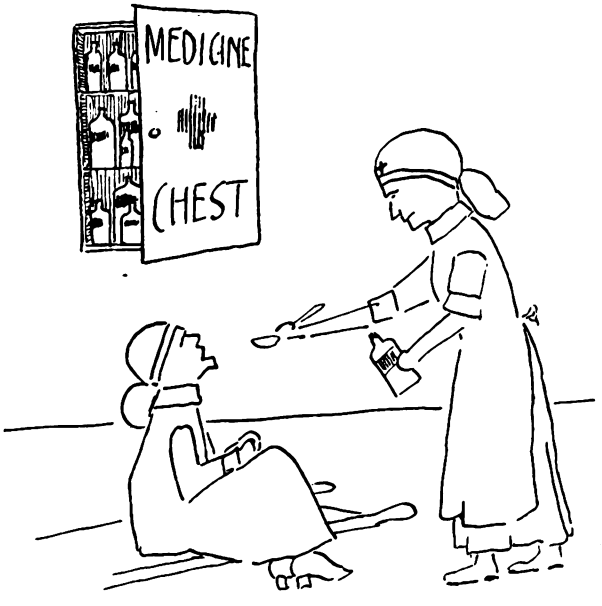
very serious, blue-stockingy girls, who live at the end bunk of all, farthest from ours. They read Theology and Higher Mathematics, Russian and Greek, and all sorts of learned things there. Bertha has flaxen hair with such dinky little curls, and works in the kitchen, singing as she polishes the pans. But Winnie is awful! It makes me blush even to think of the awful, awful things she does, and says. Why, Daddy, she—but I can't write it—even to you. And she is such a tom-boy; she leads Tussie, the dear little dark-haired girl in charge of the ward, a terrible life. Tussie thinks Winnie will turn her dark hair grey before its time. Ivy and Roberta are great chums; Roberta is a school-marm in peace time. The Duchess is a dear motherly old soul, and she looks after the medicine chest, and doses us when we are ill.

And, oh! Daddy, wouldn't it be
A jolly fine way to get to know me,
By coming to "P"
For a Cabinet Tea.
Do, there's a dear Daddy Long-Legs.

Ever so much love,

YOUR LITTLE JUDY.

E. E.



THE DUCHESS DOSES ONE OF US.

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The Last Months: A Medley.

PART I.—From the ANNIVERSARY to the ARMISTICE.
(14th AUGUST—11th NOVEMBER, 1918.)

THE third anniversary found us at Crouy, beginning what was perhaps the pleasantest week we have spent since we came to France. A more rural garage could not be desired. Behind us was a grassy hillside; before us, the low meadows and pools of the Somme Valley. Trains roared past us now and then, but otherwise we saw nothing of the outside world. Picnics were indulged in daily, while the veracious scribe hesitates to say how often some members of the personnel bathed. The long-discussed swimming sports were arranged, and afforded a very pleasant afternoon's entertainment to onlookers as well as competitors. Tea under the trees was a great success, and in this meal the sisters joined us.

To some, our stay at Crouy is chiefly memorable for the fishing in the Somme. Captain Maskew, as a brother of the angle, afforded special facilities, and the fullest advantage was taken of them, with the result that the cooks learned to loathe the sight of fish, and greeted the appearance of the fishermen with execration.

The anniversary celebrations are dealt with elsewhere. Suffice it to say that they were most successful. The sports were held in a most convenient ground, and some of the events were particularly good. The tea was much appreciated, and if some who were critically disposed wondered why those responsible should have chosen a bit of ground which was thickly strewn with manure heaps, the excellence of the play soon silenced them. The movement of the train scarcely interfered with our enjoyment of dinner, though it rather spoiled the speech-making, and cut our programme short. Our thanks are due to whoever may be responsible for sending No. 8 out that afternoon instead of us. Had they not done so, our sports would never have been held at all.

Vecquemont was our destination, and was reached about midnight. In the old days the hospitals were all along the sidings and patients came in streams from four different directions at once to the confounding of train authorities. Now there was only one in sight some few hundred yards away, but, to make up for this, there were no less than five others over the brow of the hill. To our surprise and pleasure we were able to get our kitchens filled by an up-to-date motor tank which pumped the water into us at a surprising rate.

Upon our arrival at Rouen in the early morning we were greeted with the news that we were loading for Havre at 7 o'clock. We were just clear of patients when we began to load. The A.D.M.S. might have found quite a lot of dust, had he chosen that morning for a visit. Off-loading went as well as it usually does at that delightful spot, and there we garaged till night. The heat outside was blistering; the atmosphere inside stifling. About 7 o'clock, when no one was wearing more than a pair of pyjamas, we got a movement order for Amiens, and indulged in one of our favourite water-fatigues. Sleep was impossible till we moved away, hoping, not for the first time, that we might never see the place again.

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At 2 o'clock we garaged at St. Roch, and explored the neighbourhood, especially the wrecked cloth mill. The heat continued unabated, until a little wind was created by an air raid warning which sent a number of our people to a neighbouring dug-out which they reluctantly quitted as we moved off.

After detraining our patients at Le Tréport, we awoke the next morning amid strange surroundings and found we were at Médicot, of which we had heard so much from No. 17. The C.C.S. here was devoted to infectious patients, and it was a little difficult to go anywhere without trespassing upon the domains set apart for those suffering from dysentery, measles, diphtheria or cerebro-spinal-meningitis. Just as our anglers were about to try their luck with the trout and salmon with which the stream at the bottom of the hill was said to abound, a shunting engine appeared and we went off to Rollepot, the new loading-siding for Frévent, to take a load of patients down the newly-constructed line to Hesdin. We left the sitters at Dannes-Camiers, in a mild air raid, and took the stretchers on to Wimereux. Owing to a bomb on the line, we did not arrive at our destination until 5 o'clock the next morning, when we heard that the A.T.S.S. had been blown up. According to our movement order, we had left at 9 o'clock the previous evening for a place that sounded like "AERTEX-CELLULAR." However that may have been, we eventually finished up at Gézaincourt, where we proceeded to load about 5 o'clock.

At the beginning of a trip from Vecquemont a day or two later, the drawbar of the fourgon kitchen was smashed, and great hopes were entertained of several days in Sotteville while the damage was made good. To our amazement, however, by the time the matter had been reported to the R.T.O., Rive Gauche, the French had completed the repairs and replaced the kitchen in position, so off we went once more.

After a dreadful period of loading daily for Havre at 2 a.m., trips began to be a little more interesting. Varennes and Edgehill were revisited and we made the acquaintance of Bailleulval and Colincamps. A few trips from Tréport to Havre were so timed as to allow of sea bathing, and were much appreciated.

A movement order for Grévillers on 25/9/18 was received with interest, though we had to take with us 18 S.Bs. To our surprise, however, we garaged at Aveluy, where we spent nearly two days. We made good use of our time. The Ancre, though patiently fished, yielded nothing, even during work hours, but the neighbourhood was rich in souvenirs, while mushrooms abounded in certain localities. Large bodies of cavalry moved up during the night, and everything pointed to a busy time in the near future. We reached Grévillers at midnight on the 28th and started to load at once. It is sad to think that one of our N.C.Os found himself joining with the E.M.O. in congratulations that the 18 S.Bs had arrived just in time to load us.

An unpleasant place Grévillers! The train was loaded from both sides at once by three C.C.S.'s each fighting for its own hand, and kept in very imperfect order by the E.M.O., whose really remarkable likeness to Mr. Lloyd George was no adequate compensation for his lack of management.

Another curious thing, Traffics never provided us with a second engine to get us out of the siding until we had made several unsuccessful attempts and then waited for an hour or so until they sent us one from Bapaume.

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It was as Dr. Johnson said of a man's second marriage, "An example of the triumph of hope over experience."

The next day we were awakened at Varennes at 3.30 a.m.—our last visit, thank goodness! We took on a large load of sitters (694) including nearly 140 Germans, and left the lot at Abbeville.

A few days later we reached Bandaghem about 7 in the evening, and learned to our satisfaction that we were not loading until the following morning. The prospect of a night in bed was as welcome as it was novel. Captain Tatham visited us, and gave us a very interesting account of the Unit's preparations for work in the event of a wide enemy retreat; unfortunately, lack of sleep made us so lethargic that he must have gone away with a very poor idea of our intelligence, and our concern for the rest of the Unit.

That load was remarkable in its way. We had sitters in most of the lying wards; but what stretcher cases there were, were very bad. Thus the Isolation ward, out of twenty patients, had eleven penetrating chest wounds, two abdominal, three fractured femurs and a spine case.

It may here be remarked that the Isolation coach specialised in patients whose death was hourly expected, but who left us in better case than they arrived; until finally it was usually put that So-and-So would not have been expected to live, had he not been in "S."

We next loaded at St. Venant and Aire, amid chattering swarms of Portuguese. Half our load did not turn up, as no convoy had been sent for it—a fact which none regretted, unless it were the patients who had to await another train. After this we had two days in Terlincthun, while the kitchen boiler was replaced. This was done with amazing celerity, when we remember the efforts of two years ago. In the dead of night we left for Bapaume, via Arras and Boisleux. We went right through the town, and on to Delzaux Farm, where we loaded up. Here we found an unfortunate Frenchman, with three days' leave to visit his property. Of his farm some portions, perhaps, remained, but alas for his public house and coal business!

After a load to Calais we were told that the train was urgently needed at St. Omer, and we should go straight up. As it happened, our old and faithful Stores Fourgon—"Cocky's Fourgon," from the long and honourable service of Mr. Steele therein—had developed a "hot-box," and was condemned by the French, so we put in to Fontinettes to have a substitute attached. Many times had the front fourgon been changed, but from the earliest days we had cherished its mate, and it was with real sorrow that those who were awake saw it depart. Their grief was not lessened by the fact that they had to transfer its contents to the P.L.M. fourgon which took its place. This latter was something of a decayed aristocrat. Though its exterior was shabby it boasted a corridor. Loyalty to our departed friend led us to block this up with stretchers, to make our loss as little noticeable as possible, but we could never regard it without a feeling of sorrow.

Despite the urgent need for us we got no great distance past St. Omer, staying for more than a day in the new and desolate little garage of Fort Rouge, near Clairmarais. We had few opportunities of blackberrying this year, but here we had a chance of getting some fresh fruit which was not neglected. The next day we set off for Reigersburg, which we dis-

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covered to be near Ypres. The Poperinghe district had not improved during our absence, but, faintly revealed through an autumn fog, was more desolate than ever. Of Ypres we saw little, garaging between two C.C.Ss at Brielen. Our expected load was not forthcoming. "At any rate, you will not load till to-morrow morning." So we had leave till five, in which to explore the neighbourhood. Many of us visited a château hard by standing in an artificial pond, which was a convenient substitute for a drainage system. The house and grounds, evidently the pride of some worthy soul, showed sad marks of the destruction of war, nor did their ugliness detract from the pathos of the scene. Returning from a leisurely walk, we found the train being loaded up by such as were aboard, and soon after five we left to complete our load at Reigersburg and Remy. This was a poor ending to a day which Mr. Stevens had started by the interception of a semi-official telegram giving the news of the capture of Ostend.

The next few weeks were spent in a vain attempt to reach Cambrai. Several routes were tried, but our road was always barred. The first time we garaged at Boisleux, spent a day there and loaded the next morning. In the vicinity were some mushroom beds which two of our N.C.Os visited with electric torches. It has been unkindly suggested that they displayed far more energy and enthusiasm in the pursuit of mushrooms than they did in the pursuit of duty. A few days later we returned once more to Boisleux and heard, with excitement, that we were to leave for Cantimpré, just outside Cambrai, as soon as a T.A.T. came down. Once more our friends went out foraging. Having mislaid the "Jerry" sandbag previously used, they took a bread sack. Their faith was rewarded. No. 1 C.C.S. with its mushroom-eating sisters had departed, and about sixty pounds of prime specimens awaited them. Throughout our stay we feasted upon mushrooms in quantities limited only by our appetites. For the first day or so we were on the tip-toe of expectation, and hourly awaited the return of the T.A.T. However, when No. 36 had come and gone, unnoted by the R.T.O., our faith began to waver, and at length we set off for Marquion instead of Cantimpré. The journey was of great interest, as we crossed the famous Drocourt-Quéant Switch, and, after seeing the many broad bands of wire stretching for miles across the low hills, we were better able to appreciate what our men had done a month or two earlier.

After unloading at Etaples, we had an order for Cambrai itself, and were given many cases of ether for the Advanced Base Medical Depôt. This we thought might do the trick. It got us as far as Chaulnes, where we stayed for some hours. It was here that a French Canadian in a "control box" told our driver "Qu'on serait mieux avec des Boches." The effect upon our engine crew was electric. The driver shed tears of rage over the insult, and torrents of French were poured out, to which the Canadian replied with equal volubility. Apparently both sides rang up a higher authority, but the dispute remained unsettled when we left. The delay was caused by a mine explosion at Roisel and we returned to Longueau, to attempt the position from another direction. To our chagrin, we went straight through Achiet and on to Boisleux once more. Our orders were now for Marquion, while No. 26 was to go to Cantimpré. In vain we pleaded our cases of ether; Traffics was obdurate, and to Marquion we went. Here we found No. 30 loading up. We were told that we should load at 8 o'clock. At 10 o'clock No. 30 pulled out and we took her place. There was no one about to load us, but Traffics insisted that we were due

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out at midnight. After much prolonged enquiry, we went to bed and slept undisturbed; nor did we load the next day, but stayed blocking a valuable line. On the second morning we started to load, and broke all records by loading semi-continuously from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Many of our patients came from Cambrai, and reached us in a very bad condition, with the unfortunate result that three of them died before we had finished loading.

Feeling that some variety was needed, we went north again and were the first train to load from Lille. St. André was the exact place. When we settled down in the loading siding, the R.T.O. congratulated himself that we had not been blown up, as we were the first train to use that line, and three mines had gone up the day before.

We travelled down at a tremendous speed, off-loaded, and were soon back at St. Omer. Dadizeelhoek was our destination, and we had a most interesting trip. After loading we went on to Roulers and out again, over Passchendaele, past the Lille gates at Ypres, and down to Brielen. Passchendaele was a scene of almost greater desolation than the Ancre Valley—words can go no further. At Brielen Chinese S.Bs loaded us from several directions in pitch darkness with an unspecified number of non-infectious, ordinary influenza, and broncho-pneumonia patients. After some hours of this entertainment, we went on to Remy, arriving at dead of night. Here the situation was somewhat relieved by our cheery friend the R.S M., who gave us the number of 'flu cases we were getting, thus materially lightening our labours. So at least we hoped, but almost before we had finished thanking him, we found that the figures supplied were totally incorrect!

We off-loaded these patients at Terlincthun, and found orders for Cambrai awaiting us. Accordingly we breakfasted next morning at Marcoing, and, after pushing on as far as Rumilly, we garaged beside No. 7, who promptly cleared out, her place being taken by No 1. The weather was positively filthy—a high wind and deluges of rain. At mid-day No. 1 left us and we saw we were in for a night's loading. In this we were not mistaken. Our orders were for Caudry, but our driver, who did not know the road and was not given a pilot, refused to try it in the dark, and we found ourselves about 23.00 hours at Awoingt.

Here a pleasant R.A.M.C. private, late of No. 7, told us we were loading at once. He himself, we understood, was the clerk of the S.M.O., but as the E.M.O.'s clerk was sick, he was doing his job as well. He also kept in touch with the R.T.O. and was responsible for detailing M.A.Cs to all the Third Army C.C.Ss. With him the O.C. arranged figures, and over a cup of tea he told us many interesting stories, to the sound of the rain beating upon the roof. About 01.00 hours a draggled S.B. told Captain Maskew that the se geant of the C.C.S. wanted to know if the train was ready to load! It really was a bit too much. The O.C. hailed our friend, the clerk, and told him to tell the E.M.O. or the S.M.O. or anyone else he liked, that the O.C. train thought it better for all concerned to wait till daylight. To which came the reply, that the E.M.O. was in bed, in which place (diffidently) he was perhaps of the greatest use; the S.M.O. was also in bed, and the D.M.S. had just sent a message to say we were to load at once and leave at 02.00 hours. "It's all very well for the D.M.S., I expect he's in bed like everyone else, with a glass of toddy perhaps. He can't see what it's like out here."

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However, we began to load. The loading-siding was muddy and full of holes ; the train was on an embankment, which meant that each stretcher had to be lifted shoulder-high at least ; the night was black as pitch, and the rain tropical in its violence. Germans began to arrive all unadvised, and when figures for them were obtained, they were exceeded by 100 per cent. To increase our sorrows, several of them were moribund, and had to be detrained. The cases were very bad, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the sitting wards were filled. Stretcher-bearers are a long-suffering race, but these had been on duty for twenty-four hours, in the worst of conditions, and though they did their best, the wan dawn was breaking before we completed this tragic load, quite of the opinion that a little of Cambrai went a long way.

Slowly we journeyed down, with long halts at short intervals, until we reached Achiet, from which place we did rather better. At St. Pol we were told an armistice had been signed, and were inclined to believe it, particularly as we saw in a French paper that delegates were on their way to Marshal Foch. At Etaples the same news greeted us and the general air of optimism abroad reconciled us to a long wait for cars, and almost to the inevitable Calais load. The first cars for this arrived with patients at least three-quarters of an hour before we had finished off-loading, and confusion was rife. At Calais the armistice was in doubt, and our spirits gradually sank under the influence of Vendroux, which delightful place we left for Fort Rouge. The next morning saw us sailing through the suburbs of Lille and on to Ascq, where we were once more the first train up. As usual, dinner and loading synchronised, so that if we were not fed one way, we were another. Our most remarkable patient was a man who said he was a straggler from Mons, and had lived for four years in a cellar at Lille. Not unnaturally his mind had given way under the strain. He travelled down with a Hindoo with melancholia, a man under arrest and two Chinamen—a record for one compartment.

We off-loaded at Terlincthun, and went off to Don, arriving there on the morning of the 11th. As we were loading up, an aeroplane circled over the C.C.S. and dropped a message that hostilities would cease at 11.00 hours. At last the war was over ! We had used the words in jest so often that they seemed almost meaningless to us, and after our busy week we could feel hardly anything but fatigue. We finished loading somehow, and set off for Lillers. On our way we saw huge coloured posters in Béthune Station confirming the news. Hardly less convincing was the fact that an Irish private, who had been celebrating the occasion, pressed Dr. Lowndes to share a drink of beer, or failing that, of vin rouge.

At Lillers we took on a load of exclusively Portuguese, and for the first time they ran the whole show themselves. M. Robec, whom we had met at Aire, was E.M.O., and bearers and car drivers were alike Portuguese. Well ! We got loaded at last, but by that time we had lost what little enthusiasm we had had before, and by the time we reached Terlincthun, we were positively morose. At the best of times none too sober a place, Terlincthun was Bacchanalian that night, and it was a wonder we ever got rid of our patients. We finished at last and went to bed tired out.

That was how we heard the news that our labours were at an end. Were they ? We sometimes wondered if the whole thing was not a hoax.

When we came to France in 1915, the British Army was very

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small still. We held thirty miles of line from Ypres to Béthune, Lapugnoy being the Southern garage, and Blendecques and Arques the Northern garages. Soon after we got here the British took over a bit of line further down and we went to Doullens (single line) and Corbie. It was not until the next Spring that we took over the St. Pol sector, and added that as a garage. Since that time garages have increased beyond reckoning, and have shifted backwards and forwards. The Army has trebled in size and conditions have changed in every way. We could pass a stiff examination in the railways of northern France, and know some districts in intimate detail. We saw offensives in the distance gradually approaching, and knew something of our chances of a load at any particular time and place.

All this knowledge has not been acquired without some weariness of the flesh. Many have fallen by the wayside from one cause or another but their places have been filled and we still go on.

H. R. G.

Recollections of a Larch Wood.

WINTER.

THROUGH the drive and up the hill,
'Way up to the larch wood,
When there's snow; and all is still.
There we battle, half in fun
Till the fight is fought and won
And the foe is on the run
'Way beyond the larch wood.

SUMMER.

Through the drive and up the hill,
'Way up to the larch wood,
On beyond the tinkling rill
Where the bracken stands breast high.
There we dream and idle lie
While the drowsy hours go by,
'Way up in the larch wood.

C. A. H.

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JOIN OUR ART—
SCHOOL NOW . .
. . . . .
Let Mr. Mantle
guide your hand.
Our Steamed
glass courses
are just
Commencing.

Copy this
on the Mess-
Room window
for Mr. Mantle's
personal criticism

No FEES.

HAVE YOU TRIED??
THE E.F.C. CANTEEN .
AT AUDRUICK . .
FOR ——— .
SUPPLEMENTARY
——— MEALS .

AT · SHORT · NOTICE ·
WE · ARRANGE ~ ~
SUBSTITUTES · FOR
YOUR . .
Kitchen Relief .
Telephone Pickets .
etc. —
APPLY —
AT · 16 · REGISTRY BUREAU.

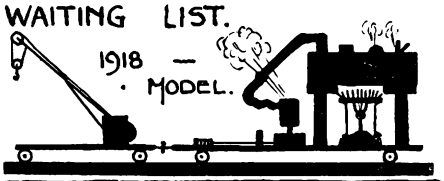
THE GYB-BROOK CAR ·

THE BEST THE TRAIN HAS PRODUCED.
THE CAR THAT HOLDS ALL RECORDS.
IN A RECENT TRIAL, THIS CAR TRAVELLED THE WHOLE LENGTH OF A CORRIDOR IN A NON-STOP RUN IN HALF-AN-HOUR, SURMOUNTING ALL OBSTACLES, SUCH AS MATCH STALKS, FAG-ENDS, &C. ON THE WAY.

THE GYB-BROOK ENGINE, LIKE THE GYB-BROOK CAR, IS THE BEST.
IT IS GUARANTEED TO WORK AN 8 LB. CRANE, GEARED 1 IN 33.

THE GYB-BROOK CAR FIRM IS CARRYING OUT GIGANTIC EXPERIMENTS—REGARDLESS OF EXPENSE (TO THE ARMY) AND INCONVENIENCE (TO THE REST OF THE TRAIN).

ADD YOUR NAME TO THE WAITING LIST.



YOU MAY ACCEPT . .
any of the goods, advertised
in the "O.R.", for what . .
they are worth. ~ ~ ~
THIS GUARANTEE SHOULD SUFFICE.
The Advertisement Manager

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SELECTED PARAGRAPHS.

THE minds of our readers will, we suspect, have already turned to the experiences of the personnel of this train on the night of 31st May. I think all of us will be prepared to admit that we did really learn something that night concerning air raids and their extreme unpleasantness. Many had till then maintained something of a feeling of vague detachment when they heard the sound of firing of anti-aircraft guns, betokening the presence of 'planes bent on dealing death and destruction. Perhaps some on that night gained a knowledge which will make possible a more real sympathy with the "windy patient."

Yet our ideas concerning the moral issues raised by aerial warfare remain, I think, unaffected. We still would feel it wrong to man an Archie, whatever may have been our passing feelings towards the German airman, whose defective moral sense enables him to carry out his fiendish orders. Here, of course, one is bound to admit that this experience was, after all, a mild one, none being killed or even seriously injured; the three who suffered most being handsomely compensated with a month's leave in England. Not a few, indeed, of our readers have suffered more poignantly in other ways from the horrors of war, but we believe that they will bear out the foregoing.

There were other things, however, that experience may have taught us amid the clang and clash of the raid. It may be that some of us were given a realisation of the value of a hale and hearty body, sound in every limb, of the dearness of life itself, or it may even be that some may have realised a complete indifference to the precise moment of passing the point in the curve of existence commonly known as death; there may have come an understanding of the imaginary nature of the line usually conceived as separating the things which are from the things to come, the "Seen" from the "Unseen."

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If it has been our lot to learn any such lessons from our experience, it has indeed been for us a teacher claiming our gratitude for adding to our scanty stock of knowledge that is sure and abiding.

"I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move."

L. T.

In all directions we are gathering up the threads of the past. Thereby we hope to test the strength of old associations and gauge our adherence to what was before the war. Thereby the Train would weave new bonds by which to cheat demobilisation of its power to isolate. Thereby we may temper the wistful sorrow of parting with memories and hopes of linked sweetness intertwined.

We are setting our house in order and taking stock of our possessions. Ere many weeks have elapsed we shall have closed the carriage door of A.T. 16 behind us for the last time. We shall leave most of the ugliness of the past two years, and time will, in a short space, mercifully bury so much of it as still clings. What shall we take with us? Chiefly perhaps the accumulated wisdom and strength of a thousand experiences that have imperceptibly been woven into the fabric of our being; a ready understanding and lively sympathy that spring from intimate fellowship and varying circumstances; the dogged determination not to let environment and expediency blight the blossom of the future as they have played havoc with the harvest of the past.

"Sixteen" is a magic word with us. Its mystic spell to unite us is more potent than are all our differences to sunder us. It holds those who are gone from us, it will thrill us still in days to come. That is why we desire an Old Sixteeners Association and why we wish for an Anthology. With these we may dip at will into the well of the past, and experience afresh the exhilarating glow of its ancient spell.

C. A. H.

Sports Supplement.

CRICKET. Season 1918.

THE season of 1918 gave us so little leisure that if it had not been for a certain German bomb which necessitated a month at Audruicq, we should have played only two matches, one of which we lost.

At Audruicq, thanks to the courtesy of the Royal Engineers who lent us their carefully-tended grounds, we played six matches without sustaining defeat.

Amongst our victims we had the satisfaction of including No. 21 A.T., our only conquerors last year. Three times we played them at Audruicq, and each time with success.

We also compiled our largest score, 155 for 6 wickets, thus proving that on a decent ground we were capable of batting quite creditably.

The regular team consisted of:—Woodhead, Clough, Pumphrey (Vice Captain), Abbatt, Stanley, Gibson, Riley, Carr, Entwistle, Lambourn and Williams.

Summary of Matches:—Played, 8: Won, 6; Drawn, 1; Lost, 1.

G. S. P.

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ORATER NOMANDA

"HEAVY fighting developed in the region of Aveluy Wood." Such lines as these have appeared frequently in the communiqués of late, and of old time we have seen similar ones with other names. But to us they are more than words. In our mind rises a vision planted there last Spring; a bright leafy slope with its carpet of golden primroses, spangled with anemones, dancing and glistening in the sunshine—or again, under a bright and harmless moon, the cool green of the wood sheltering a nightingale lifting its clear notes in song to refresh the tired orderlies on the passing train. But it vanishes, and in its stead we see the stark noontide nightmare of Delville Wood or Leuze Wood; a cold shiver passes down our spine and we close our eyes, endeavouring to shut out the ghastly sight. Yet these are but the outskirts of war's horrors.

Who of us doubts for a moment that the German officer of the "Albatross" Amiens Bombing Squadron, who travelled down in "B" Ward with Clemes, was the artist who decorated "H" kitchen! We were glad to have the opportunity—if not of heaping coals of fire upon his head—at least of putting "dusters" under his heel. Of course, we feel it was a very perverted sense of duty which bade him drop anything so unpleasantly dangerous near A.T. 16; at the same time it would be base ingratitude to fail to recognise that we owe to him a maximum reputation at minimum cost.

. . . Alas! One change brings another in its train. The Isolation without Basil Michael! Why, it seems almost incredible! Ever since the estate was attached to the train the Ancient Duke has resided there. The peculiar facilities of the place have been used in the most unselfish manner. His more intimate circle of acquaintances can look back upon many of the pleasantest garden parties and other social functions in these domains. Drama, education and religion all shared His Grace's magnificent patronage, and found shelter for their development and varied activities within the walls of his mansion. Our violent socialists, bent on the overthrow of all things ancient and revered, may rejoice at this change in what one was accustomed to regard as one of the most permanent of institutions, but where will they find so sincere a friend of liberty? But let us not be too melancholy. Blendecques still has its woods, and they are still carpeted with anemones and periwinkles, and ere long the blue-bells will be in bloom. Spring is announcing its return everywhere; there are some things that will not change, or, if they change, only in a circular or spiral motion—as we ventured to remind our readers a short while ago. Therefore will we be cheerful, though the mountains be removed and cast into the midst of the seas—it might simplify the channel tunnel problem amongst others.

Poor old Whiskey has been in garage for repairs again. We are informed that all reliable experts are now agreed that, if greater attention were paid to putting on the brakes at the right time and place, this engine

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would not come off the line so frequently. We have little technical knowledge of these things, but there seems something in the theory, and we hope the matter will have the attention of the " R.E." concerned.

Things which in prospect look wonderful or terrible, when actually confronted often fail to produce any flutter, and after all we have survived Whiskey's transfer to the Mess-room, and he has too. Gibby is a pretty substantial brake and we like to think that our suggestion in the last number was not without effect.

The last incident is but one instance of the fulfilment of the prediction in that same last number that the removal of the ancient landmark in " S " would be followed by further upheavals. The most striking up to date is undoubtedly Cocky's abandonment of the fourgon. " To see Cocky " is a phrase it is not easy to drop; indeed, his name has long been to us almost synonymous with rags, soap, cresol and other articles. So, though we cannot go past the end of the personnel after 9 a.m. without a catch in the throat and a feeling of home-sickness and bereavement, still we cannot blame him for seeking a change. The labours of Arthur Steele in the fourgon will ever be to us the outstanding illustration of faithful service in a humble but useful sphere.

It was the Rev. A. Collins Collins-Williams who, we believe, first pointed out the Scriptural reference on the outside of the coaches : " REV. 14, 10-17." The torment referred to in the early verses may seem appropriate to some, but who is the " Wild Beast " ?

[The actual significance of the above lettering is the date on which the train was last overhauled by the French engineers. Note—ED.]

The arrival of the little girl patient at Pug is an incident we are sure we should be censured for omitting to note. Kitch was not the only one to regret her transfer from " B "; and it was with feelings of keen disappointment that the personnel watched her being off-loaded before the trip began. How delightful Sutherland looked holding the head of the stretcher ! The bald-headed gentleman is, we all feel, to be congratulated on his handling of this case.

We are constantly finding that slang which we had regarded as most modern is far from being so. Our latest discovery is contained in Tennyson's report of Ulysses' boast of having

> " . . . drunk delight of battle with my peers
> Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy."

We do not like the contemptuous note in the Greek's account. We feel that, everything considered, including Ulysses' own low tricks, the Trojans had some excuse for having the wind up as well as for the practice of ringing the temple bells for the alert.

Many of us are convinced that sleeping out is a healthy practice, of the sort that grows on one. Moreover, as in other matters, the less official excuse there is for it, the more delightful it becomes.

[The " official excuse " was the liability of the garage to be bombed.—ED.]

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One of the happiest similes we have heard for a long time is Fox's likening of Bayliss's method of filling his cans at a recent water-fatigue to "Noah building the flood."

When we leave Audruicq we shall take with us many pleasant memories, and refreshed and invigorated bodies and minds, but we shall leave behind the glamour of romance and heroism which have hovered over the train ever since that night at Amiens. The dark and sinister form of the new fourgon standing out in bold relief from the rest of the khaki train may excite the curiosity of the leisurely passer-by and provide the opportunity for our eager and accomplished raconteurs of the culinary persuasion, but will hardly ring from passing troop trains the cheers so grateful to the ears of some among us.

In another direction, however, we have gained in uniformity in a matter we value because of its distinctive effect. We refer, of course, to the rounding of the backgrounds to the red crosses on "S" coach. May all other edges and corners which have been an annoyance and an offence be removed in like manner!

Not many days ago, it is said, leave was granted at Amiens to those who had no work to do. The following took advantage thereof:—

THIS ROLL OF HONOUR IS DELETED BY THE CENSOR.

The rest of the Train, though viewing the town only from the railway lines, in the dusk of the evening, are inclined to the opinion that either Amiens must have come within shell range or there must have been some air raids in the neighbourhood during the months that A.T. 16 absented itself from the city.

It was very nice of our little prodigal "S" coach to come back to its old father train, and had No. 16 been less busy it might have been made more fuss of; the fatted calf (or failing that, perhaps, a baby elephant) might have been killed in its honour; as it was it seems to have been so fed by the cold shoulder given it by its elder brother that it shogged off again.

Can't you imagine the self-satisfied smile of the French shunter who united the long-lost coach to the rest of the train? He must have been pained when other people did not recognise what a stroke of genius he was responsible for.

It is pretty to see our distinguished Editor-in-Chief—a corporal, moreover—working in the kitchen. The cause is said to be eye-strain. Contrary to rumours, however, we understand that this has no connection with the heart-piercing glances delivered whilst impersonating Faith. ["Faith"—one of the characters in the Anniversary Play.—Note, ED.]

We would remind our readers that though leaving the train may have been a necessary step, Fennimore did not get the Croix de Guerre for that action. Our imagination is in danger of running riot, and we tremble as we think of the feats yet to be performed by later additions to that section—Woolly and Brook may be able to find almost as much excitement near the front line as is provided by French shunting.

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Who was it described the Le Tréport—Havre route as the "Chemin des Dames"?

People used to express the opinion before the Spring that mere politeness had led the authorities, in naming Edgehill, to substitute an "i" for the third "e." On our last visit it looked rather as if it had been over the edge in the meanwhile.

The Nation in a recent issue observed that "Lens is the Wigan of France." Our worthy little fiend should, we feel, immediately write to the Editor and inform him he is too late; that name has already found its billet.

The rainy weather has been perhaps trying in various ways, but it has at least given us some magnificent cloud effects; and that, when we have been right in the midst of "The abomination of Desolation, spoken of by the Prophet Daniel" (see Mr. Stevens). There, Nature is yet triumphant; there, in the skies, she still displays an ever-changing yet never-ceasing beauty which man has not yet found the means to destroy!

THE WIGAN OF FRANCE. In correcting the proofs of this paragraph we observed that the printer had improved upon the original. No doubt he was thinking of his own little "devil" when he omitted the "r" from "friend."

Concerning our second visit to Boisleux, we give the following quotations from "The Meditations of the Lost":—

(1) At Boisleux:—

It is better to be lost at Crouy than at Boisleux,
But it is better to be lost at Boisleux than not at all.

Better is it to be lost in a sandy or gravelly garage than in a chalky one;
Yet is it better to be lost amidst the most glutinous and glistening clay
Than entering into a sandy garage to be cast forth again immediately.

It is better to be lost a week than four days,
But it is better to be lost an hour than never to be lost at all.

(2) On leaving Boisleux:—

It is better to be lost and load
Than never to be lost at all.

Mr. Stevens is perhaps convinced now that facilities for the regular obtaining of daily papers are not the whole secret of a happy life here below. We doubt, however, whether, with our friend Chiozza there, when he looks back upon it his memory will pierce to the Press comments on passing events through the mere bulk of other comments. Those who have stayed at the A.T. Stores, Abbeville, can hardly forbear to hope that Mr. Stevens will not have omitted giving the regular inhabitants of that place some forecast of their future history, in his usual convincing and inimitable way.

L. T.

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It has been said [by the O.C., it is rumoured—ED.], concerning the difference between the attitudes of the authorities at the front and at the base towards such units as Ambulance Trains, that "the former are doing their best to do their best, while the latter are doing their best to do their betters."

Talking of pianos, and of the concierge at Le Cateau, who would not permit some of our enthusiasts to avail themselves of the assistance of an unemployed grand, one of our songsters anathematised the said postponement of the fulfilment of fond hopes with the wish that he might be haunted all his days and nights by the full-sized, full-sounding wraith of a rusted untuned "Grand." The horrible vision he conjured up of the said ghostly monster standing on his hind legs, and chattering with his ivory teeth, and beating with his mahogany wings, was so realistic that, if the old concierge had been able to understand, he would certainly have changed his mind for very fear.

G. W.

The first man to be demobilised from the train was sadly, but fittingly enough, the "ancient good old Duke." Of his distinctive individuality and its expression in his constant advocacy of his principles we need not remind our readers. We may imagine him exhibiting all these characteristics in his new surroundings. . . .

On the train and elsewhere, the departure of the children for school [the demobilisation of students—ED.] has left the older folk sad and mournful and the remaining infants jealous.

The war has resulted in the changing (often in the direction of depreciation) of the meaning of many words. As far as we know, one has escaped. Yet we are not sure and would accordingly counsel our readers when speaking of the spirit of the train to remember the difficulty of distinguishing in speech between an initial "C" and a "K," and therefore to avoid the use of the word "camaraderie." The following sentence will illustrate our meaning:—"One result, anyway, of the period of intensive air raids was that the sense of a common danger undoubtedly produced an increase of the feeling of kamaraderie amongst the personnel."

In spite of the impression Germany has since made on us, we feel Belgium is much to be congratulated on the valley of the Meuse. We can understand why Jerry wanted to grab that; what more than ever passes our comprehension is his effort to get Puchevillers and Edgehill.

L. T.

Why not?

If music has charms as we all should confess,
And the pleading of ladies is hard to withstand,
Then why not, to wangle a trip we'd enjoy,
(To Berne, say, or Nancy,) both methods employ,
And woo the recalcitrant A.D.M.S.
With Drummond, with Timbrell, while both are at hand?

J. W. H.

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Debates.

THE most striking features of the debates during this period were the amazing and extraordinary propositions put forward. At the first meeting the proposal "That Humour is a form of Insanity" was discussed, the proposer giving Chesterton's definition "Humour is the reversion of the obvious." Captain West led the opposition, and naturally gave a medical definition of insanity. The discussion centred on various definitions of humour and of insanity, and at the end it was not clear that there was a definite issue to vote on, but the "lunatics" won by a narrow majority.

At the next debate the subject was even less serious, the proposition being "That Ambulance Trains should not carry patients." We were garaged at Sotteville, the home of No. 11, and interest was added by the participation of our friends from the sister train. It was ingeniously argued that the train was originally designed for travel and that beds for patients were merely afterthoughts, and even the plea put forward that patient-carrying was necessary to complete the picture 'What did you do in the Great War, Grandpa?" was insufficient to counter the appeal that a workless day made to the meeting.

At a later meeting, by a majority of one the train decided for the benefits and luxuries of civilization by rejecting a motion "That the Simple Life is very nice"—a proposition advocated by Duke.

In June, 1918 a debating circle was formed, the aims being to give encouragement and practice to those who were not fluent speakers, and to develop by criticism the powers of expression that the members possessed. The first meeting was an open debate, when it was proposed "That in the interests of the public the Press should not be entirely uncensored after the War." The supporters of the proposition obtained a majority by upholding that a very slight censorship was necessary for the protection of the morals of young people.

The meetings which followed took the form of short speeches, in one case the choice of subjects being left to the speaker. In the other case the subjects were chosen for the speakers, when Rutter and Wright respectively addressed the gathering after the presentation of prizes at a Girls' School.

Jackson and Bayliss followed with orations delivered after their supposed election to the office of Mayor of a small provincial town. Criticism of the style and delivery of the speeches was invited and indulged in by those present.

W. R. J.

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The Library.

THE train library began after the train had been running just three months with a modest show of twelve books. By the end of the year it had grown to a hundred and had had to be accommodated with special shelves in the messroom, but later, as the number of books increased steadily, these became insufficient, and with the total well over five hundred, the librarians' problem was the hardly usual one of how best to reduce rather than how to increase their stock. Books were acquired from various sources; by loan or gift from members of the staff or personnel, from the B.R.C.S., or by exchange with other trains, etc. But special mention should be made of the debt owed to the F.A.U., whose librarian, Ernest Jones, showed a great interest in the train reading, and to whom the library was indebted for nearly two hundred books, many of them upon sociological, theological or economic subjects, or dealing with the war and its problems.

There is no need to recall the difficulties with which the successive train librarians were beset or how they met them. They had the satisfaction of seeing the library being continually more used, until it took its place as an essential feature of train life.

A short time before the train was disbanded the books, other than the B.R.C.S. and the F.A.U. volumes, were disposed of in two very successful auction sales. Stimulated by the persuasive patter and indefatigable cajolery of Wright, Kitching and Williams as auctioneers, the personnel rose to the occasion and a sum of over £12 was able to be credited—and even collected without difficulty—towards the expenses of the present volume.

The last Autumn (1918) saw the belated adoption of a proposal which had been more than once put forward in *The Orderly Review*. A compartment in one of the sitting coaches was set aside to serve, when not in use for patients, as a reading-room, in which papers and periodicals sent to the personnel could be kept for general perusal. The success which attended the idea makes one regret that it had not been realised earlier.

J. W. H.

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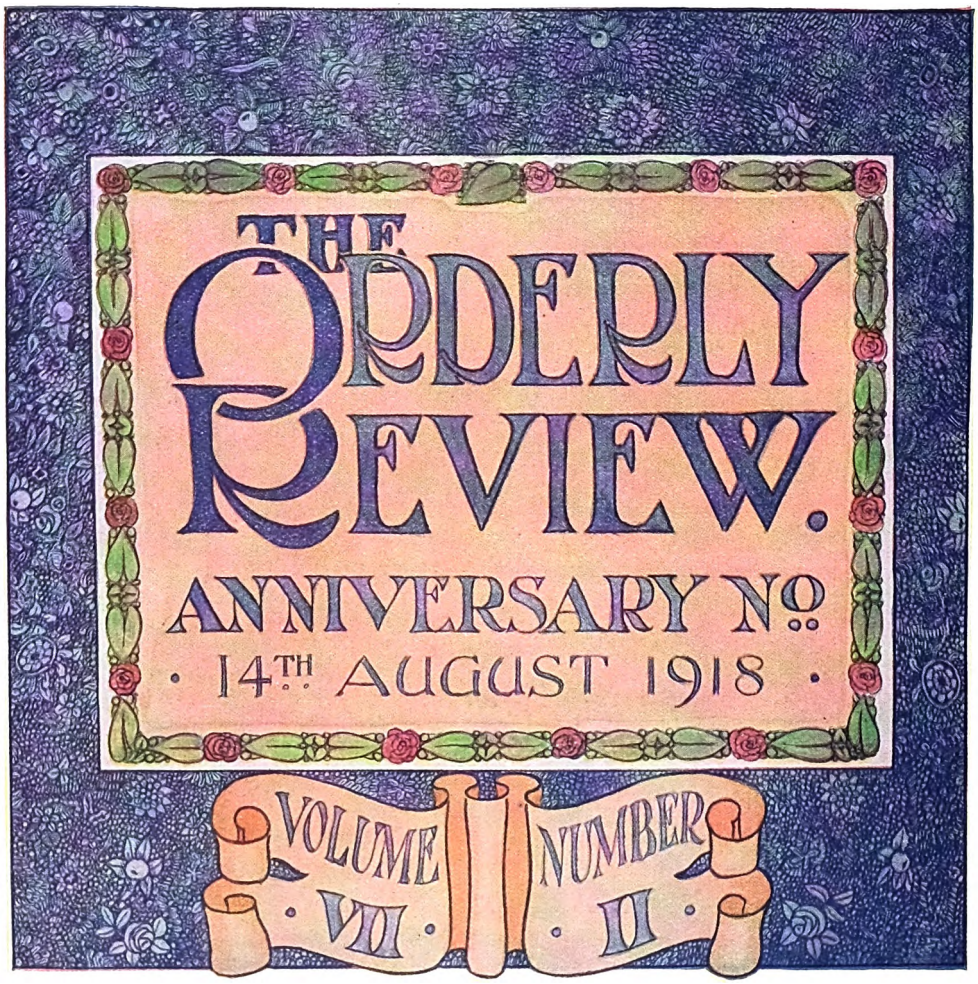

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Anniversary Celebrations.

ON August 14th, or as near that date as the train state permitted, were held the Anniversary Celebrations of our taking over the train. The first two celebrations were on nearly the same lines :—In the morning various fatigue parties were engaged in making final preparations ; in the afternoon and early evening athletic sports were indulged in with an interval for a picnic tea ; and in the evening a concert was given in one of the wards.

Getting a piano for the concert was always a "work of national importance," and considerably more difficult than many, but somehow the piano appeared ; whether it was hired from M. le Maire de Blendecques and brought through the streets on his rickety hand-cart, or brought by rail from the nearest estaminet ; what matter how it came or how much trouble it was to bring ; it appeared, and that was all that mattered. The second anniversary at Strazeele could not boast an athletic ground to equal the moor at Blendecques, but it was memorable in another way, for here we had our first fancy dress parade, and Gaby Deslys, a Dresden Shepherdess, and many other weird and wonderful characters added greatly to the gaiety of the proceedings. A short sketch, Stanley Houghton's "The Dear Departed," concluded the evening and was much appreciated.

The third year's anniversary, held at Crouy-sur-Somme, came after a fortnight of the hardest work we have ever had. After such a time it was particularly welcome, and full advantage was taken of the opportunity offered. A novel feature was a topical play performed out of doors which reflected great credit on the author and performers alike. Probably at no other garage in France could it have been performed with such suitable surroundings, but as usual Sixteen's luck was in.

On each of the three anniversaries it seemed as if the Army authorities and the Clerk of the Weather combined to give us a good time, but this was particularly striking at Crouy, where after a fortnight's hard work we put into the best possible garage, from which we did not move till dinner, by which time we had got most of the programme over.

The concert, which alone remained, could not be held for a month, "owing to the exigencies of the campaign." We felt that it was typical of our luck that the welcome oasis in this rather trying period, and our anniversary, should coincide.

A feature of all our anniversary concerts was the reading of the account of the previous year's work, the chronicles of which are reprinted elsewhere in this volume.

G. S. P.

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Entertainments.

IF Capt. Walker did not actually teach us how to play games as the D.A.D.M.S. gave us to understand that he would—a forecast which led to much speculation on our part—we owe him a debt of gratitude for calling together the general train meeting at the Monument, Blendecques, and bringing into being the A.T. 16 S.C. From this developed all train activities unconnected with ambulance work, including "Indoor Amusements"—one of the most difficult of the spheres of work allotted to the unfortunate "Indoor Captain," who was almost immediately faced with the disappointment occasioned by the return to its owner of our piano, lest its presence might foster a desire for a brass band. At least, that seems to have been the chief argument advanced for its removal, and a brass band would certainly have been difficult to accommodate.

Our first public performance took place in the Y.M.C.A. hut at Abbeville, and dim recollections remain with us of Chandler's "Drum Major" with Curly's biscuit-tin accompaniment, of Pollard's recitation and of "Mr. H. Kitchen's" quartette "The Three Jews." Nor have we yet forgotten somebody else's rendering (surely not a Scotsman's!) of "Roamin' in the Gloamin'" at the Petite Vitesse workshops, Boulogne, in the presence of the Prime Minister's daughter. But train concerts were on the whole the most exciting, because there was always such a crush, and because the top beds made such comfortable seats "in the gods." There were two joint concerts with No. 17 A.T., one shortly before the B.R.C.S. crew left, the other soon after the F.A.U. took over. The fat cook's desire to resume a bachelor's life was certainly one of the funniest plaints ever voiced within the walls of an A.T.

Christmas, 1915, was worthily celebrated. Wistaria fatigues under the direction of the Sisters were great fun, and turkeys and plum puddings on the day itself put every one in good humour for the performance of "The Quaker Ambulant" (see page 45) in the "Lyceum." The plot gathered round the elopement of a certain well-known individual (see page 34) and was enlivened by much local colour. Morley's impersonation in the Night Guard Scene of a prominent N.C.O. was sufficiently good to make most people turn to see whether the latter was still in the audience.

There was very little in the way of entertainments during 1916. Progressive games on No. 11 A.T., an evening with Dr. Tisdall's excellent gramophone, and some recognition of the F.A.U. Anniversary on 31st October, when we heard once again from our "contemptibles" the familiar story of the "Hermes" and the sheds at Dunkirk—these were all that took place before Christmas Day, which would itself have passed without even a dinner but for the fortunate derailment of two coaches at Rouen late on Christmas Eve. By this act of Providence we were enabled to do full justice to the fare which the Army, the F.A.U. and Sister Piza had generously provided for us, while a fortnight later a New Year concert brought the celebrations to a fitting conclusion. J. L. Howson's play

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"The Incinerator Man" was the *pièce de résistance.* The opening scene portrayed a Yorkshire homestead, with Mr. and Mrs. Bubbington (Gibson and Duke), and their daughter Myra, impersonated by Chalkley "with his usual (we quote) effeminate charm." With admirable neglect of the unities we were carried in the second scene to a C.C.S. on the western front, where around an incinerator a dramatic meeting took place between Myra and her two suitors, Pte. the Rev. Arthur Baxter, R.A.M.C., incinerator man (Woodhead) and Lt. Doctor Robinson, R.A.M.C. (Pearson). An explosion in which Myra was slightly injured left no doubt as to the comparative worth of her lovers, and paved the way for an interesting dénouement back in the old homestead. Even now the question is sometimes debated as to whether Baxter or Myra really did "the proposing" after Robinson had set off "on his own" to his cushy Indian appointment. It was a great effort.

We have always been on good terms with the C.C.Ss. at Grévillers, and on 30th April we took part in a concert with No. 3, who had a piano kindly left behind in a dug-out by the retreating Germans. Who will ever forget his sensations at the remarkable rendering of "Old England" and "Sweet and Low"—anything but what the title implies? Who was not tickled, not to say scandalised, by the cheeky pathos of "The Broken Doll" and the languishing glances cast by the singer in the direction of the train sisters? A.T. 16 were not behind, and Woodhead's recitations and Chalkley's fetching songs were well received. The excellent singing of No. 3's quartette party was directly responsible for the formation of the long-talked-of A.T. 16 glee party, whose good work in difficult circumstances did much henceforth to resign us to the absence of a piano.

Again the F.A.U. anniversary came round, this time at Strazeele, and once again we kept green the memory of that eventful beginning. The progressive games were very successful, thanks partly to the convenience of a "sitting-up" coach, and largely to the high spirits of all competitors, staff, personnel and visitors. Then came Christmas, at Edgehill, which for once wore a cheerful or rather seasonable aspect, decently covered under a mantle of snow. There is no doubt that the dinner was a success, though even now we hesitate to describe it. "B" ward was as usual transformed beyond recognition with shaded lights and artistic decorations, and it was difficult not to imagine oneself far away in a West End hotel. Capt. Maskew took the chair for the "toasts" and the customary reading of *Orderly Review* selections, after which we cleared the table and played games, reserving the concert for another occasion.

The opportunity came at Sotteville, where we were able to entertain the staff of No. 33 A.T. The glee party under Chalkley's direction contributed largely to the programme, the "Jolly Roger" being particularly effective, and Sister Willcox created a pleasing precedent by her sweet rendering of "Rose in the Bud." Whitby's silhouettes evoked great enthusiasm and interest. Williams and Howson seemed aggrieved at their likeness to each other; nor were theirs the only painful surprises. Woodhead and Williams presented "A Sister to Assist 'er" wherein, in female attire, they treated us to a series of slanging matches. On two other occasions they were prevailed upon to repeat this sketch, once when the whole concert was repeated at No. 3 C.C.S., and again when we joined with No. 17 A.T. at the Y.M.C.A. hut at Audruicq. It is satisfactory

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to reflect that we were able from time to time to do our bit in providing entertainment for the fellows among whom we lived, although the difficulties of our life prevented us from doing nearly as much as we should have liked.

There is very little more to record. After off-loading on 31st October, 1918, we managed to get through a rough-and-tumble sing-song in "the fourgon kitchen" under the magic baton of George Wright as we ran down to Etaples for a night load; but we spent Armistice Day at our usual occupation. We had our Christmas dinner in fancy costume as we travelled down to Lyon, and we finished up with a scratch French play and concert on our way to Germany. But these things, like the Train Anniversary Celebrations, are chronicled elsewhere; and so is our first reunion as Old Sixteeners on the night after leaving the train, a gathering from which we dispersed with the Q.M.S.'s inspiring forecast of future service burning into our minds.

C. A. H. and H. S. H.

PRACTISE ECONOMY IN WAR TIME BY DINING ALWAYS AT THE PEPPER POT.

These premises have been specially designed for the needs of a large Community by some of the foremost experts of the BRITISH WAR OFFICE.

They are fitted with every modern Railway convenience.

EXCLUSIVE CUISINE AND PERFECT SERVICE
TRY OUR PERFECT PORRIDGE AND PLENTIFUL PUDDING
OUR SHREDDED SALMON
Served on nothing else than SILVER SALVERS.

Specimen Menu:

Rice and Onion Soup.

*

Maconochie and Rice.
Rice and Beans.
Onions.

*

Rice Pudding.
Raspberry Conserve.

*

Biscuits and Cheese.

*

OPEN DAILY from 7 a.m. till 6 p.m.

BREAKFAST - - - - -	from 7 a.m.
DINNER - - - - - -	from 12 noon.
TEA - - - - - -	from 4 p.m.

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Educational Report.

IN the earliest days all we could boast in the matter of "classes" was an occasional lecture from an M.O., the chief merit of which was that it took place in the morning. Before long our appetites craved more substantial fare than dry bones and hæmorrhages, with the result that informal "Poetry Evenings" and definite classes for French and Esperanto (*vide* Educational Report, April, 1916) were soon established. The varied talent at our disposal suggested other possibilities, and next winter (1916–1917) a more ambitious programme was arranged, and was carried through zealously until Christmas and New Year festivities dealt it a blow from which it never properly recovered. In add tion to the hardy annuals (French and Esperanto) courses in Ethics, Historical Eng'ish Grammar and Electricity evoked keenness and rivalry.

With such memories behind it an enthusiastic General Meeting in September, 1917, made wide recommendations to both Indoor and Outdoor Captains. But the common stock of energy was diverted into other channels, for ambulance work was far heavier than during previous winters. However, two of the series of lecturettes were delivered, on "Browning" (Whitby), and "Acoustics of Music" (Duke), and delighted large audiences. The third on "Gas Producer Plant" (Simpson) was finally "na-pood" by the departure of the lecturer after four attempts to deliver it had been frustrated by sudden movement orders.

Of the classes, "Motor Mechanics" was the most successful, and both this and "Electricity" were made much more exciting owing to facilities for "taking down" the Isolation Coach fans. Most of the other classes enjoyed a spasmodic run, and a start was made with "Formal Logic." Long before the winter of 1918–19 was through, we had left the train. Nevertheless elementary French and German classes with considerable private tuition had a good run, thanks chiefly to Emson's energy, and more advanced students extracted and provided much entertainment from reading and acting scenes from "Le Barbier de Séville."

A just appreciation of the value of such undertakings as those outlined above must not ignore the difficulties and distractions which assailed us on every side, and it must take into consideration the fact that, while sustained pressure of ambulance work put spare time at a premium, in such a small unit almost every successful social enterprise demanded some measure of active co-operation from each member. Education is all-embracing: if its immediate purpose be training for citizenship, then our communal life on Ambulance Train 16 was far from valueless. It is perhaps worth remarking that most of us at one time or another experienced the sensation and the thrill of living over again in some indefinable way portions of our school and college life.

C. A. H.

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Religious Meetings.

THERE is perhaps no side of life which feels the shock of irregularity more than that which touches religious worship, and it was therefore natural that the change from the customary seven-day week to the rhythmless passage of time experienced on an Ambulance Train should shake our devotional method severely. At our first meeting for worship, nearly a month after we had joined the train, I remember how we were oppressed by the new environment and how we missed the support of the various organisations upon which we had been accustomed to lean.

Throughout our life on the train irregularity was a characteristic of our devotional services, and this has perhaps been largely responsible for the small number of men who availed themselves of what organisation there was. At one time it was felt by some that application should be made to the Society of Friends for the formation of an individual "preparative meeting" on the train, but this step was not taken.

Friends' Meetings for Worship were the predominant form of Divine Service throughout the train history, especially up to August 1918, when a special committee was appointed to regulate the services and provide some variety. One result was the arrangement of definite services of a Nonconformist kind on Sundays to alternate with Friends' Meetings. Occasional gatherings for the discussion of topics of interest also found a place on the programme.

In the Summer of 1917 a series of meetings for the discussion of social and other topics was arranged by some members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation who were on the train. The general object of the meetings was to treat the subjects under discussion on moral grounds, and to weigh the arguments by the standards of Christian Ethics, avoiding as far as possible the spirit of controversial debate, so that irrespective of the opinion of the meeting each individual should have an opportunity of searching out the truth according to his own light. Among the subjects dealt with are:—Punishment, The Attitude of the Sufferer to Punishment, The Ethics of Capitalism, Industrialism, The Question of Poverty, Competition, The Application of the F.O.R. Principles to Education, The Reconstruction of the Church.

In time, however, as attendance dwindled and interest slackened, the members of the F.O.R. felt that the meeting might with greater advantage be used for Bible Study. Such a change reflected the mind of the rest of the train, and when it was eventually made, all were invited to attend and take part in arranging the Bible Study meetings. These covered the study of the Sermon on the Mount, the Epistle of St. James, and the Book of Amos.

B. M. D.

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Published in Germany, January, 1919.

To face p. 257

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The Last Months: A Medley.

PART II.—AFTER THE ARMISTICE.

(11th NOVEMBER, 1918—30th JANUARY, 1919.)

THE morning after the armistice, we moved to Wimereux, where we bought French papers containing the terms, and later in the day went down to Etaples. That evening we were the guests of Messrs. F. C. White and G. C. Stevens, who had made a variety of cakes, scones and biscuits which reflected the utmost credit upon their skill and ingenuity. Ample justice was done to these, as also to a munificent contribution towards our celebrations from the Sisters, and the rest of the evening was enlivened by a sing-song. A movement order for Boisleux did little to cheer us, but fortunately we stayed there only a few minutes, going on through Marquion to Cantimpré, of which we had heard so much a few weeks earlier. Save for a broken railway bridge there was little to be seen, and though Cambrai was so near it remained invisible to all but Rutter, who went by car to the C.C.S. upon some mission or other.

After unloading at Etaples we set off suddenly for Abbeville without Duke, who had gone to Boulogne for mails. That night we had a sudden and severe frost with the result that several pipes burst. Number 19's old kitchen awaited us and after a little fancy shunting we took possession of it. After all we were sorry to lose the old fourgon kitchen which had provided so many excellent meals and in which we had enjoyed so many sing-songs or "glad-noise" sessions under the leadership of Mr. "Gadget" Wright. Despite its rattling and shaking it had many conveniences and was much better adapted for social life than the standard A.T. kitchen, though perhaps this pleased the personnel rather better than it did the cooks.

We understood that we were given 19A because it had a stores compartment instead of accommodation for sitting officers and we had no T coach to accommodate our supplies. It was therefore a little surprising to find that a good deal of alteration was needed, and to learn that a T coach was expected for us in a few weeks, and though the I.R.S. (A.T.), who told us this, said afterwards that he thought the order had been cancelled, the carpenters were forbidden to drive nails or screws into the walls lest the coach should be re-transformed a little later.

In the middle of these pastimes Young suddenly obtained special leave for family reasons and left us, and though we had several promises of return he was discharged as medically unfit and we saw him no more. There were few whose departure would have left a larger gap. From the beginning of things at Oxhey, Young had been well to the fore. In the very early days he made his mark as Corporal of the "sitting-ups" at a

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time when our real mission in France was cleaning and trips were regarded as a pleasant diversion. With the departure of Lambert he became Steward, in which post his dominating personality was often of service to the train. In the organisation of cricket, football, dinners and bridge parties he always took a leading part, and it is to his energy and initiative that the success of many of our social events was due. We hope that his weakness of health may prove merely temporary.

The arrival of No. 11 in the garage cheered us up a bit and hospitality was exchanged at tea-time. The next afternoon we received orders for Douai and left Abbeville for the last time. Of all the places we have visited in our three-and-a-half years in France, Abbeville stands out in our memories as the most consistently objectionable of the lot. The reasons for this could be analysed but would take up too much space. All who have had anything to do with the A.T. Service are familiar with most of them.

With unusual kindness Traffics so arranged it that we did not pass through Arras station until the next morning. The platforms were covered with grass, teazles, and even small bushes, while all we could see of the shattered town made us wish we could have had a few hours in which to explore it.

Though Douai had been our destination we left it on one side and, passing through Somain, finally reached Raismes, near Valenciennes, about tea-time. We were told that the patients were already on their way, so had a very hurried tea and prepared to receive them. Loading started at 17.45 in bitter frost and continued with many a long wait until 01.15. The scene was picturesque, and during our seven-hour loading it had ample time to impress itself upon the memories of those whose business kept them outside the train. At one time there had been a building there, but all that now remained of it was a wall with frameless openings for windows and a door through which the stretchers were brought. In the long intervals between the cars the stretcher-bearers crowded round a brazier fed with broken packing cases, the flare from which cast a red glow over the ruins and fitfully illumined the black-lettered inscription "Ausgang" over the doorway. Every now and again a passing leave-man stopped for a few minutes on his way to the R.T.O., pack, shrapnel helmet and rifle silhouetted against the six-foot leaping flames. Then the cars drew up outside and the procession of stretchers began at once. In all we took on over six hundred patients, mostly sitters.

In the early hours of the morning, a considerable bumping told us that something was wrong. How much rather surprised us when we investigated the matter with electric torches. Nine coaches, from "R" to "E," were wholly or partially derailed. In some cases the bogies were twisted out at a sharp angle from the coach while about a hundred and fifty yards of track were destroyed. Fortunately no one was injured, and as far as could be seen no great damage had been done. The driver had been waiting for some such accident with his hand on the throttle and shut off steam at once. However, the situation was not without its anxieties. There we were near Vitry-en-Artois, with nothing but ruins for many miles in every direction. The train was fixed there in any case for many hours, perhaps for a day or two. We had six hundred patients on board and our supply of food and water was strictly limited. Traffics having been advised of our predicament, there was nothing more to be done,

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and like St. Paul in a somewhat similar situation, we sat down and prayed for dawn.

Before breakfast time a Canadian Railroad Construction Company turned up, and soon afterwards the breakdown gang appeared with an extremely capable R.E. officer in charge.

This gentleman rapidly summed up the situation and in a few minutes the end of the first coach was craned up while the Canadians relaid the rails beneath it.

It was discovered that food could be obtained at Douai, ten miles distant, and that a lorry was available, while by good fortune a pump was discovered in working order in a ruined cottage. After the water had been tested and found to be pretty good, the kitchen tanks were filled up. For the first time in our history the patients were turned out for fresh air and exercise and showed but little inclination to return.

Meanwhile our rescue party was working with terrific energy. The big crane was so manœuvred that it seemed possessed of a separate intelligence, while the Construction Company wrought like men possessed, pulling massy lengths of rail about as though they were lath and plaster imitations. None of them stopped for food until about seven o'clock that night, when we were ready to start away. It is amazing that no damage was done to the train at all save for a few scratches made in hoisting the coaches. Not a single coupling parted and we were more than ever confirmed in our belief that No. 16's was the best rolling stock in France.

Our driver was of the opinion that until the train had been thoroughly overhauled it ought not to exceed 10 m.p.h. As, however, like the gentlemen in the "Hunting of the Snark," "he omitted to mention the fact" when we changed engines at Ligny St. Flochelle, our new driver, who had heard nothing of our accident, brought us down past Hesdin at over fifty miles per hour according to his own reckoning. As our couplings were slack, we bumped and rattled a good deal, but reached Dannes Camiers about seven o'clock without further incident.

We were to load up at once, we heard, for Boulogne, which postponed breakfast almost indefinitely.

We unloaded at Terlincthun, where we spent two days waiting for the R.E.'s to examine us and one day waiting for an engine to test our brakes. Something was accomplished, however. Obviously our new coach was the *fons et origo* of all our trouble, No. 19 having had more mishaps than all the other A.T.'s combined, and during our stay in garage the red crosses upon its sides which had been square were altered to the distinctively round crosses of No. 16. This removed the Hoodoo and we had no more trouble.

A few days later we awoke just outside St. Quentin and our breakfast was interrupted by the necessity of turning out some forty or fifty French soldiers and civilians who were determined to travel up in our lying wards. Eventually they were persuaded to use the Fourgons instead and we went on to Bohain, where we loaded though our orders were for Busigny, and it was thence that some of our patients came.

Returning to the front we garaged a day or two at Busigny, where we loaded after a joy ride to Caudry and back, and returned with orders for Cambrai to load at once at Caudry in eight inches of mud for

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Rouen, whence our destination proved to be Le Cateau, a name of strong historic associations. The principal feature of the station, where we spent several days, was the many miles of morse tape with which it was festooned. There were hundreds of rolls of this in an old German Signals office. No official interest seemed to be taken in the matter, but some use was made of the tape for a highly-successful paper chase which gave considerable amusement to British troops and civilian population alike. The little town was quite interesting, but the note of pathos struck by the lorry loads of civilians returning to their shattered homes is what we remember most vividly.

We have had cause now and again to complain that our train was handled roughly by the engine, and have on the whole found R.T.Os rather incredulous. On this occasion we are glad to say that the R.T.O., who was sitting in the staff coach, was thrown on to the floor, chair and all, as we shunted on to the loading line.

Our visit to Sotteville was paid at last and our lights seen to. The next morning we loaded at two a.m. for Havre and upon our return that night found the same order awaiting us. What joy was ours when a day or two later we were told to prepare for a trip to Pontarlier, on the Swiss frontier! Stores fatigues were done without complaint, while many were the conferences over the maps of France as our route was discussed.

The work which was undertaken the next morning was so selected as not to interfere with a view of the scenery. At the last moment Captain Maskew thought the windows might be cleaned. As we were then travelling at a steady 50 m.p.h., it was feared there might be some difficulty about it, but a timely stop at Nuits-sous-Ravière enabled us to get even this done. Soon after dinner we entered the Côte d'Or, and enjoyed the magnificent scenery with the hills on either side. Upon a bare hill-top was the impressive statue of Vercingetorix, one time king of those parts, a gentleman whose story will be familiar to students of *Cæsar's Gallic Wars.*

As we left Dijon the snow began to fall, and at Dôle the ground was white. At Mouchard we picked up another immense 2.8.2 engine, but even so we stuck half way up the Juras. We reached Pontarlier about 3 a.m., and heard that our patients were spending the night in hotels, and that we should be leaving about 11.00 hours.

Our water fatigue was most romantic. Eight inches of snow and mountains all round us. Rather to our dismay, the French insisted that they must take the train down in two halves, and even tried hard to persuade us that we had come up in two portions.

Soon our patients came streaming along, and we learned that we were to be cheered by the presence of numerous ladies. Our load included British officers and other ranks, and civilians; officers' wives, civilians' wives, other ranks' wives; two children, three babies, one maid and a dog.

The total load was quite small, and all were temporarily accommodated in the lying wards, with " S " as a ladies' carriage. The journey down was delightful. The Juras, with their snow-laden pines, lofty summits and deep valleys, looked their best in the sunshine. Unfortunately, our appreciation of the scenery was a little spoiled by the necessity of contriving some means of serving the special dinner which was being prepared. It

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was done at last with the evolution of some heat, the result, we are told in science primers, of friction.

Of all the trips we have made this one was the pleasantest. For the first time, save for one visit to Paris, we saw something of the not inconsiderable portion of France which lies south and east of Rouen, while our patients were, without exception, the nicest lot we have met. Some of them had been in Switzerland over two years and had taken university courses in various subjects, while all of them, men and women alike, officers and other ranks, were delighted with all that was done for them. In particular, the sight of supplies of butter being carried through the wards never failed to provoke delighted comment.

We reached Le Havre at 20.00 hours. Since we had only three stretcher cases aboard, it might have been thought that off-loading would be a short job ; but Le Havre has a reputation to sustain. For some reason we were not expected, and were kept waiting while stre cher-bearers in pay-day mood were collected from various haunts. Then the great six-wheeled fourgon of luggage we had brought along was opened and baggage of every description spread about the platform. Altogether it was midnight before we got clear.

Sotteville was more than usually peaceful upon our return. There were several trains in garage, and the story was that none would go out until after Christmas. As usual with such stories it was incorrect. At dinner time on the 24th, the sisters returned hurriedly, having been told by the Rouen R.T.O. that No. 16 was going out at any time.

It was a novel experience to spend Christmas day travelling from morning till night at a fair speed. The morning opened with Christmas carols in "C" Ward, and then the train settled down to preparations for dinner, the event of the day. The original scheme had included a fancy dress reception, and a concert with scenes from a French play, but owing to circumstances this was reduced to a sing-song with fancy dress. As on another occasion, the sisters had worked very hard to prepare some of the dresses and had achieved very considerable success, while those who had made their own costumes are certainly not less to be congratulated.

As for the dinner, words can hardly do it justice. How the cooks had managed to evolve nine excellent courses from the material at their disposal is a mystery ; but there they were large as life and twice as filling. The service was as excellent as the cooking and that left nothing to be desired.

It was nearly midnight before we sought our well-earned rest, to awake at the little town of St. Germain au Mont d'Or, just north of Lyon. We got a full load of repatriated P.O.W.'s from the collecting station there and left for Calais about nine o'clock that night. Those who took part in a certain Jack-and-Jill fatigue will not readily forget it.

After an exceedingly slow journey up, we off-loaded at Calais. The most bright spot was the watering-up at Malesherbes, where the French very kindly gave us 80 litres of fresh milk for our patients, an offering which was fully appreciated.

From Calais we went to Tournai, with its quaint Beffroi and its majestic, high-towered cathedral. It was here that the sisters' orderly bought some eggs at such a price that the charge sister is reported to have

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explained, "No-one must eat these eggs, they are much too expensive.' King David, it may be recalled, once spoke in much the same way.

After another trip from Tournai we went up to Valenciennes with some fifty stretcher-bearers as patients. That afternoon we had a welcome opportunity of visiting the town. If the churches were d sappointing, it was a nice old town and the memorial to Froissart, with its quaint inscription: "Si aucun quiert savoir qui je suis, je m'appelle Jehan Froissart de la bele et franche ville de Valenciennes," and its interesting background of Valenciennes worthies among whom was Phillippa of Hainault, Queen of England, more than made up for any deficiencies. Every few yards was a dug-out notice "Zum unterstand." Against one of these a British humorist had registered the protest "some don't."

We loaded next day, in pouring rain and every circumstance of exasperation, at Montigny and Douai, as well as Valenciennes. Altogether we were loading for three hours at each place, finishing at Douai at about midnight, when a most un-clerical Padre tried to swing a lot of extra patients on to us and succeeded in sending us a whole crowd of unannounced Germans.

Dannes Camiers was reached at last after a slow journey in the course of which we managed to pass through Arras station without further trouble with Traffics, who had so maligned us on a previous occasion. We loaded next morning at seven and waited for some hours for a French guard who was to come from St. Pol or some such place. He turned up finally feeling as aggrieved as we did, and we got away. While we were off-loading at Calais we heard the glad news that we were to go to Germany. A full account of our voyage up is given elsewhere ("From Calais to Cologne").

We garaged for a day or two at Herbesthal, just over the frontier, and on the first afternoon about half of the personnel visited Aix-la-Chapelle, or Aachen. The reports they gave of the place were so extremely eulogistic that the second party would have been disappointed with Paradise itself. At the same time it was a well-built, well-laid-out city, and the curious cathedral, with its relics of Charlemagne, was extremely interesting. The inhabitants were polite, as might be expected, and very willing to give us any assistance in their power.

We loaded at three places, Euskirchen, Bonn and Cologne. We saw little of the first two but skirted round Cologne and had some pleasing glimpses of the cathedral. The return journey was memorable chiefly for the trouble and anxiety caused by a French repatriated prisoner, a mental case. The great difficulty was that by means of a periscope consisting of a mirror and a bowl of water he received frequent messages from M. Caillaux, late Minister for War, telling him to leave the train: ". . . voyager à Paris directement par train de service." At such times he seized his portmanteau and prepared to descend. Between these paroxysms he spent his time praying with good cause that "le bon Dieu" would hasten our progress.

Of other notable patients we had some score of Serbian P.O.W. who came on with huge boxes, the contents of which were a matter of speculation, until we discovered that food, biscuits, cheese, etc., were being stored in them for the estimated two months' return journey to Serbia. They were extremely good, uncomplaining patients, save for their incorrigible habit of spitting on the floor of the ward, and were vastly pleased to find one of

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our number who spoke Serbian. From a linguistic point of view few trains could beat us:—French, German, Portuguese, Italian, Russian, Serbian and Chinese were spoken by one or more. Curiously enough Hindustani was the only tongue which floored us.

We were delighted to take back with us our friends of the Q.M.A.A.C., who had a better opportunity of seeing what train life really was.

After off-loading we returned once more to Germany, and this time Capt. Maskew kindly arranged that one third of the personnel should visit Cologne each day, starting at six a.m. and returning about twelve hours later. The only man who did not get back was Tomkinson, who had been lured into a rash attempt to see Bonn by the deceptive time table of the tramway service.

Meanwhile "A" kitchen boiler had given out. The R.T.O. upon being applied to referred us to some German workshop, and by eleven o'clock two workmen turned up, who in a very short time had the whole thing to pieces; and to our amazement by three o'clock the fire was alight once more. When we compared this with our experiences at the hands of the R.E.'s, we saw why it had taken four years to finish the war. It was felt that the two had earned the large meal which they quickly despatched.

To our regret we moved away that night to load up, so that the remaining two-thirds of us had to postpone all hope of seeing Cologne until another visit.

From Wimereux we went to Etaples, where we loaded for Calais. This proved to be our last trip. At Fontinettes we received orders to hand over to the crew of No. 22, and after waiting for some thirty-six hours we jumped off at Tintilleries station, Boulogne, as No. 16 went on her way to Abbeville without us.

It was with mingled feelings that we saw our home for three and a half years of busy and on the whole happy life disappear into the tunnel, but baggage had to be carried across the line and down to the Hôtel de France, while thoughts of home became so insistent as to drown any last regrets.

When we come to look back upon our train life we shall probably regard these years as some of the best we have spent. Discomforts were many and human nature found plentiful opportunities for grumbling; but the life was care-free and interests were many, while we shall never again experience the happy fellowship which has been ours. That we could live together for years pent up in a train without quarrelling or hating each other is in its way a remarkable tribute to us all.

During the whole time our relations with the officers and sisters of the train have been uniformly cordial, and among our pleasantest memories are the courtesy and consideration we received at their hands. We should be the last to deny that with all our good points, of which we were quite sufficiently aware, we were a very curious lot of men for an Army officer to handle.

In the nature of things we were in frequent and close contact with the R.A.M.C. officers and men of other trains, and from these at all times we received many kindnesses, particularly when returning from leave and stranded from our train. This was due to no ignorance of our different point of view, which was recognised and apparently respected.

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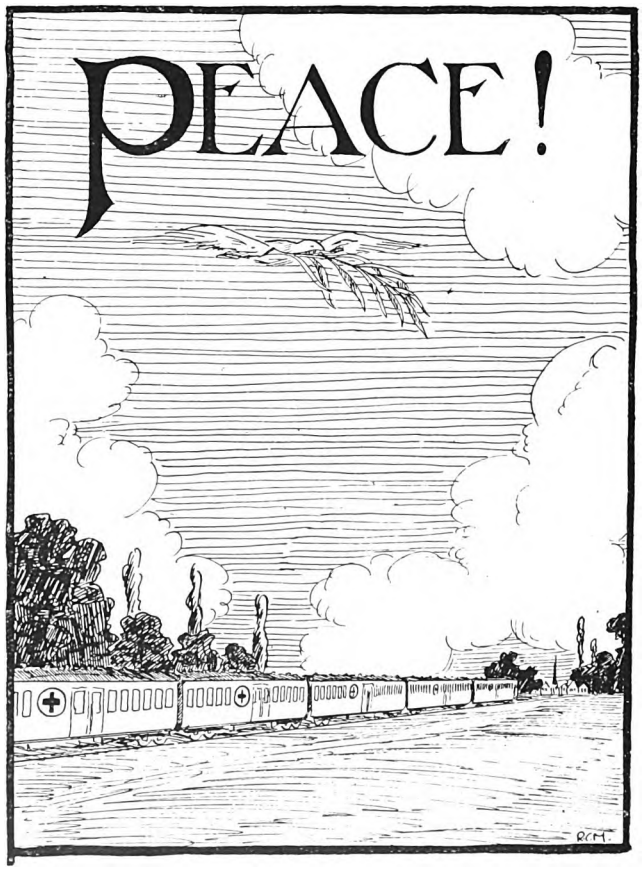
Among the many to whom our thanks are due we feel that special mention must be made of the V.A.D. motor ambulance convoys at the various bases, particularly of that at Etaples. The work of the driver was hard and continuous but despite want of sleep and long hours in rain and snow with the continuous strain of driving badly-wounded men, on no occasion did they lose their cheery courtesy. Probably they have no idea how greatly this helped and encouraged us upon innumerable occasions. We should like to refer to many others, particularly to E.M.Os and their staffs, but to this list there would be no end: perhaps we may meet them some day in happier circumstances.

H. R. G.

O. R.

SUPPLEMENT · TO · VOL. 8: No. 2:



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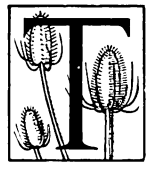
The Dullness of Peace.



HE news of the cessation of hostilities has come and gone, and I am left wondering why I have only been able to put up such a poor pæan of joy and thanksgiving. Is it that "I have not yet realised it"? Or, that after four years of surfeit, one's emotions are too staled and atrophied to make a proper response? Or is it merely that I am touched with that melancholy that always attends finality, and especially the passing away of anything, good or hurtful, which has been woven into the stuff of our lives. Indeed, though we incline too much to excuse our own thoughtlessness by pointing to the weakness of our emotions, I would willingly feel that these reasons were sufficient.

For, if not, I am driven to the conclusion that the reason my feelings, at the news of Peace, are dull and inadequate is that my idea of the meaning of Peace may be likewise dull and inadequate. And it is perhaps small comfort to reflect that the same seems true in the case of many other people. The vigour and life in any conception may often be judged by its popular symbolism. Is this a mere inherited oddity or itself in some sort alive? Though Englishmen have still a robust belief in themselves as being full of the more solid and beefy virtues, that strangely-persistent anachronism "John Bull," almost as far removed from the real life of to-day as a troglodyte, is felt to hint vaguely at something obsolete in the ideal he embodies. It is the same with Peace. The feeble insipidity of the symbol is a very downright and damaging comment upon the honour we profess to pay to the reality. That pale, anæmic female, immaculately clad, immaculately winged, with languid dove and futile olive branch—was ever nullity like this? Give us rather a brawny Bellona with her thundering chariot, or the great Prussian figure of Siegfried the victorious hero. These are at any rate figures that live. But with Peace, as she is commonly depicted, we will have nothing to do. Little wonder that the nations have tired so frequently of a condition which they so dully failed to understand.

And yet all the time the true symbol was there, more than two thousand years old. "And they shall turn their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks." It is certainly easier to flap an olive branch than to drive the keen share straight along the heavy furrow. But perhaps it would be better to think of Peace less in terms of unarmed innocuous repose than as fruitful labour, the co-operation of free men for great ends upon the fields of unexhausted opportunity. Then we should greet Peace, not so much as the final lifting of a load and the resumption of the dull normal life, but rather as a splendid call into a world where all things are possible. It will be, not a relief, but a release.

J. W. H.

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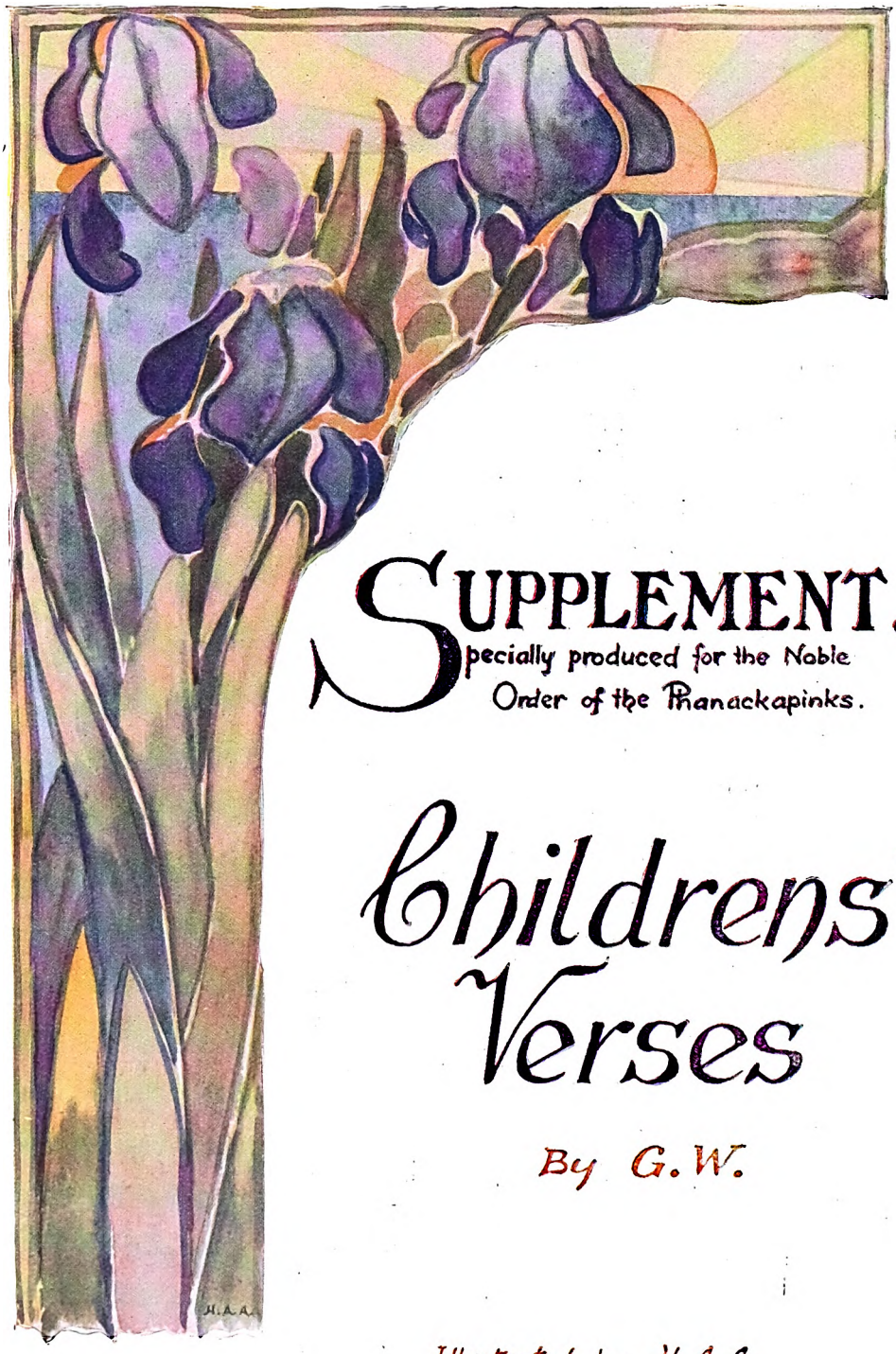

SUPPLEMENT.

Specially produced for the Noble Order of the Phanackapinks.

Childrens' Verses

By G.W.

Illustrated by H.A.A.

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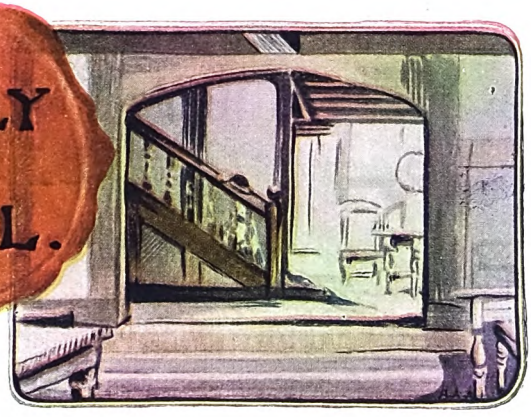
SILLY BILL.



SILLY Bill
Went up the hill
In his mother's nightgown.
But silly Bill
Stepped on the frill,
And then he tumbled right down.

Why he was out,
Walking about,
Dressed in such strange apparel
If you will wait,
I will relate.
He went to sing a carol.

'Twas Christmas Eve,
I do believe,
The accident befell him.
But promise all,
Both great and small,
That you will never tell him.

He'd be so vexed,
He'd say "What next!"
And go and tell his mother,
Who'd only smile
A little while,
And tell him not to bother.

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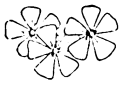
You won't, I know,
So on I'll go,
  And tell you all the history.
He was not hurt,
Nor stained with dirt,
  Which you may think a mystery.

He felt no scratch,
And did not catch
  A cold: No! nor a whipping.
And though the snow
Was deep below,
  He did not come home dripping.

Yes! up the hill
Went silly Bill
  To sing a Christmas Carol
For Uncle Ned,
Who'd hurt his head
  Through falling off a barrel.

And this is why
He came home dry,
  And was not hurt or scolded.
The hill, 'tis said,
Was wood, and led
Upstairs to bed.
  So now my tale's unfolded.



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DADDY, where is the fairies' home?
Over the seas far, far away.
And how do they cross the sea each night,
And journey back at break of day?

They fly on wonderful gossamer wings
More swiftly far than the swiftest bird.
And don't they ever lose their way?
Oh no! They've a pathway, so I've heard.

But how can they have a path on the sea?
And why should they want one, if they fly?
It's only to show them the way to go:
They can see it quite well from ever so high.

And sometimes, if they're feeling tired,
They fly right down and walk on the road.
But what is it made of, Daddy dear?
Is it strong enough for a heavy load?

Oh no! It's only for fairy folk.
Yet they sometimes take wee children too,
Yet only if they're very good,
And do what they are told to do.

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It's a long straight road all made of gold
That's melted and poured across the foam.
It leads from the earth to the big round sun,
Straight past the wonderful fairies' home.

And often it's clear for all to see,
As the bright sun sinks below the blue.
And often when it rises bright
In the early morn, you'll see it too.

'Tis a wonderful, glittering, fairy road;
Like a gleaming fire of a molten gold.
But when was it made, O Daddy dear?
That, I'm afraid, can never be told.

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A HOB-GOBLIN met a sweet fairy one night
In the land where the sky meets the sea:
"I'm going down to frighten the children in bed,
So come with me, fairy," said he.
But the fairy was angry and shook her sweet head,
And to that hob-goblin said she:

"No, you hob-goblin, I won't come with you:
A-frightening the children, so that's what you do.
I'll tell good Queen Mab, oh you wicked old man,
If you frighten the children anew.
Go frightening the children again, if you dare;
You'll find all the fairies awaiting you there;
We love the dear children and won't have them frightened
By nasty, old, ugly hob-goblins like you."

At this the hob-goblin was filled with alarm,
And went away home o'er the deep.
So, children, you need not be frightened at night,
For the fairies will watch while you sleep.
They'll drive those hob-goblins way back to their homes,
And sing while their night-watch they keep:

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"No, you hob-goblins, we won't come with you:
A-frightening the children, so that's what you do.
We'll tell good Queen Mab, oh you wicked old men,
If you frighten the children anew.
Go frightening the children again, if you dare;
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We love the dear children and won't have them frightened
By nasty, old, ugly hob-goblins like you."

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A Retrospect.

YOUTH was seated before a desk covered with papers, and here and there an odd opened volume lay scattered. A fountain pen lay idly at his right hand as if he had just finished a period of work, and he was leaning back, half pushing himself from the desk with his hands, breathing with contentment. In a shelf above stood many well-thumbed volumes, with almost every page of which he was familiar, whilst below, on each side, the well-filled pigeon holes were a constant reminder of work well done. The fire cast a most cheerful glow through the carefully-lighted room; and the big Persian regarded it calmly and with evident appreciation from the arm of the deep ease-suggesting chair. The few well-chosen paintings and reproductions of the masters showed that the tastes of Youth had not been dulled by the World War.

As he paused in his work his thoughts travelled backwards through a long period of years, to that other long period of four years, so short now as he looked back to it, during which he had constantly regarded himself as mentally inert and idle, when only his bodily exertion was called into play, and his whole outlook affected by a scurrilous Press.

"Was it really wasted time? Would I have been a better man without it? Of course, the usual arguments . . . the wounded . . . excellent work . . . somebody's got to do it . . . But apart from that, was it? . . . or ought I to chide myself for even thinking it? . . What would I have been without it, I wonder? . . . An old book hog . . . with no sympathies . . . and no desires to help to put the social order straight . . . and not even a scrap of interest in anyone at all . . . Yes, I would have been a rather miserable specimen in some ways. It broadened me . . . that's the word, 'broadened' . . . Montaigne used to talk about a period of travel at the close of one's education for the purpose of 'broadening' the pupil . . . there's an analogy, I think . . . we didn't half travel!"

His hand eventually touches the cat, which he commences pensively to stroke, and which thereupon breaks into a loud, contented purr as though this last blessing had completely filled its cup of happiness.

He continued, with breaks, to think aloud. "How that November day does stand out now as a dividing line between what was then and what is now! . . . but it didn't make much difference at the time, did it? . . . at once, I mean . . . We were loading that day, too . . . at Lille, was it? . . . No, La Bassée. Ah! yes, La Bassée. I wonder what I thought about that day? Why didn't I go mad with delight? I believe that I started thinking of this sort of life at once . . . but I did that before then, many a time, and always ended up by calling myself a fool . . . That was the difference . . . I didn't call myself a fool THAT day when those thoughts came rushing along; I thought I had a right to think about them.

"We clicked that trip, I remember . . . funny word, 'clicked'

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. . . years since I used it . . . Now it's you, Old Puss, who are clicking, eh? (Playfully pulling at one of the cat's ears). This is Peace, Old Chap . . . Peace . . . and that's why you are clicking."

The trend of thought was abruptly broken by a knock at the door.

"What time would you like to be called in the morning, Sir?"

Some lingering habit in a back gallery of his brain almost forced the mechanical "Parade 7.30 sharp" from his lips, but he controlled himself.

"Let me see. You might give a knock at 7.0 if you don't mind, but if I don't get up you'll know I have stayed up late, and needn't bother again."

The door closed, and again the cat's ear was seized, "Pull yourself together, Old Chap . . . this is PEACE."

J. W. M.

From Calais to Cologne.

"A WORD in your silvery ear, Sir," said Pearjohn, and proceeded to break the glad news that we were to take a distinguished member of the Q.M.A.A.C. to Cologne! After some doubts as to whether it was Cologne (Germany) or Coulogne (Fontinettes) we permitted ourselves to rejoice over the prospect of the long-desired journey. But first, accommodation had to be prepared for the "Queen of Sheba and her Handmaiden" or "The G.O.C. and Staff," as our guests were variously described. Great was the commotion in "S" coach, their destined abode. "Wu" more than ever dishevelled, and "J.A." with his eye-brows in his hair, buzzed about feverishly, while unwonted activity was noticed in other quarters. Thus the O.C. observed, with real or affected incredulity, the floor being scrubbed by one whose tongue is usually busier than his hands, while Sister Piza, evidently convinced that her eyes must deceive her, addressed him throughout a conversation as Tomkinson.

At this juncture appeared, in the condition sometimes described as "well-oiled," an Australian officer, one-time E.M.O. at Blendecques, who claimed our help in reaching Lille. He was accommodated in "P" coach, where he was joined later by two or three other officers going to various places up country.

Meanwhile our two guests arrived and took possession of two compartments of "S," which had been fitted up for them, while "Rosie" Bower was installed to minister to their wants.

During the evening we heard that the Matron-in-Chief, B.E.F. and twenty-five—no less!—nursing sisters were looking for a train to Germany. This was rather too much of a good thing, and we were heartily glad to move off during the night without them.

By breakfast time we had reached Choques; by supper time, Ascq—

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perhaps as slow a journey as we have ever made. A water-fatigue at Béthune station was the only incident, and that was nothing to write home about.

The second morning saw us at the outskirts of Charleroi, variously likened to Birmingham and Sheffield. We were told that our guests would probably inspect the train about 11 o'clock, and accordingly some small preparations in the way of dusting, etc., were made. Perhaps it is unfair to impute to feminine unpunctuality the fact that they finally appeared about 12.15.

Well! We were very pleased to see them, and they expressed themselves very pleased with the train. The afternoon before we had offered them one or two volumes of *The Orderly Review*, and "Wu" reported "a barrage of silvery laughter" (Rutter asked if he had replied in kind). When they reached the office, the Chief Controller mentioned the matter to Harryjohn, and said how interested they had been, etc. The upshot of it was that they ordered two copies of the book—a most encouraging incident.

In the afternoon there was a sudden clamour raised about French Plays and Fancy Dress. Harryjohn was enthusiasm incarnate, and finally overcame the most obstinate inertia and the most vehement protests. All was in train, when at tea time it was suddenly announced that perhaps the show would not come off, as the Staff Coach had doubts on the matter. After an hour or two of uncertainty it was stated that the show was definitely "off." Hardly was this made known when word was sent round that the curtain would rise at 8.30, and that we would trust to luck.

In the circumstances the personnel is to be congratulated on the way it responded. "B" ward was prepared, and about 9 o'clock the Staff Coach and our charming and distinguished guests arrived. A number of curious folk were announced; perhaps the lovely V.A.D. and the gin-sodden charwoman were the most arresting.

The scenes from "Le Barbier de Séville" were admirably rendered, and after Rutter's able *résumé* of the plot, were readily followed even by those who are a little deaf in their French ear. Rosine (Harryjohn) was delightful, while Harvey appeared to great advantage in a black wig and moustache. Those who had listened to his moans that afternoon were astonished at the excellent rendering he gave of Dr. Bartholo. Time and space forbid the detailed criticism the performance deserves, but it reflected the very greatest credit upon all concerned.

The thanks of all are due to those who contributed items to the programme for their willingness to do their best in trying circumstances, and we can assure them that they put up a very good show, as was evidenced by the cordial thanks of our guests. By the way, it is pleasant to know that the Gaelic chorus was given to Curly's song by the "Brigadier" and Sister Drummond.

When we consider the exalted rank of our visitors, we wonder if we were not rather daring in what we did; but they were so extremely friendly and ready to be pleased that we could only treat them as guests and without ceremony, which perhaps was the best thing we could have done. They finished by singing "Auld Lang Syne" with us, and went away with a possibly unique impression of life on an A.T. The experience

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was to us a pleasant one and we are much indebted to all concerned, particularly to the Sisters for their indefatigable labours in preparing dresses, and to the players who provided the *pièce de résistance* of the evening. Our one regret was that Sister Timbrell was unable to be with us.

By the time we had said good-bye to the Barber and his interesting companions, we had crossed the German frontier at Herbesthal, where we were "garaged."

To our eager eyes next day Germany looked much more like England then either France or Belgium. A district of small hills with well-hedged fields was a welcome sight after Flanders and the rolling country of the Somme. The railway officials, in manner something between a London policeman and a depressed Regimental Sergeant-Major, and resembling the commissaire of a cinema in dress, were of absorbing interest. "Fraternising," we were sternly reminded, was a serious offence, and as regards these splendid beings it was easily avoided, but, later on, the kitchen tanks had to be filled from a pump in a neighbouring farm, and who could resist the chi dren who surrounded it, not to mention their smiling mother and elder sister?

Meanwhile, Capt. Maskew, with his usual care for our interests, had interviewed the R.T.O. and learned we were safe until the evening.

Accordingly there was "leave." About half the train visited Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle), some forty minutes' journey by rail, while others explored the neighbourhood. Among the interesting features of the district was surely the smallest neutral state in Europe, about as big as a small park. It was due to some "boundary adjustment between Belgium and Germany and contained a hamlet." "Wu" as usual discovered some fine wild hills and valleys, rather far off for some of us, but well worth a visit, we were told.

The trip to Aachen was extremely popular. In the first place there was the railway journey. Strange as it may appear in view of the life we had led for the past three and a half years, this was a great attraction. In the occupied territory, allied troops travelled without payment, boarding trains and trams as though they owned them, while station-masters and conductors were ignored. After years of "movement orders" and careful shepherding there seemed something scarcely decent in this, and some of us felt almost ashamed of the deference with which our uniform was received. Others it is only fair to say did not, and travelled first-class with obvious if undignified delight.

The best features of Aachen were its intensely interesting cathedral and its Rathaus, while the worst was undoubtedly the maddening system adopted by the large department store, corresponding to the "Nouvelles Galeries" of French towns. Should any English shopkeeper attempt to copy it, his premises would be wrecked in less than a week by a justly-infuriated mob.

A custom was observed here, which we have not met with elsewhere, by which all the pretty girls of the city were in evidence in the streets one day and stayed at home the next. At least, this is the only explanation of the reports brought back to the train by different parties.

We spent three days at Herbesthal before moving out about midnight for Euskirchen, where we loaded the following morning. Here we met

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our old friends of Grévillers, Brandhoek and other places—No. 333 Australian C.C.S., full as ever of energy and blasphemy.

While we were waiting to load, Corporal Pearson, with his usual diligence, filled the tanks of "H" kitchen from a tap labelled "Drinking Water" in German and English, to learn too late that there was an epidemic of typhoid in the town and that this was an infected source. Sergeant Hoyles poured in solutions of $CaOCl_2$ and $KMnO_4$, and we moved away towards Bonn shedding an ensanguined stream upon the well-kept track, to the horror of the inhabitants, who thought we were washing out the operating theatre. That, at least, was the idea. Unfortunately the pipes stopped up almost immediately, and it was not until the help of some German workmen was called in at Bonn that the tanks could be emptied and water fatigue begun again to an accompaniment of bitter cursing.

When people say, "How jolly to visit Bonn! Such a delightful place! The university is too interesting for words"—it is best to agree and change the conversation hastily. There is no need to confess that all we saw was the goods yard of the station.

Among the patients that awaited us were P.O.Ws. of various races, including a big batch of Serbians, otherwise the loading was unremarkable save perhaps for the congestion of ambulances and a certain amount of trouble with stretcher-bearers.

The best result of our visit was the fact that it necessitated a journey round Cologne, which gave us glimpses of the city and cathedral which we should otherwise have missed. Pleasant as these were, the prettiest sight was one of the Sisters feeding kiddies with chocolate when the train stopped opposite some tenements. Whatever their parents have been, there is no doubt that the German children were delightful youngsters, and contrasted favourably with the youthful mendicants of France with their shrill, unceasing demands for "Boolybif," "Penipleece," "Bisk-weet pour m-o-i."

Our destination was reached at last, where our guests of the Q.M.A.A.C. awaited us, to be greeted as old friends. Imagine our astonishment when we were asked if we wanted water, and the train was shunted so that every tank could be filled. For years our most desperate appeals for water had been refused upon the slightest pretext.

"After all, there is something to be said for Germany. But——just think of that——water fatigue at Bonn, all for nothing."

H. R. G.

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The Old Sixteeners' Association.

[The idea that something might be done to try and keep alive, after the war, the friendships formed on the train, had been in the minds of many before the following article appeared in the March number of *The Orderly Review*, 1918.]

APRÈS LA GUERRE.

MONTH after month passes, the next Spring offensive or the food problem in the ensuing Winter is always going to finish the war, but it is still with us. However, unless unusually pessimistic, no one doubts that there will eventually be an end. As to its date opinions differ widely; but surely there is no one who doubts that peace will once again reign over a stricken and exhausted world, and that in the fulness of time the personnel of A.T. 16 will forsake their old home and become again individuals scattered over the surface of the world.

Already, despite the continuance of the war, the process of dispersion has gone on to such an extent that of the original personnel only twelve are left on the train. Seldom, perhaps, have any company of men enjoyed such companionship as it has been our privilege to enjoy for so long a time, and many will feel as if they will always maintain, if not a friendship, at any rate a decided interest in the lives of others. I, for instance, even if I have no particular love or friendship for Orderly X, should always be interested, perhaps filled with unseemly mirth, if I heard sometime that he was shortly to be married, that he had broken his leg, or, in fact, if I managed to ascertain anything about that gentleman.

I hope that a day-dream of mine, and I know not only of mine, will some day materialise and we shall have occasional A.T. 16 reunions or camps; anything to revive old acquaintances and bring back old times, for as we grow older we shall forget the moment's petty annoyances and it will be only the pleasant memories which are conjured up by the familiar faces. All these fancies stand much more chance of becoming facts if we form a definite club, taking as a pattern an "Old Boys' Association" which carries on without rooms or offices, solely by the virtue of the sense of comradeship in the ranks and the energy of its secretary. I would like to suggest that we form such an association, and I am sure we can persuade some one of us to be the secretary.

It may seem premature to suggest the adoption of any such scheme, but unless we take Time by the forelock he will steal a march on us, and we shall disperse without a secretary, without an association and without anything but the wish that we could have continued in touch with each other.

If we decided on a scheme of some such sort as I have outlined, the secretary could commence on the work of collecting the permanent addresses of those now on the train and those who have already left it; a task in itself of some magnitude.

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Either a printed magazine sent to each member, or a news-sheet sent round from one to another compiled by the secretary from news sent to him by individuals, would suffice to give news of all to all. He could also sound people at times as to the advisability or possibility of a common holiday or camp.

All this may seem very sketchy and I am the first to admit that many details require to be added, but I am convinced that some such scheme would meet a distinct want.

As to expense, that could be better worked out later, but if no printed magazine was produced, expenses would be very little, and an annual subscription of 1/- ought to do more than cover postage and other sundries.

The editors of *The Orderly Review* have intimated that their columns are open to correspondence on the subject, and if any appear to agree in the main it might be possible to arrange a train meeting on the subject.

G. S. P.

[Considerable interest being expressed in the next number, a series of train meetings were held as a result of which a list of names and addresses of all the past and present members of the personnel was compiled, printed and distributed, and at the final meeting on December 5th, the association was definitely formed, its aim being "To keep Old Sixteeners in touch with one another." For this purpose "A periodical Broadsheet, giving personal news and changes of address, shall be issued."]

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Valedictory.

AME and trim for the hardest trip,
Heavy old, steady old Sixteen Train,—
Speedy too, when they let you rip
On down-inclines between Somme and Seine,—
Facing bombs with a stern disdain
When Archies spattered and lights were low,—
To the final day of your last campaign
Luck be with you wherever you go.

Hours of leave, with a stream for a dip,
Rare-won rambles in forest or lane,
Moonlit nights we'd have liked to skip
With Gothas crooning their grim refrain—
Something of war shown all too plain,
Things it has yet been good to know,
Lessons learnt by the side of pain—
These be with us wherever we go.

Friends whose cheery companionship
Eased monotony, lightened strain,
Come, your hands in a farewell grip
Though it be never to meet again.
All that had value we will retain,
All that had none—forget, and so,
Wisely winnowing chaff from grain,
We'll be richer wherever we go.

ENVOI.

Old Sixteeners let us remain,
And through whatever befall us, show
That none of us all was here in vain.
God be with us wherever we go.

J. W. H.

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A Few Statistics.

YEARLY TOTALS.

	1915 From 14th Aug.	1916	1917	1918	1919 January	Grand Totals
Patients	9,809	36,943	54,415	53,255	3,140	**157,562**
Deaths	4	12	5	14	1	**36**
Labour, Patients × Hours ...	——	483,416	620,869	794,146	97,705	——
Miles	4,618	17,304	21,178	32,146	2,305	**77,551**
Running Efficiency (Patients per Mile) ...	2·124	2·135	2·570	1·937	1·362	——

MAXIMUM TOTALS.

	SINGLE JOURNEY		SINGLE MONTH		SINGLE QUARTER*	
	Figure	Date	Figure	Date	Figure	Date
Patients	824	3 May, '17	7,970	Aug., '18	21,757	Aug.-Oct., '18
Miles	876	24/28 Dec., '18	5,070	Dec., '18	11,385	Ditto
Labour	28,896	Ditto	120,354	Sept., '18	310,643	Ditto

* Compare January-March, 1916, a small Winter Quarter:—Patients, 6,289; Miles, 3,260; Labour, 68,581.

NOTES ON STATISTICS AND GRAPHS.

The grand total of 157,562 patients was made up of the following troops:—152,099 British and Colonial, 200 French, 702 Portuguese, 362 Americans, 20 Serbians, 9 Italians, 6 Roumanians, 3 Russians, 1 Belgian, 626 Indians, 141 British West Indians, besides 28 Chinese labourers; and included 33 Nursing Sisters, 14 Q.M.A.A.C. members, 35 civilians (principally Y.M.C.A. and B.R.C.S. workers), and 3,283 prisoners of war. One of the Russians was captured on the German eastern front, whence he was transferred to the west, and escaped across to the British lines. But many a thrilling episode and many a pitiful story are hidden beneath that bald summary of numbers.

A few notes are needed to explain the salient features of the accompanying graphs. The sudden fall in patient numbers in some months

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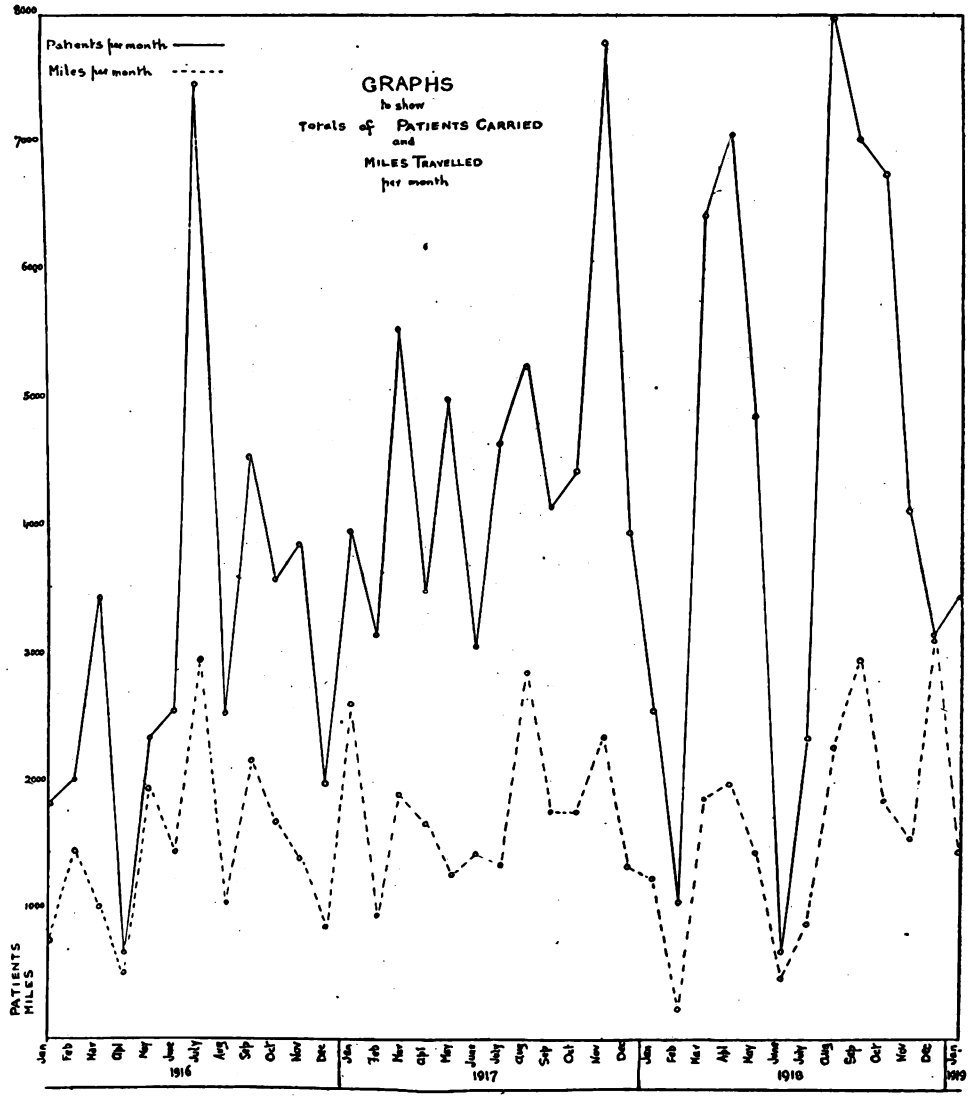
(as in June, 1918) is due, for instance, to a period in Garage for repairs. The increased accommodation of the train in the Spring of 1916 naturally swelled the totals, while other fluctuations are at least partly accounted for by the different views of successive O.Cs as to the maximum number of patients that could safely be carried.



But discounting these features, the graphs show clearly :—

(*a*) The marked increase in the totals of patients and miles (graph 1), hours of work (graph 3) and percentage of wounded (graph 2), in July, 1916, the first month of the Somme offensive.

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(*b*) The effect of the pressure of the Allies during the following winter and of the resulting German retirement on the Somme in the spring of 1917.

(*c*) The terrible crescendo which culminated the following autumn in the first battle of Cambrai. Most marked, however, are the German offensive of March, 1918, and the last Allied offensive beginning in July. In all respects August—October, 1918, was the record quarter and, in comparison with the first quarter of 1916, gives some indication of the difference between trench warfare and open warfare—between drawn battles and victorious advance.

The Armistice is marked by the sudden drop in the percentage of wounded, the high totals of patients being maintained by the influenza epidemic. The second graph also illustrates the seasonal rhythm—sickness predominating in the winter and battle casualties in the summer months.

The third graph shows most clearly the variations in the mileage covered in the different periods, reflecting the progress of the Allies. The high totals at the end of the year are due, of course, to the advance into Germany and the repatriation of prisoners from the Swiss frontier. The graph of "patient hours" is an attempt to represent the variation in the labour of the staff and personnel—monthly totals being obtained by multiplying the number of patients on the trip by the number of hours the trip lasted.

The steady increase each year is noteworthy, though of course the largest totals do not always entail the greatest strain.

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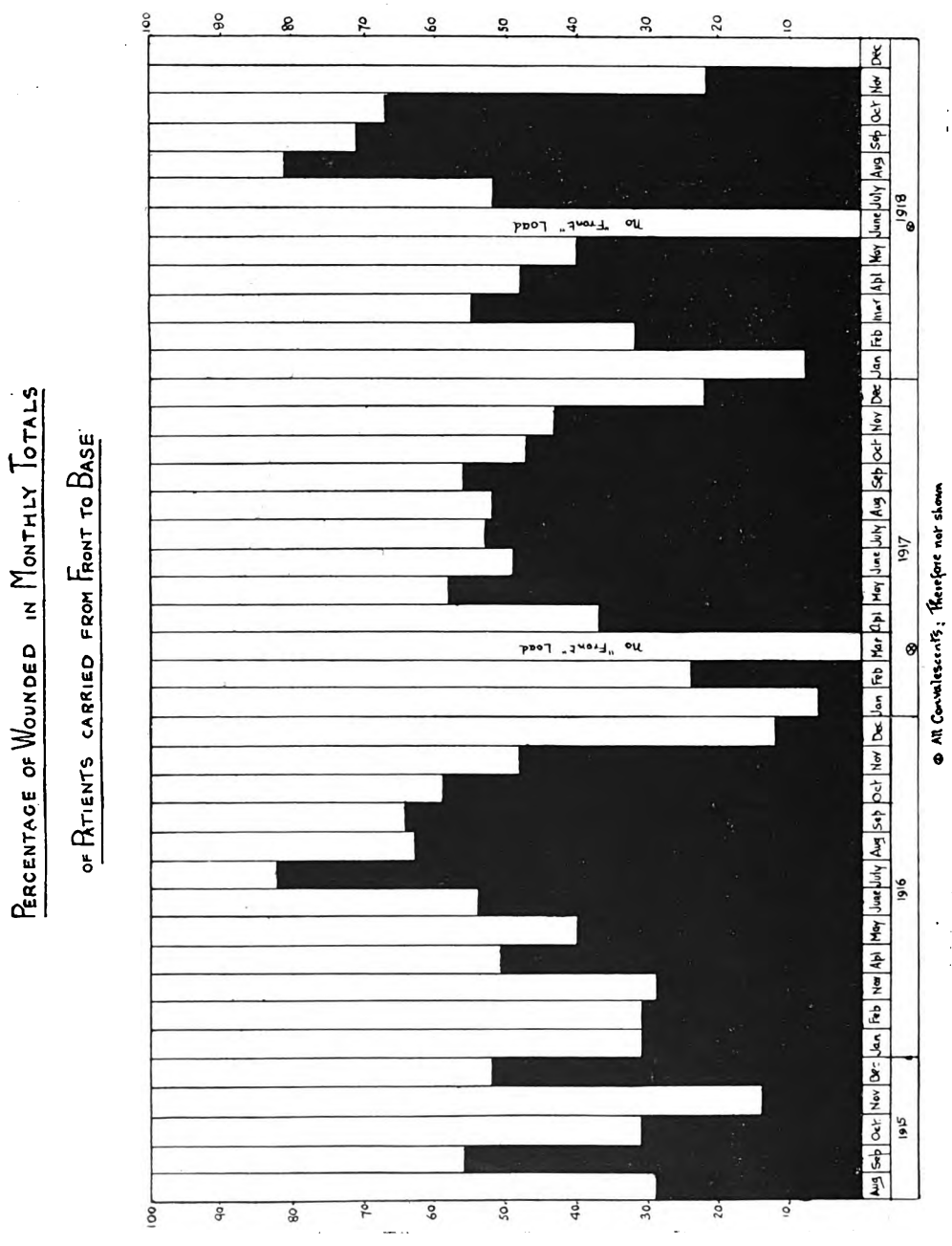

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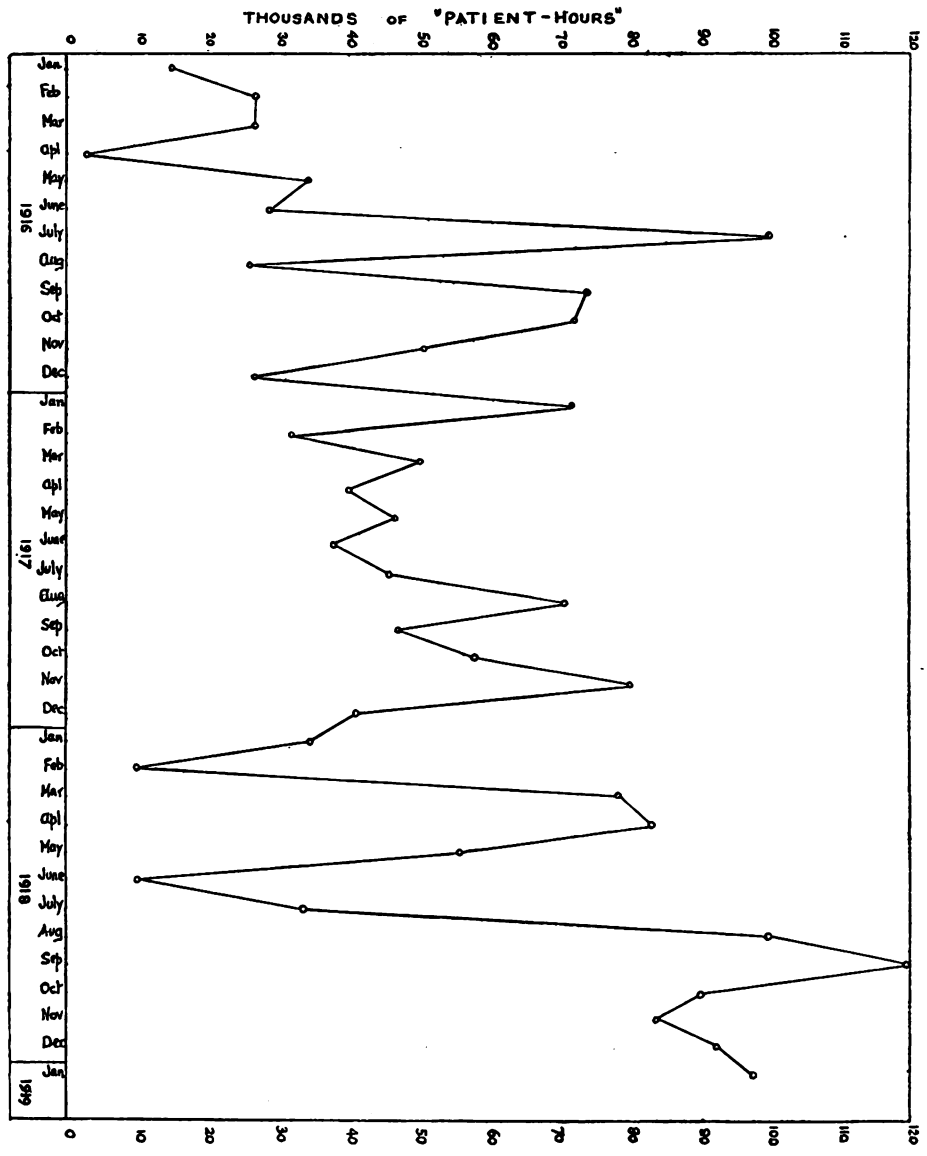

GRAPH TO ILLUSTRATE WORK DONE IN MONTHLY TOTALS OF PATIENTS X HOURS OF TRIP DURATION

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Staff and Personnel of No. 16 Ambulance Train.

14th AUGUST, 1915—30th JANUARY, 1919.

OFFICERS, R.A.M.C. AND B.R.C.S.

NAME.	RANK.	DATE OF ARRIVAL.	DATE OF DEPARTURE.
BECKETT, J.	Lieut.	28 Aug., 1915	6 Sept., 1915
BOWER, W.	Doctor	28 Feb., 1916	13 March, 1916
BOYD, S.	Captain	29 April, 1918	2 June, 1918
BURNHAM, F. W. E.	Doctor	15 Feb., 1916	21 Dec., 1916
CARTER, W. R.	Captain	30 Jan., 1917	25 April, 1918
CORNWALL, W. F., M.C.	,,	3 June, 1918	13 June, 1918
COWAN, A. F.	,,	25 April, 1918	29 April, 1918
DAVIES, T. L.	,,	28 June, 1918	23 Aug., 1918
FORREST, A. W.	,,	20 Nov., 1916	2 Dec., 1916
GRANT, A. R.	,,	6 Nov., 1915	18 Nov., 1915
GREENING, W. R.	Doctor	5 Sept., 1915	25 Feb., 1916
INGALL, F. E.	,,	5 Feb., 1917	6 April, 1917
JACOB, L. G.	Lieut.	25 Jan., 1917	31 Jan., 1917
LEAROYD, C. G.	Doctor	16 Dec., 1918	6 Jan., 1919
LOWNDES, H. A.	,,	23 Aug., 1918	12 Dec., 1918
LYONS, M.	Captain	20 June, 1918	6 July, 1918
MASKEW, C. H.	,,	26 Nov., 1917	30 Jan., 1919
MCKENDRICK, T. B.	,,	2 April, 1916	11 April, 1916
MCNEILL, D.	,,	13 March, 1917	31 March, 1917
READMAN, W.	Lieut.	14 Aug., 1915	29 Aug., 1915
REES, A. A.	Captain	11 Feb., 1916	14 Oct., 1916
ROGERS, J.	Doctor	3 Sept., 1917	7 March, 1918
STEWART, J.	,,	7 Jan., 1919	30 Jan., 1919
TEBBS, L. V.	,,	14 Aug., 1915	2 Feb., 1916
TISDALL, C. J.	,,	23 July, 1916	15 Jan., 1917
TROUNCE, T. R.	Captain	15 Jan., 1917	26 Jan., 1917
WALKER, J.	,,	14 Aug., 1915	11 Feb., 1916
WEST, J. A.	,,	13 Oct., 1916	29 Nov., 1917
WEST, R. N.	,,	31 March, 1918	18 April, 1918

NURSING SISTERS, B.R.C.S.

NAME.	DATE OF ARRIVAL.	DATE OF DEPARTURE.
BRANSTON, L.	3 March, 1916	17 June, 1916
BRUCE, H. A.	14 Aug., 1915	25 Aug., 1915
CAMPBELL, J. M.	4 April, 1918	26 Aug., 1918
CARR, R. M.,	14 Aug., 1915	9 Nov., 1915
	15 May, 1916	19 Aug., 1916
CHANDLER, F. M.	21 Nov., 1917	2 April, 1918
CHATFIELD, G.	9 Nov., 1915	30 Jan., 1916
COATES, C. A. M.	18 Nov., 1915	15 May, 1916

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Name.	Date of Arrival.	Date of Departure.
Cockburn, R.	7 Oct., 1915	15 Jan., 1916
Cox, A.	22 Dec., 1916	16 May, 1917
Drummond, J. M.	26 Aug., 1918	29 Jan., 1919
Hamilton, S. E.	7 Oct., 1915	18 Nov., 1915
Hayes, M. A.	2 Dec., 1916	19 Dec., 1916
Hopkinson, C. J.	15 Jan., 1916	3 March, 1916
Ivers, D. M.	25 Feb., 1917	16 May, 1917
Jackson, E.	29 Aug., 1916	19 Nov., 1916
Jones, A. M.	21 Jan., 1919	29 Jan., 1919
Kennedy, M.	21 June, 1916	19 Aug., 1916
Kiddle, L. B.	23 May, 1917	28 Sept., 1917
Law, E. J.	22 Nov., 1916	25 Feb., 1917
Leahy, E. F.	20 Jan., 1917	9 June, 1917
McMorrow, M.	1 June, 1916	19 Aug., 1916
Morty, J. A.	25 Aug., 1915	7 Oct., 1915
Nicholas, R. E.	30 Jan., 1916	16 March, 1916
Pike, F. E.	23 May, 1917	28 Sept., 1917
Piza, F. C.	19 Aug., 1916	20 Jan., 1917
	27 May, 1918	29 Jan., 1919
Pochin, F.	14 Aug., 1915	7 Oct., 1915
Ramsay, L. R.	29 June, 1918	23 Nov., 1918
Skinner, G.	13 Oct., 1917	14 Feb., 1918
Smedley, E. G.	13 Oct., 1917	24 Nov., 1917
Stubbs, T. D. A.	19 Aug., 1916	2 Dec., 1916
Timbrell, C. M.	24 Feb., 1918	5 March, 1918
	23 Nov., 1918	11 Jan., 1919
Turner, F. E.	24 Feb., 1918	6 June, 1918
Waterland, P. M.	9 June, 1917	4 Sept., 1917
Willcox, A. M.	3 Sept., 1917	18 May, 1918

PERSONNEL, F.A.U.

Abbatt, C. P.	20 April, 1918	30 Jan., 1919
Armitage, H. A.	24 June, 1918	30 Jan., 1919
Basson, G.	9 May, 1916	22 May, 1916
Bayliss, V. S.	27 Aug., 1917	30 Jan., 1919
Bendall, A. C.	31 Oct., 1915	29 Dec., 1915
Bliss, J. G.	3 May, 1918	30 Jan., 1919
Bower, J. H.	4 March, 1917	6 Aug., 1918
	12 Dec., 1918	30 Jan., 1919
Bracey, F.	14 Aug., 1915	2 Dec., 1915
Brook, R. H.	18 April, 1916	10 May, 1918
Bubb, W. H.	14 Aug., 1915	2 Dec., 1915
Calpin, G. H.	24 Nov., 1917	20 April, 1918
Carey, H. L.	14 Aug., 1915	18 April, 1916
Carr, W. R.	14 Aug., 1915	31 July, 1918
Chalkley, H. J.	14 Aug., 1915	20 April, 1918
Chandler, A.	26 Aug., 1915	30 Dec., 1915
Clemes, A. W.	14 Aug., 1915	28 Jan., 1916
Clough, H.	1 Aug., 1916	30 Jan., 1919
Collier, D. W.	14 Aug., 1915	8 Aug., 1916
Collins-Williams, A. C.	13 Feb., 1918	19 Oct., 1918
Cooper, E.	14 Aug., 1915	13 Feb., 1918
Cotterell, G. S.	25 Feb., 1916	8 Aug., 1916

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NAME.	DATE OF ARRIVAL.	DATE OF DEPARTURE.
CROWHURST, H. G.	14 Aug., 1915	8 Aug., 1916
DAWS, R.	1 Aug., 1916	8 Aug., 1917
DAY, J. B.	14 Aug., 1915	8 Aug., 1916
DEVEREUX, L. W.	1 Dec., 1915	30 Jan., 1919
DOUGLAS, W. F.	14 Aug., 1915	1 Dec., 1915
DUKE, B. M.	14 Aug., 1915	17 Dec., 1918
ELLIS, E. W.	14 Aug., 1915	13 Feb., 1918
ELLIS, G. H.	1 Aug., 1916	3 Nov., 1916
EMSON, E.	15 March, 1918	30 Jan., 1919
ENGLAND, E. H.	24 June, 1918	30 Jan., 1919
ENTWISTLE, A.	1 Aug., 1916	30 Jan., 1919
FOWLER, E. O.	14 Aug., 1915	18 April, 1916
FRY, J. N. P.	21 Jan., 1916	27 Aug., 1917
FOX, T. F.	20 April, 1918	1 Jan., 1919
GARRETT, A. A.	14 Aug., 1915	17 Sept., 1915
GARWOOD, R. T.	1 Aug., 1916	30 Jan., 1919
GIBSON, H.	14 Aug., 1915	31 July, 1918
GILL, H. R.	14 Aug., 1915	30 Jan., 1919
GILL, J. A.	12 Nov., 1915	30 Jan., 1919
GREENOUGH, F. G. M.	1 Aug., 1916	30 Jan., 1919
HARRIS, L. M.	14 Aug., 1915	23 Jan., 1916
HARRISON, C. A.	14 Aug., 1915	30 Jan., 1919
HARVEY, J. W.	13 Feb., 1918	30 Jan., 1919
HILL, A.	12 Nov., 1915	2 Feb., 1916
HOLMAN, P.	14 Aug., 1915	8 Aug., 1916
HOLMES, I.	15 March, 1918	30 Jan., 1919
HORNER, L. W.	14 Aug., 1915	8 Aug., 1916
HOWSON, J. L.	14 Aug., 1915	30 May, 1917
HOWSON, W. G.	16 July, 1916	14 July, 1918
HOYLES, H. S.	14 Aug., 1915	30 Jan., 1919
JACKSON, W. R.	1 Aug., 1916	30 Jan., 1919
JAMES, I. B.	1 Aug., 1916	17 March, 1918
JENKINSON, J. A. T.	6 Aug., 1918	30 Jan., 1919
JOHNSON, B.	14 Aug., 1915	8 Aug., 1916
JONES, W. H.	24 Nov., 1915	16 July, 1916
KITCHING, A.	9 May, 1916	23 May, 1916
KITCHING, H.	9 May, 1916	23 May, 1916
	1 June, 1916	30 Jan., 1919
KITCHING, W. H.	9 May, 1916	23 May, 1916
	1 June, 1916	30 Jan., 1919
LAMBERT, R. T.	14 Aug., 1915	10 Nov., 1915
LAMBOURN, A.	6 Nov., 1915	30 Jan., 1919
LUPTON, H. B.	27 Feb., 1916	5 March, 1918
MAJOR, J. W.	26 Nov., 1916	1 Jan., 1919
MARSH, J. K.	14 Aug., 1915	20 April, 1918
MILES, J. E.	14 Aug., 1915	11 Nov., 1915
MONEY, F. J.	1 Aug., 1916	30 Jan., 1919
MOORE, J. E.	18 July, 1918	30 Jan., 1919
MOORE, R. C.	14 Aug., 1915	30 Jan., 1919
MORLAND, A. J.	14 Aug., 1915	25 Feb., 1916
MORLEY, F. M.	14 Aug., 1915	2 Feb., 1916
MUSCHAMP, T. L.	14 Aug., 1915	20 June, 1916
NETTLETON, D.	19 Oct., 1918	30 Jan., 1919
NOWELL, H. W.	15 Feb., 1916	8 Aug., 1916

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NAME.	DATE OF ARRIVAL.	DATE OF DEPARTURE.
PEARSON, C.	14 Aug., 1915	30 Jan., 1919
PENROSE, A. P. D.	21 June, 1916	8 Aug., 1916
POLLARD, R. S.	7 Oct., 1915	8 Aug., 1916
POPE-RUSSELL, A.	31 July, 1918	30 Jan., 1919
PRIESTMAN, N.	21 Jan., 1916	10 Oct., 1917
PUMPHREY, G. S.	3 Jan., 1916	30 Jan., 1919
REDFERN, L.	14 Aug., 1915	29 March, 1916
RICE, E.	14 Aug., 1915	7 Oct., 1915
RILEY, W. G.	27 Feb., 1916	1 Jan., 1919
RIPLEY, W.	9 May, 1918	30 Jan., 1919
RUTTER, W. F.	21 July, 1918	30 Jan., 1919
SIMPSON, A. H.	14 Aug., 1915	15 June, 1918
STANLEY, F. H.	14 Aug., 1915	30 Jan., 1919
STEELE, A.	31 Oct., 1915	4 Jan., 1919
STEVENS, G. C.	24 June, 1918	30 Jan., 1919
SUTHERLAND, H. H. D.	27 Aug., 1917	1 Jan., 1919
THORNTON, E.	22 Aug., 1915	9 Nov., 1916
TIPLADY, A. L.	14 Aug., 1915	24 Nov., 1917
TOMLIN, H.	1 Aug., 1916	6 June, 1918
TOMKINSON, L.	14 Aug., 1915	17 May, 1917
	10 Oct., 1917	30 Jan., 1919
TREGENZA, C. W.	14 Aug., 1915	1 June, 1916
WAITES, R.	1 Dec., 1915	11 Jan., 1919
WALLIS, E.	14 Aug., 1915	1 June, 1916
WALLIS, E. A.	18 April, 1916	8 Aug., 1916
WATSON, W. H.	5 Jan., 1916	8 Aug., 1916
WATTS, H.	14 Aug., 1915	11 Nov., 1915
WHITE, A. M.	29 Oct., 1916	6 Aug., 1918
WHITE, F. C.	14 Aug., 1915	30 Jan., 1919
WHITE, J.	7 Oct., 1915	30 Jan., 1919
WHITBY, R. E.	1 Aug., 1916	25 July, 1918
WILLIAMS, E. S.	2 Dec., 1916	30 Jan., 1919
WOODHEAD, H.	1 Aug., 1916	30 Jan., 1919
WRIGHT, G.	30 July, 1918	1 Jan., 1919
YOUNG, C.	14 Aug., 1915	22 Dec., 1918

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INDEX—*continued.*

	PAGE
Obiter Notanda	95, 199, 282
Occasional Quotations	132, 257
Our Bookshelf	77
Our Chief	125
Our Picnic	183
Our Return from Leave	160
Our Shield (*illustrated*)	188
Paradise (?)	64
Personnel of No. 16 Ambulance Train	324
Plebis Tribunus Redivivus	128
Practise Economy (Advert.)	292
Rara Avis Blendechii	141
Recollections of a Larch Wood	278
Religious Meetings	294
Scenes from Cabinet Life	144
Selected from Congratulatory Letters	181
Silly Bill (*coloured illustration*)	305
Some "Thoughts at a Day's End	132
Sports Supplement	99, 204, 281
Statistics and Graphs	319
Staff and Personnel of No. 16 Ambulance Train	324
Tekel	269
Ten A.T. Orderlies	170
The Arrest of Fleshy Gill	81
The Battle of the Somme	118
The Beauties of A.T. Architecture (*illustrated*)	137
The Cabinet System	60
The Dullness of Peace	303
The Fairy and the Hobgoblin (*coloured illustration*)	309
The Food Scandal	30
The Great Awakening	36
The Last Months, Part I	272
The Last Months, Part II	295
The Merry Lads of Busby	246
The National Vigilance Society	88
The New Attack (*illustrated*)	59
The 1920 Election	263
The Old and the New	129
The Old Sixteeners' Association	316
The 'Orrors of War	121
The Path of Gold (*coloured illustration*)	307
The Personnel and the Military Service Act	52
The Quaker Ambulant	45
The Rag Picker	149
The Rise and Fall of French Gothic Architecture	51
The Scrub Brush	167
The Smoke Nuisance	239
The Song of the Skulls	117
The Spirit of Christmas	37
The Sports Club Year (A Retrospect)	99
The Spy Danger	146
The Superman	16
The Train	2
The Train State	171
The *Tribune of the Plebs*	124
The Uninvited Guests	185
The Wares Affair	34
The Year's Work, No. I	8
The Year's Work, No. II	104
The Year's Work, No. III, Part I	190
The Year's Work, No. III, Part II	210
The Year's Work, No. IV, Part I	272
The Year's Work, No. IV, Part II	295
Things I Don't Like—	
No. I.—The Sergeant's Whistle	58
No. II.—Water Fatigue	86
Things Worth Knowing	63
Thro' Memory's Crystal	224
To ————	176
To ————	186
To the New Moon	236
Ubique	57
University Intelligence	85
Valedictory	318
Verses from the Russian	227
War and Youth	224
Why go Tousled ?	189
Why I am a Vegetarian	260
Zoo-ology	262

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RAILWAY MAP
TO ILLUSTRATE THE JOURNEYS OF A·F·16
Between 14th August 1915 & 11th Nov: 1918

REFERENCES

Lines constructed before August 1915: Double.
Single.
Lines constructed since August 1915: Double.
Single.
Battle Line on 1st July 1916.
Franco-Belgian Frontier
Base Hospitals △
Garages ○
Loading Places +

SCALE. 1 Inch = 12·5 Miles :: 1 cm = 8 kilometres
0 5 10 20 30 40
Miles

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